

THE DESERTED CITY

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT

THOUGH all the light were lifted from the land,
And a great darkness lay upon the sea ;
Though, groping each for some not-careless hand,
I felt sad men pass over wearily ;
Though it were certain dawn would not come in
With the next hour ; that after many days
Would no moon rise where the grey clouds grew thin,
Nor any stars resume their ancient ways :
Though all my world was thus, and I more blind
Than the dead, blundering planets raining past,
I know I should not fancy Time unkind ;
For you, as once of old you came, at last
Would surely come, and with unfaltering faith
Lead me beyond the dominance of death.

THE HOUSE OF DOUBT

WHY should we fear ? The sun will surely rise,
If we but wait, to light us on our way.
Think you none hearkeneth to us who pray,
That no God's heart is softened by our cries ?
Did we not learn that He was kind and wise
And loved our souls ? And shall your bodies say
" There is no light. The tales they told us, — they
Were only dreams, dreamed in the House of Lies."
Nay, listen not to what your body saith,
But by the memory of those antique years
When it was evil and of little faith
And led the soul along a way of tears,
Let your soul chant — as one that hath no fears —
" We know that Thou art stronger, God, than death "