The light within. She felt a flash like pain, Of some great joy. Nor could her hand keep down The sudden heart-beat as she welcomed him With hard enforced composure. He had been A very Paladin in deeds of arms Throughout the bloody fray at Newark. None Had been more brave and helpful in the field, Playing the deadly game like chess, as cool And wary to withhold, as prompt to strike. A soldier with the seed in him, that grows With time into a hero of the age.

A handsome youth, indeed; strong, straight of limb, Tall, tawny-haired, with face that got its bloom Where salt sea-breezes overblow the shores Of that fair land of old,—Deira called, Whose children in the Roman Forum stood When Gregory passed. "Hi Angeli!" said he, "Non Angli sunt!" and looked amazed. "They are Too beautiful for heathen, lost to God! Angels, not Angles! Were the Gospel sent Among them, they were chiefest of the earth! The world's great rulers in the times to come!" Of that fair race was Basil of "The King's."

A man to love, and Isa loved him well;
Nor guessed her love's immeasurable height.
A man to fear; for if he went astray
With his great intellect the gloomy road
Of doubt, denial, lack of faith in God,
A soul perverted, which, if guided right,
Had been a morning star to men that wake
In the third watch at dawning of the day,
To show the world a new and better way;
Like him who fell like lightning from the stars
Of knowledge into darkness, so at last
Would fall young Basil, like a temple struck
In all its parts, pillar, and arch, and roof,
Tumbled in heaps on its foundation stones.

Nature had moulded him a form for use
Of all things good and true, and yet at heart
He was a heathen. Only things he saw
And felt, and weighed, and measured by the rules
Of science, and what seemed philosophy,
Believed he. Perfect in the sense of things
Material; but in things above the sense,
That man has common with the birds and beasts—
The suprasensual, spiritual, divine,
Discreted in the soul of man, and fenced

