

Abundant fruitage of the date and palm,
Tall, Bacchic amphora, and perfumed bales C
Of Tyrian purple, stand along the quay;
And I can hear the sailors and their songs,
The strange, brown mariners of many seas,
With arms like anchor-cables in their strength,—
Oh! then was I a wanderer of earth,
And dreamed of brave adventure in far lands!

They say the Hebrew burning in my blood
Closed all life's doors, save one, upon the world;
That I, the Pharisee of Pharisees,
Contemned the beauty and the song of Greece!
How little do they know, my Timothy,
My dear disciple, and my bosom friend,
Heart, soul, feet, hands, eyes, ears, and lips of Paul!—
How little do they know!