

preserve alive for one brief day, his peerless wife ; yet the pathetic moral of it all is written in a verse hereabouts from the *Hudees*, or 'traditions.' It runs, after reciting the styles and titles of 'His Majesty, King of Kings, Shadow of Allah, whose court is as Heaven': 'Saith Jesus (on whom be peace), This world is a bridge! pass thou over it, but build not upon it! This world is one hour; give its minutes to thy prayers; for the rest is unseen.'

Straight to the threshold, of the Taj-Mahal
Those trees of mourning marshall you! Between
Gleams the paved way, laid smooth in slabs of white
River-like running through the banks of green;
And, on this middle pavement—all its length—
Wan water lies entanked, its crystal face
Rippled with gliding fish, and lotus-leaves
By the wind rocked, and rain of fountain-drops;
For—all its length—jets of thin silver dart
Into the Blue, and sparkle back to the Blue
Reflected in those marble-margined pools.
. . . All white! snow-white! cloud-white!
Like a white rounded cloud seems that smooth dome
Seated so stately mid its sister-domes,
Waxing to waist, and waning to wan brow;
White, too the minarets, like ivory towers,—
Four tall court ladies tending the Princess—
Set at the four shorn corners. Near and far.

Hushed, you advance—your gaze still fixed! heart, soul
Full of the wonder; drinking in its spell
Of purity and mystery, its poise
Magical, weird, aerial; the ghost
Of Thought draped white—as if that Sultan's sigh
Had lived in issuing from his love and grief
Immense, and taking huge embodiment
Which one rash word might change from Tomb to Cloud.

You enter, reverent:—for a Queen is here,
And the dead King who loved her; and Death's self
Who ends all—and begins all; and Love's might
Which greater is than Death, and heeds him not.
White! white! tenderly, softly, white—around,
Above, beneath, save that the praying floor
Is laid in dark squares, and the architrave
Runs comely with adorning's staid and script
Of Toghra text.
And ever, in the vault of that white roof,
Echoes sigh round and round, low murmurings.
Voices aerial, by a word evoked—
A foot-fall. Yet it will not render back
Ill noises, or a rude and scurril sound:
But if some woman's lips and gentle breath
Utter a strain, if some soft bar be played,
Some verse of hymn, or Indian love-lament,
Or chord of Seventh, the white walls listen close,