

APOSTATE—AND CROWN'D!

I held him my Hero, and battling undismayed
With the awful nether gods of Hell's domain
Who snare the feet of man lest he regain
The sacred seat wherefrom he fell, I laid
Full low foul fiends of Sin; and once, back swayed
By furious onslaught, I quaked and turned, now fain
To mark where lie, my Strength, held cheap the strain
And, like true Knight of God, his hope still stayed,
Fought bravely on. Then knew I grief profound,—
And I shall know, while the dissonant years unroll,
The deep, dank darkness of a sunken soul!—
Dear God! where battling on the ignoble ground
Beneath, thy children gain the Unhallowed Goal,
There stood my Hero, apostate, alas!—and crown'd!