

# APPENDIX.

On this bowed head the awful Past  
Once laid its consecrating hands ;  
The Future in its purpose vast 15  
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look ! whose shadows block the door ?  
Who are those two that stand aloof ?  
See ! on my hands this freshening gore  
Writes o'er again its crimson proof ! 20  
My looked-for death-bed guests are met ;  
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,  
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,  
The ghost of my Ideal stands !

God bends from out the deep and says,— 25  
“ I gave thee the great gift of life ;  
Wast thou not called in many ways ?  
Are not my earth and heaven at strife ?  
I gave thee of my seed to sow,  
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold ? ” 30  
Can I look up with face aglow,  
And answer, “ Father here is gold ? ”

I have been innocent ; God knows  
When first this wasted life began,  
Not grape with grape more kindly grows 35  
Than I with every brother-man :  
Now here I gasp ; what lose my kind,  
When this fast ebbing breath shall part ?  
What bands of love and service bind  
This being to the world's sad heart ? 40

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth  
Without a place to lay His head ;  
He found free welcome at my hearth,  
He shared my cup and broke my bread :  
Now, when I hear those steps sublime 45  
That bring the other world to this,  
My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,  
Starts sideways with defiant hiss.