

No thought nor hope having been shut
from thee,
No vague wish unexplained, no wander-
ing aim
Sent back to bind on fancy's wings and
seek
Some strange fair world where it might
be a law;
But doubting nothing, had been led by
thee,
Thro' youth, and saved, as one at
length awaked
Who has slept through a peril. Ah
vain, vain!

Thou lovest me; the past is in its
grave
Tho' its ghost haunts us; still this
much is ours,
To cast away restraint, lest a worse
thing
Wait for us in the darkness. Thou
lovest me;
And thou art to receive not love but
faith,
For which thou wilt be mine, and smile
and take
All shapes and shames, and veil with-
out a fear
That form which music follows like a
slave:
And I look to thee and I trust in thee,
As in a Northern night one looks alway
Unto the East for morn and spring and
joy.
Thou seest then my aimless, hopeless
state,
And, resting on some few old feelings
won
Back by thy beauty, wouldst that I
essay
The task which was to me what now
thou art:
And why should I conceal one weak-
ness more?

Thou wilt remember one warm morn
when winter
Crept aged from the earth, and spring's
first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills; the
black-thorn boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glisten-
ing
In the sunshine were white with coming
buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and
the banks

Had violets opening from sleep like
eyes.
I walked with thee who knew not a
deep shame
Lurked beneath smiles and careless
words which sought
To hide it till they wandered and were
mute,
As we stood listening on a sunny
mound
To the wind murmuring in the damp
copse,
Like heavy breathings of some hidden
thing
Betrayed by sleep; until the feeling
rushed
That I was low indeed, yet not so low
As to endure the calmness of thine eyes;
And so I told thee all, while the cool
breast
I leaned on altered not its quiet beating,
And long ere words like a hurt bird's
complaint
Bade me look up and be what I had
been,
I felt despair could never live by thee:
Thou wilt remember. Thou art not
more dear
Than song was once to me; and I ne'er
sung
But as one entering bright halls where
all
Will rise and shout for him: sure I
must own
That I am fallen, having chosen gifts
Distinct from theirs—that I am sad
and fain
Would give up all to be but where I
was,
Not high as I had been if faithful found,
But low and weak yet full of hope, and
sure
Of goodness as of life—that I would
lose
All this gay mastery of mind, to sit
Once more with them, trusting in truth
and love,
And with an aim—not being what I am.
Oh Pauline, I am ruined who believed
That though my soul had floated from
its sphere
Of wild dominion into the dim orb
Of self—that it was strong and free
ever!
It has conformed itself to that dim orb
Reflecting ail its shades and shapes
and now