

So in this age, methinks, when in the light
 Of fuller knowledge, forms that men have reared
 And worshipped, turn to dust, too hasty youths,
 Shunning the whirlpool jaws of credulous sight,
 Rush towards a Scylla far more to be feared,
 And take for shadows all too living truths.

1885.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

'Twas afternoon in Winter, and the light,
 Sloped softly up the walls, as day was done,
 In tremulous cloud-beams, while the westering sun
 Blazoned with saints the columns opposite.
 All sounds had died away, to left and right
 Was silence, tho' I seemed to hear again
 The spirit echoes of the last Amen
 Far in the groined shadowings out of sight.
 O silence strange, so deep, so vast, profound,
 Ten ages slumber in the dust beneath,
 And yet no voice,—no voice from those who trod
 These aisles before and lie so still around,
 Oh! is it that they lose all voice in death
 Seeing what they see, and being so close to God?

1885.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

Thy glory alone, O God, be the end of all that I say,
 Let it shine in every deed, let it kindle the prayers that I
 pray,
 Let it burn in my innermost soul, till the shadow of self
 pass away,
 And the light of Thy glory, O God, be unveiled in the dawn-
 ing of day.

1885.