

Stands now the Past that I have known;
 Castles in Spain, not built of stone,
 But of white summer cloud, and blown
 Into this little mist of rhyme!

20

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR- GLASS

A HANDFUL of red sand from the hot clime
 Of Arab deserts brought,
 Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
 The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
 About those deserts blown!
 How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
 How many histories known!

5

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
 Trampled and passed it o'er,
 When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
 His favourite son they bore.

10

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
 Crushed it beneath their tread;
 Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
 Scattered it as they sped;

15

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
 Held close in her caress,
 Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
 Illumed the wilderness;

20

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's¹ palms
 Pacing the Dead Sea beach,

¹ **Engaddi**—Engaddi, or Engedi, is situated on the western shore of the Dead Sea about 26 miles from Jerusalem. It is a desert place and abounds in caverns.