

That 'neath the surface purer metal lay
Than much we pass for current coin to-day.

VI.

Perchance we dream or muse where others wept
O'er son or sire still in his last repose,
Or sing the story church or mosque has kept
From dark decay, which salt and ashes sows
O'er all alike, the pure and vile, and those
Whom Love has sepulchred in grateful song :
But as each long, millennial eon flows,
Not tower nor pyramid nor bastile strong
Shall save the memories they have guarded long.

VII.

Grown grey with years, it stands a stately pile,
Back from the turmoil of the noisy street ;
Its mouldering stones may yet enshrine awhile
The cold dead past embalmed in its retreat.
That echoes still to tread of spirit feet
Of sleeping worshippers of that far day,
Borne where the darkness and the silence meet,
As all are borne by Time's relentless sway,
Which soon shall hide the grave we deck to-day.

VIII.

O'er pew and altar rests the gathered dust—
The noiseless record of the silent years
That waste the hills, and like corroding rust
Destroy the temple's pride or glory rears ;
Nor spare the shrines we wash with human tears.
Where pale bereavement told her grief alone,
And carried flowers to now forgotten biers,
Hoping though late, too late, to thus atone
For wrong in life to patient spirit done.

IX.

The foot-worn aisles repose in the embrace
Of mouldering, moist, and merciless decay :
The spider's nest usurps the sacred place,
Where poor repentance knelt to weep or pray :
The organ, tuneless to the sacred lay,
Wakes now no more to monk's or minstrel's call,
Nor arch nor architrave can thrill to-day
To the deep note that held the soul in thrall
Where now but ruin spreads her gloomy pall.

X.

The distant life-flood, ebbing faint and far,
Wakes scarce a ripple on the human tide
That bears the freight of living thoughts that are
To-day the impulse of that giant stride
That seems as universal soul did hide
'Neath the broad empire of created things,
And touched on that far arc, how high or wide,
That circles all that Spring or Summer brings
From past dead dust, to-day that thinks or sings.