

Porch bent and pillar bowed :
 For the presence of the Lord,
 In the glory of His eloud,
 Had filled the House of the Lord.

SECOND SPEAKER, *as Renan*

Gone now ! All gone across the dark
 so far,

Sharpening fast, shuddering ever,
 shutting still,
 Dwindling into the distance, dies that
 star

Which eame, stood, opened once !
 We gazed our fill

With upturned faces on as real a Face
 That, stooping from grave music and
 mild fire,

Took in our homage, made a visible
 place

Through many a depth of glory, gyre
 on gyre,

For the dim human tribute. Was this
 true ?

Could nan indeed avail, mere praise
 of his,

To be lip by rapture God's own rapture
 too,

Thrill with a heart's red tinge that
 pure pale bliss ?

Why did it end ? Who failed to beat
 the breast,

And shriek, and throw the arms
 protesting wide,

When a first shadow showed the star
 addressed

Itself to motion, and on either side
 The rims contracted as the rays retired ;

The music, like a fountain's sickening
 pulse,

Subsided on itself ; awhile transpired
 Some vestige of a Face no pangs

convulse,
 No prayers retard ; then even this was
 gone,

Lost in the night at last. We, lone
 and left

Silent through centuries, ever and anon
 Venture to probe again the vault

bereft

Of all now save the lesser lights, a mist
 Of multitudinous points, yet suns,

men say—

And this leaps ruby, this lurks amethyst,
 But where may hide what came and
 loved our clay ?

How shall the sage detect in yon expanse
 The star which chose to stoop and
 stay for us ?

Unroll the records ! Hailed ye such
 advance

Indeed, and did your hope vanish
 thus ?

Watchers of twilight, is the worst
 averred ?

We shall not look up, know ourselves
 are seen,

Speak, and be sure that we again are
 heard,

Acting or suffering, have the disk's
 serene

Reflect our life, absorb an earthly flame,
 Nor doubt that, were mankind inert

and numb,

Its core had never crimsoned all the
 same,

Nor, missing ours, its music fallen
 dumb ?

Oh, dread succession to a dizzy post,
 Sad sway of sceptre whose mere

touch appals,
 Ghastly dethronement, cursed by those
 the most

On whose repugnant brow the crown
 next falls !

THIRD SPEAKER

I

Witless alike of will and way divine,
 How Heaven's high with earth's low
 should intertwine !

Friends, I have seen through your eyes :
 now use mine.

II

Take the least man of all mankind, as I :
 Look at his head and heart, find how
 and why

He differs from his fellows utterly :

III

Then, like me, watch when nature by
 degrees

Grows alive round him, as in Arctic seas
 (They said of old the instinctive water
 flees