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Some Occult, Spiritual, Liberal, Poetical, and Other Thoughts

— By —

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RONDEAU.

Does death end all ? When once we go
Is finished all our joy and woe,
Or when the vital apark is fled
Is but the senseless body dead,
And does the soul with life still glow ?

New birth, new life—would it were so !
But dead men come not back, we know,
To tell us (not thus faith is fed),
Death ends not all.

Yet ever hope's bright torch can throw
Light on dim ways where doubt mists grow.
Gold, thought, a [circle:]—in such are read
Vague omens shadow-raimented.
Ah ! ghosts gone down the dead years' flow
Does death end all ?

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

(On Gabriel Max's Great Picture at Toronto Industrial Exhibition).

The vaulted room by light from overhead
Is lit : the ruler's daughter pillowed lies
(Her wrappings half unwound) upon a bed,
Whereon the Master sits dark-raimented,
And calm and loving looks into her eyes :
He lightly holds her hand, and from the dead
Calls back her spirit ; to her cold cheeks rise
Faint gleams of flushing colour—death hath fled !

Majestic, godlike, supernatural,
Christ's head unhaloed she against the gloom :
Divine the painter's genius thus to call
From fancy's womb, He who o'ercame the tomb.
O son of man, with mystery, girt and shod,
Thou art indeed the Holy One of God !

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