

## IX.

Knowing, before the very sun has set,  
 The selfsame thought leaves not the same  
     regret,  
 But gains a pathos, or creates a woe,  
 Changing and blending; Ah! could I  
     forget!

## X.

The  
 Thought  
 of Death.

So when at length, upon Death's Bridal  
     bed,  
 I know that Death and Life must ever  
     wed;  
 I welcome life, that life beyond the grave;  
 I know that pain, triumphant pain has fled.

## XI.

The torch of death, to many bringing fear,  
 Brings hope to me: For I within its sphere  
 Regain that needful rest from joy and pain  
 Which fits me once again for my career.

## XII.

The  
 Message  
 from  
 the Past

But now within my Soul is something  
     more,  
 Even beneath the thoughts I have in store,  
 Burning below those acts and deeds of  
     mine,  
 Something that stirs the very Temple  
     door.