

APPENDIX.

The bat and owl inhabit here, 85
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,
 The sacred vessels moulder near,
 The image of the God is gone.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

15.—ALL SAINTS.

One feast, of holy days the crest,
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
 In God's still memory folded deep ;
 The bravely dumb that did their deed, 5
 And scorned to blot it with a name,
 Men of the plain heroic breed,
 That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
 But thread to-day the unheeding street, 10
 And stairs to Sin and Famine known
 Sing with the welcome of their feet ;
 The den they enter grows a shrine,
 The grimy sash an oriel burns,
 Their cup of water warms like wine, 15
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes, by them made bright, 20
 Of souls that shivered on the edge
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,
 And in their mercy felt the pledge
 And sweetness of the farther shore.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

16.—SONNET.

It is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British freedom, which to the open sea
 Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"