

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

CONTRASTS.

I.

A little while in peril and pain,
 Praying out in the pitiless rain,
 Under the shadow of bitter ban,
 Out of the glitter of human light,
 Scoffed at and scorned by merciless man
 He wore life's harness and wag'd its fight,
 Till the Dawning come and angels read
 His name with the names of righteous dead.

II.

A little while in pleasure and pride,
 And worldly longing and lust beside,
 With parlance holy and saintly face
 And crafty guise and cunning deceit,
 Caress'd and courted in public place
 He bore life's honours golden and sweet;
 But the tearful angels never read
 His name with the names of righteous dead.

DAVID DORAN.

TO ———

I.

I'll call thee Eloise. Such eyes as thine
 With fatal beauty marred
 The peace of Abelard,
 And dimmed with human love the light divine,
 That lingers near Religion's holy shrine!
 O ghostly eyes, you burn into my soul,

II.

Each one a living coal
 From off Love's altar! Fall O silken lashes,
 And shade me, like a screen from their control,
 Ere all my warm delight is turned to ashes!

III.

Oh! no; I cannot bear the shade; burn on,
 And let me slowly perish with sweet fire,
 Myself at once the victim and the pyre;
 I die of cold, when that dear heat is gone!

J. TEMPLE CARNE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I.

The sun is high on the hill,
 The lambs are flocking below,—
 Thou gentlest lamb, thou fairest sun,
 Would I could see thee now.

II.

In vain! she answers not.
 Farewell, if that must be!
 In vain! the lattice still is closed:
 She sleeps, yet dreams of me.

C. P. M.

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