

vein, but emphasizing far more deeply the life of religion in a true humanity. It begins :

" I went to seek for Christ,  
And nature seemed so fair,  
That first the woods and fields my youth enticed,  
And I was sure to find Him there."

But nature did not disclose Him. Then the seeker turned back to the world, "spurning the cramped alley and the tent," and sought Him "mid power and wealth," but found only Christ's tomb. Then shaking from his feet "the dust of the proud world," he saw

" Fresh-trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet  
Turned to the heedless city whence [he] came."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Love looked me in the face and spake no words ;  
But straight I knew those footprints were the Lord's.  
I followed where they led,  
And in a hovel rude,  
With naught to fence the weather from His head,  
The King I sought for meekly stood ;  
A naked, hungry child  
Clung round His gracious knee,  
And a poor hunted slave looked up and smiled,  
To bless the smile that set him free.  
New miracles I saw His presence do,  
No more I saw the hovel bare and poor,  
The gathered chips into a woodpile grew,  
The broken morsel swelled to goodly store ;  
I knelt and wept : my Christ no more I seek,  
His throne is with the outcast and the weak."

In the poem called "A Parable" he embodies the same thought in a different form :

" Said Christ our Lord, ' I will go and see  
How the men, my brethren, believe in Me.'  
He passed not again through the gate of birth,  
But made Himself known to the children of earth."

It describes Him as going from palace to palace and church to church.

" But still, wherever His steps they led,  
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,  
And from under the heavy foundation stones,  
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans."

The children of men are there charged with this awful desecration of His image in the degradation of soul and body. They plead the example of their fathers in reply, and point to the images of Christ standing sovereign and sole over the land. But the Lord cannot away with such a defence, and the poem ends with His rejoinder :