

"I bid the mad tornado rise,
I fan the hot Sirocco's breath,
And the red levin of the skies,
Obeys the Wraith of Sudden Death!"

Thus spoke the Phantom and was gone,
Fast fading in the misty air,
'And in that weary waste, alone,
I knelt me down in anguished prayer.

And cried, "O Christ, so mild and meek,
Save us—save all from such dread doom,
Make us the paths of virtue seek,
That lead us joyful to the tomb!

"Let no black fears our ending pall,
Nor woe, nor strife, nor sin abound,
But waiting for the Saviour's call,
Our souls with lamps alight be found!"

THE HOLY GRAIL.

Lo, I have seen the Holy Grail,
The sight that made strong faces pale.

Not on the height of Montsalvat,
Or on the Hill where Christ has sat.

Nor on the wind-swept wold afar,
Where march-lights glimmer like a star!

Nor on the mountain-cliffs that soar,
Where chasms yawn and torrents roar!