

soul—to see the invisible, to hear “the drift of
pinions” at his door, to look upon

the traffic of Jacob’s ladder
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross:
and

Christ walking on the waters
Not of Gennesaret but Thames.

But this light also sheds its unearthly glory upon
this drab world of man and transfigures it. The
vision of God becomes the vision of man; and more
to the purpose than seeing Christ walking on the
Thames is to see Him in the derelicts of the Thames
Embankment. Francis Thompson’s good friend,
Mrs. Meynell, has carried his vision to a more effectual
and pregnant point:

O Christ, in this man’s life—
This stranger who is Thine—in all his strife,
All his felicity, his good and ill
In the assaulted stronghold of his will;

I do confess Thee here,
Alive within this life; I know Thee near
Within this lonely conscience, closed away
Within this brother’s solitary day.

Christ in his unknown heart,
His intellect unknown—this love, this art,
This battle and this peace, this destiny
That I shall never know, look upon me!

Christ in his numbered breath,
Christ in his beating heart and in his death,
Christ in his mystery! From that secret place
And from that separate dwelling, give me grace.