

"Wilt thou not open to me? To and fro
I wander weary through the driving snow,
But colder still that thou wouldst spurn me so.

"I have a crown more bright than all that be,
I have a kingdom wider than the sea,
But both have I abandoned, seeking thee.

"Poor weary heart so worn and sad within,
Oh, open to thy friend, thy stay from sin,
That I with all my love may enter in."

"I heard a voice at midnight and I cried,
O Lord, I need thy wounded hands and side,
I need thy love, Lord enter and abide."

Of the man Byrne, whom he mentions, I must say this much in passing, that I did not like him. I thought him untrustworthy from the moment I saw him. How far my judgment was correct and my fears for his influence over Hazlewood were justified, future chapters in this biography will show. It was at his rooms in Oxford the wine party was held which I have mentioned. What there was about the man that made me distrust him, I did not know. He was clever and handsome, but I instinctively shrank from him. I