

Earnest Christianity.

- Kept many a watch on which, by death surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.
- “ Fear ! I could laugh until these rocks re-echoed,
To think that *I* should fear,—
Who have met death, in every form, unshrinking,—
To watch this dead man here.
- “ In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fires,
I've kept the wolves at bay ;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling,
Close where our legions lay.
- “ On moonless nights upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set,
And heard the lion roar ; in this forearm
The tiger's teeth have met.
- “ I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath,
And saw his jewel-eyes gleam ; then he seized me,
And instant met his death.
- “ My weapon in his thick-veined neck I buried,
My feet his warm blood dyed ;
And then I staunched the wound, and, till the morning,
Lay couched upon his side.
- “ Here, while the stars are veiled, the peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep ;
Around us the more peaceful dead are lying,
In slumbers yet more deep.
- “ A low wind, moaning, glides among the olives,
Till every hill-side sighs ;
But round us here the moaning seems to muster,
And gather where *He* lies.
- “ And through the darkness pale, faint gleams are flying
That touch this hill alone ;
Whence these unearthly lights ! and whence the shadows
That move upon the stone !
- “ If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet ;
But *His*, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to His feet !
- “ He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding,
And put my soul to shame ;
As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,
And pity overcame,
- “ But could not save ! He who in death hung bleeding
On the accursed tree,—
Was *He* the Son of God ? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me ;