

Reflected here in grand correspondencies
 Of truth, and love, and beauties manifold.
 Nor less, alas ! in vile deformity
 Where evil mixes. Thus in part we see
 By what is made, the things unseen—the end
 And meaning of ourselves and of the world.
 As in the mount of God the prophet saw
 The types of all things sacred, that should be,
 So Art sees its ideals, yet unborn—
 The groups that on the uncoloured canvas glow,
 The shapes that hide within the unchiselled stone;
 And Science grasps the fitting key, unlocks
 The secret of the universe to man.
 Thus reach we Wisdom ; not with painful search,
 Treading a flinty path with naked feet,
 But pleasantly, as loitering on the grass
 Of verdant meads !

“ The concord that we feel
 Of nature with ourselves in higher moods—
 Men call it art, or poetry, or taste,
 Or sympathy with what is beautiful—
 Springs from the one humanity, pervades
 All things, as the true outcomes of ourselves.
 Thus all Creation images the man ;
 As man his Maker.

“ But, my Basil ! oft
 Our thoughts are in eclipse of our own selves,
 As in the West at evening to our gaze,
 What comes between us and the sun seems dark,
 With its long shadows stretching to our feet.”

He gravely smiled as not incredulous,
 And touched her cheek with gentle finger-tip,
 As one sure of her answer, nor afraid.

“ What just conclusions draws my Isa hence?
 I think I know.”

“ And I know not,” she said.
 “ I draw conclusions none. Such thoughts to me
 Come without speech, they come spontaneously,
 Flow past me like a brook, and I but dip
 My hand to catch some drops up to my lip
 In full assurance of clear light above
 Life's doubts and darknesses just as one knows,
 In winter's gloomiest day above the clouds
 The glorious sun is shining in his strength.
 My Basil ! listen ! Sitting here at ease
 Upon this height, amid the waving grass,
 With pencil in my hand but idly used,