

Mrs Lighthall
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THE JUDGMENT OF OSIRIS.

By Hunter Duvar.

FYTTIE THE FIRST.

Whether upon the earth I cannot tell,
 Or in a higher or a lower sphere,
 A horror of great darkness there befell,
 But *where*, no mortal man can guess anear
 Nor place be found by any ghostly seer,
 It may be in the eons long ago
 Light might have been, but daylight now was none.

Or it may well have been within some world
 Where darkness never yet has ceased to reign
 Nor the wing brooding o'er the deep been furled
 To loose the laughing sunlight all amain;
 Or in some star to chaos given again;
 Or orb where disembodied spirits dwell,—
 And that there be such many sagas tell.

Youth bloometh quick, but dies ere buds expand,
 Age liveth slow yet comes to dust again,
 While all the time death's not unkindly hand
 Is never tired of gathering in the grain,
 And when the loosened spirit 'scapes life's pain
 Before some high Court is its plea appealed,
 Its cause is judged of and its fate is sealed.

Therefore beneath this horror of the dark
 Were shrouded mysteries, close-folded eye,
 Within an orb of which the outer arc
 Bounded by space and suns whereof no ray
 Could penetrate the mirk wherein there lay
 The Court of Souls, the dread Judiciary
 Or great Osiris, Lord of Heaven! He!

O'er that dread judgment place there hung a pall,
 Opaque, tenebrous, sullen, dire and dense,
 Egyptian darkness seeming like a wall
 Of velvet black through which no eyeball's lens
 Could look and live, but blackness more intense
 Than depths of subterranean caverns bear,
 So untransparent was the motionless air.

A point of light oped in the solid dark,
 A vivid pencil of bright blood-red hue,
 Which slow and silent from the central spark
 In vast concentric rings expanding grew
 And through the orb a sanguine self-light threw
 More awful than e'er sung by poet's lyre,
 A circular background of red, ravless fire.

In centre of this red and glowing sphere
 A thin and shifting smoky mist appeared
 Which, denser growing, cast a murky smear
 Upon the red, and flicked about and reared
 The central point, till in some manner weird
 The mist had taken substance and had grown
 Into the semblance of an ebony throne.

This giant throne was massive-framed and railed
 With seeming limbs of gnarled withered trees
 But which were writhing serpents, sable scaled,
 That never ceased to intertwist and squeeze

In the fair Nile-land
 Wherein her name be
 For all that other wo

Her color was of pall
 Or as if paley-brenze
 With faintly ruddy o
 Of her fine figure c
 Soft violet shadows
 Her midnight-dark o
 To her small feet and

Her countenance had
 That mark'd the nob
 The broad, low brow
 Tinted, but where no
 Straigh nose, and in
 Her large, black, sla
 And the old blood of

A small, red mouth,
 That lightly touch'd
 Wearing a smile so
 No man could look
 Had he in life but se
 And there she wait'd
 Of all the shapes of

THE WATERSNAKE AND

"Thou, Cleopatra, b
 Wearer of Egypt's c
 The monarch's offic
 Unto the subjects, a
 In pregnant myths t
 To watch and ward
 To the immortal Go

"Lord of the dead a
 The world hath bee
 My heart was full o
 And my wrapt sens
 At pleasant sound
 The air was blue, s
 The moon was slste

"The fountains in o
 Spoke mystically p
 The bird-songs 'mo
 Through sigh of re
 The creeping of the
 The blue of waters
 In the stretched ar

"Were all a part of
 I loved them—and
 Did think benificen
 Nor deem that joy
 It may be true. I
 I did not make my
 These feelings that

"Fair Queen of the
 But is a charge of
 And when it loiter