

AN INTERROGATION.

Has your love grown cold by waiting?
Has the holy fire diminished?
Is the passion less within you?
Shall I bid the friend of lovers,
Little Cupid, brave and warlike,
Draw his bow and speed an arrow,
Speed an arrow from his quiver?
Shall I bid him strike the lyre-strings,
Vibrant with celestial music
Borne from Heaven down to Eden
In the evening of creation,
When the Lord created Adam,
And formed Eve an helpmeet for him,
Made to love and to adore him,
To adore him and to love him,
Made to cherish and sustain him,
Made to bring him sweetest comfort,
Made to strew his path with roses,
Made to deck his couch with linen,
Pure and white and sweet and holy?