

THE HOUSE OF MERCY

I QUESTION not, Belovèd, nor deny
That you had God's own right of punishment ;
Yet now my sins and days are over and spent
Find you the hours so pleasant that go by ?
Would not the colour of the fields and sky,
The odour of the woods, bring more content
Now, if a little pity had been lent
Then, unto love, to judge a life awry ?
Upon a day the young June grasses seem
Quite still that keep the edge of the still stream ;
I think you go down close to them, and say :
“ O little grasses, waiting patiently,
I come to tell you this is God's decree :
‘ I comfort him who suffered yesterday. ’ ”

THE HOUSE OF EARTH

O YE disconsolate and heavy-souled,
That evening cometh when ye too shall learn
The pangs of one who may no more return,
To live again the uneven days of old.
Ye too shall weary of the myrrh and gold
(Seeing the gods and their great unconcern),
And, as I yearn to-day, your feet shall yearn
To touch that Earth which ye afar behold.
Think now upon your grievous things to bear, —
Some goal unwon, some old sin's lurid stain,
Your vistaed paths, — are they not fair as hope ?
But I between dead suns must peer, and grope
Among forsaken worlds, one glimpse to gain
Of my old place — the heaviest shadow there.