

They dream not to essay ; yet it no
less

But more is honoured. I was thine in
shame,

And now when all thy proud renown is
out,

I am a watcher whose eyes have grown
dim

With looking for some star which
breaks on him

Altered and worn and weak and full of
tears.

Autumn has come like spring returned
to us,

Won from her girlishness ; like one
returned

A friend that was a lover nor forgets
The first warm love, but full of sober
thoughts

Of fading years ; whose soft mouth
quivers yet

With the old smile but yet so changed
and still !

And here am I the scoffer, who have
probed

Life's vanity, won by a word again
Into my own life—for one little word
Of this sweet friend who lives in loving
me,

Lives strangely on my thoughts and
looks and words, [thing

As fathoms down some nameless ocean
Its silent course of quietness and joy.

O dearest, if indeed I tell the past,
Mayst thou forget it as a sad sick
dream !

Or if it linger—my lost soul too soon
Sinks to itself and whispers, we shall be

But closer linked, two creatures whom
the earth

Bears singly, with strange feelings un-
revealed

But to each other ; or two lonely things
Created by some power whose reign is
done,

Having no part in God or his bright
world.

I am to sing whilst ebbing day dies soft,
As a lean scholar dies worn o'er his
book,

And in the heaven stars steal out one
by one

As hunted men steal to their mountain
watch.

I must not think, lest this new impulse
die

In which I trust ; I have no confidence :
So, I will sing on fast as fancies come ;
Rudely, the verse being as the mood it
paints.

I strip my mind bare, whose first
elements

I shall unveil—not as they struggled
forth

In infancy, nor as they now exist,
That I am grown above them and can
rule—

But in that middle stage when they
were full

Yet ere I had disposed them to my will ;
And then I shall show how these ele-
ments

Produced my present state, and what it
is.

I am made up of an intensest life,
Of a most clear idea of consciousness

Of self, distinct from all its qualities,
From all affections, passions, feelings,

powers ;

And thus far it exists, if tracked in all :
But linked, in me, to self-supremacy,

Existing as a centre to all things,
Most potent to create and rule and call

Upon all things to minister to it ;
And to a principle of restlessness

Which would be all, have, see, know,
taste, feel, all—

This is myself ; and I should thus have
been

Though gifted lower than the meanest
soul.

And of my powers, one springs up to
save

From utter death a soul with such
desire

Confined to clay—which is the only one
Which marks me—an imagination

which

Has been an angel to me, coming not
In fitful visions but beside me ever

And never failing me ; so, though my
mind

Forgets not, not a shred of life forgets,
Yet I can take a secret pride in calling

The dark past up to quell it regally.

A mind like this must dissipate itself.
But I have always had one lode-star ;

now,

As I look back, I see that I have wasted