

The Word is its own sign and miracle !—  
 A greater wonder than the sun in heaven.  
 As greater is the fount of living truth  
 And goodness, than the lifeless orb of day !  
 He listened, and he learned because he loved :  
 Read by those gentle lips and wise, he caught  
 Some glimpses of the glory, darts without  
 The veil, in cloven tongues of fire, that speak  
 In everlasting Pentecost to men.

Then weeks drew into days, and shorter arcs  
 Measure the hours of Basil. A great calm  
 Fell on his troubled spirit, such as stills  
 The ocean waves at sunset, when the storm  
 Has overpast, and all the west aglow,  
 Is ribbed with golden cirri, bar on bar,  
 Above the crimson orb that slowly sinks  
 And ends the day.

Then Basil was at rest,  
 Her loving voice had reached his heart, and made  
 An easy way for truth to enter in  
 The Gospel now was read of choice. St. John,  
 That witness true whom Sophists rage to kill,  
 Of God revealed in Christ. The Word made flesh  
 The Way, the Truth, the Life. The mystery  
 Of man insoluble ; but now made plain.  
 These formed loved themes of converse to the end.

Then days to hours, and hours to minutes close  
 Round dying Basil. A few friends he loved,  
 His comrades of "The King's," surround his couch.  
 But nearest Isa kneels by him and takes  
 With sacred kisses from his loving lips,  
 His parting words inaudible to all  
 Save her, his fondest love and last farewell.  
 Then kissed he Isa's hand, and softly placed  
 It o'er his eyes, that saw the light no more !  
 He breathed her name and died without a pang !  
 A hero born, and worthy of the race  
 From which he sprang. A race ordained of old  
 With peace or war to rule with right, and win  
 The love of women worthy of such men.

Upon the heights of Burlington, among  
 The grassy graves in ranks of comrades dead,  
 Who side by side had stood in ranks of war,  
 They bore young Basil with slow march and sad  
 Of muffled drums, and trumpet's wailing sound,  
 And laid him in the soft and kindly mould