

Lest my heart be overborne
By the thing I hold in scorn,
By a dull mechanic ghost
And a juggle of the brain.

"I can shadow forth my bride
As I knew her fair and kind,
As I woo'd her for my wife;
She is lovely by my side
In the silence of my life —
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

"'Tis a phantom fair and good;
I can call it to my side,
So to guard my life from ill,
Tho' its ghastly sister glide
And be moved around me still
With the moving of the blood,
That is moved not of the will.

"Let it pass, the dreary brow.
Let the dismal face go by.
Will it lead me to the grave?
There I loose it: it will fly:
Can it overlast the nerves?
Can it overlive the eye?
But the other, like a star,
Thro' the channel windeth far
Till it fade and fail and die,
To its Archetype that waits,
Clad in light by golden gates —
Clad in light the Spirit waits
To embrace me in the sky."

These lines, owing to the circumstances under which they were published, had a somewhat wide circulation, even the *Edinburgh Review* condescending to notice them in a few words: "We do not profess," says the reviewer,