

Whiter than sea-foam in the moonlight seen,  
Strewn on black rocks, who, seeing Justin rise,  
Moved nearer to him, saying: "O my son!  
For son thou art in this new faith whereto  
I call thee, seeing thou wilt be born again  
By water and the washing of thy soul  
From its vain creeds, me hath the Father sent  
(In His great mercy loving thee and all)  
To be a witness to thee of thy dream,  
To solve the mysteries thou could'st not solve  
By thine own searching, and to lead thee now  
To that dear Voice thou heard'st, and lay thine head  
Upon the Heart that filled thy soul with peace."

So by the sea, among the frowning rocks,  
They sat in converse, while the aged priest  
Led Justin's spirit onward thro' the gloom  
Of vain philosophies, as one who guides  
An Alpine traveller up some dizzy height,  
Where opening views expand at every step  
Thro' lessening mist till Justin gazed at last  
Upon a manger rude, and, sleeping, laid therein,  
He saw the features of the Son of God.

"My Father," then cried Justin, "now my heart  
Reads the bright message of my dream; I see  
How vain and futile all philosophies,  
But this the last which burns into my soul  
With fire of love so wondrous; yet I see  
How even they, with weak and tremulous hand,