

For truth to live by it,—'tis not withheld !
It comes in ways unseen by us, but sure,
As day will follow with the risen sun.
There is a cliff that ends the world—the which
We talk of in our childhood and believe,
And find it when we die. Upon its top
Philosophy and Science, be they wise,
Will wait in faith the rising of the sun—
God's light that comes enlightening the soul.

“ When men with crucible and glasses rare,
Have analyzed creation to its dust,
In search of primal life, and find it not ;
Upon that cliff they too will take their stand,
And gaze disconsolate at the abyss
Of roaring seas, the vast beyond, to them
Unknowable ; nor boat nor Charon find
To cross the ocean of the infinite
Divide, that separates them from the true,
The spiritual, the immortal life.”

Her face angelic glowed as she went on
With heart-beats quicker—“ Yet, O Basil ! know
Amid that flood is easy pathway found !
When the wise virgins come with lamps alit,
To lead night's pilgrims through the wastes of doubt,
To life beyond the boundaries of the dark !
The triune mystery of the universe
Gives up its secret and its sign to those,
And only those, who know the name divine,
And speak it as their password at the gate,
Where all who ask receive, who seek shall find,
Truth, knowledge, peace, and rest for souls perplexed.
The Lord of light and love denies us never ! ”

Her words struck Basil forcefully. He turned
With wilful indirectness of reply ;
While beamed his face a glad and sunny smile—
“ Yes, Isa, darling ! On an eve like this,
Of balmy May, with all the west aglow
In gold and crimson glory, with one spot
Triply resplendent where the sun descends,
Broadening upon the horizon, full of peace,
With all things beautiful and beautified,
One well may grant your postulate ; and when
I look into those wondrous eyes of thine,
Beaming with light seraphic, as the moon
Floods half the heaven until it dims the stars
In thy dear presence, I can truly feel
The immortality of love.”