

The green that bordered the castle gate ;—
The ether, meek and sweet,
Leaned by a pillar, resting thus
His tired and wounded feet.
His soft eyes wandered over the fields
He strove so hard to win ;
“ And am I worthy,” he murmured low,
“ Worthy to enter in ?”

The Warder came to the castle gate—
The gate locked fast and barred ;
His look searched keenly the pilgrims through,
And his voice was cold and hard :
“ Only the rich can enter here”—
A struggling, hopeless sigh,
And he that leaned by the castle gate
Sank down as if to die.

“ Here, Warder, is gold ;” and the gold poured out,
And rolled on the strip of grass ;
“ Nothing is lacking, unbar the gate,
Unlock it and let me pass.”
The Warder stood on the other side,
With measured speech, and cold,
“ I spake of riches, yet said I
Nothing to thee of gold.”

Then he that lay by the castle gate
As one lies who is dead,
Felt the pulse of his heart revive,
And he raised his languid head.
Lo, the Warder was hard no more ;
His eye had the look of a dove.
“ Thou must be rich, but the coin,” he said,
“ In my master’s realm—is love.”

Then he that paced with the haughty step
On the little strip of green,
Gathered his gold, and went away,
And never more was seen ;
And the gate flew open—so wide and far,
That a troop might freely pass—
To him who lay with his wealth of love,
Fainting upon the grass.