

## ORPHEUS.

Unto the realm of Pluto many roads  
Lead with dark winding from the bright abodes  
Of men, and when life's last detaining thread  
Is cut by Iris and the body, dead,  
With Charon's coin in palm, rests in the tomb  
Or on the pyre, the daemon of its doom  
After much pitiful forbearance tears  
The soul from its environment of cares  
With promise sweet of love's awaiting kiss,  
Of old friends greeting, and much holy bliss  
On shores Elysian, where all ways are peace  
And all existence virtue without cease ;  
But ere the fields of Asphodel are won  
Dire labours manifold must first be done  
By soul and demon.

All the paths descend  
To four great streams, whose turbid waters blend  
With suffering souls : here flows sad Acheron  
On whose black banks impatient spirits run  
And call to that grim boatman ferrying o'er  
His last embarkment to the nether shore  
In silence, bent with duty's measured pull,  
Certain of all to follow ; there with waters full  
Of awful lamentation from lost souls  
Cocytus its fierce waves of sorrow rolls  
Wherein dwells one whose face is only seen  
Above the surface, human and serene,  
Below, her horrid serpent form encloses  
And stings the hapless spirits in her coils  
With scorpion venom ; Phlegethon rolls by  
Flaming with waves that hiss and mount on high  
To lick with burning tongue each crusted shore  
Where not the vilest weed dare clamber o'er,  
There swim huge salamanders, whose desire  
Mounts with the maddening tumult of the fire ;  
And lastly Styx, that pool of pitchy slime  
Whereby the great gods swear their vows sublime,  
In whose black channel hatred finds a home  
And breathes with fury many a plague-born gnome  
Loathsome to gods and men.

These rivers run  
Far to the West, beyond the sinking sun,  
Beyond old Ocean's limits, past the range  
Of starry travel or where comets strange  
Rush in hot madness ; there too Lethe flows  
Where souls must drink to gain the sweet repose  
Of all-forgetfulness before the Fates  
Lose power to plague them or their bygone states  
Haunt them like ghosts.

These waters safely crossed,  
The plains between thick filled with spirits lost,  
Avernus meets the view, vast, horrid lake  
At Hades' entrance, who its waters take,  
Sicken and die in torture that must rend  
With endless tooth, for such death has no end.  
Beyond Avernus stands the gate of Hell  
And Cerberus to guard its portals well.  
Unto that gate came Orpheus with his lute  
Whose most melodious music had made mute  
The wailing souls on Acheron's sad shore  
And charm'd old Charon as he ferried o'er  
The son of great Apollo in his quest  
For her whom of all women he loved best,  
And as he came fierce Cerberus stood still  
Fix'd by the magic of the player's skill :  
On Orpheus went and played, for he knew well  
The wondrous potency of this great spell  
Would by a pause be broken and his fate  
Never to pass alive the solemn gate ;  
He rous'd the Harpies, those most fearful things  
With heads and breasts of women and the wings  
Of birds and talons of the lion's fierce,  
Whose breath is poison and whose venoms pierce  
Deep in man's soul—the hugs were planning then  
Foul plots for planting grief in hearts of men ;  
He stay'd stern Nemesis, new poised for flight  
As she in darkness left her mother Night ;  
The three great judges of the soul now paused  
In giving sentence, for the music caused  
Minos and Æacus and Rhadamanthus think  
What change the gods had wrought, that at the brink  
Of Tartarus such heavenly sounds should rise  
To make the heart leap and to the eyes  
Communicate swift tears of sudden joy—  
Had Jupiter grown mad to let this boy,  
This gold hair'd stripling with the silver strings  
Enter dark Hades with such sound that brings  
Pity to their stern breasts ?

The Gorgons stare  
In vain at Orpheus through their viper-hair,  
He sings and heeds them not and he alone  
Looks at them eye for eye and not to stone  
Is turned ; the Lemures, that spectral swarm,  
That fill the space of Hades without form,  
Halt in their wanderings to hear the notes  
That fall as from a thousand song birds' throats.  
Pale Death sits sharpening her dart and hears  
With sad dismay the sound that soothes her ears,  
Her arm grows powerless ; the black dart falls  
With echoing clang on Hades' marbled halls ;  
The triple sisters who turn mad the mind  
With envy, rage and hatred, and make blind  
The heart with judgment false, hear the high strains  
And knowledge of lost joy o'erwhelms their brains ;  
Triptolemus stands still with bated breath  
While on his way to that great hall of death  
Where his stern fellow judges sit aghast  
Still pondering on Orpheus. Now he pass'd  
Poor Marsyas, whose love of music great  
Lured him to challenge for his after-fate  
The laurel crown'd Apollo and his lyre  
Wherefore he stay'd in the eternal fire ;  
But Orpheus, passing, play'd so wondrous well  
That all the flames about him flicker'd, fell,

And left the wretch in peace to hear once more  
The power of sound he staked his spirit for.  
Black Discord in her den of hideous noise  
Grew sudden silent, and her breast with joys  
Filled as the gentle tremblings of the lute  
Found subtle ways to reach her.

Resolute  
Stood Orpheus in his path and to the right  
Stood Sisyphus, the stone just at the height  
Of the great mountain, ready to roll again  
Into the vale beneath, but that sweet strain  
Held it in place so long as it could reach  
The spot it rested on—and to beseech  
Eternal playing Sisyphus held high  
Tired arms to Jove as Orpheus pass'd him by ;  
There to the left Ixion ceased to feel  
The endless revolutions of the wheel  
Over the flaming river and the fangs  
Of serpents leave him as he, listless, hangs  
Listening to such sweet music.

Now the lake,  
Whose tempting waters Tantalus forsake  
When his parch'd lips and madden'd hands would take  
Of their intact relief, hears the new sound  
And Tantalus with surfeit is near drown'd  
For this brief respite, and with hungry clutch  
Plucks tender fruits before he could not touch,  
Eating in joyous wonder that Hell's God  
Gave him such feasting for a period.  
Now Orpheus passed the black oblivious lair  
Of Sleep, a cave devoid of light or air,  
Paved with strange shapes and horrid phantasies  
Inanimate and senseless, and they rise,  
As through the cave's dark mouth the music sweet  
Fills to the inmost parts that foul retreat,  
Crying for air to breathe and light to see  
The wondrous worker of such ecstasy.

Pluto's high throne within the distance looms  
Built of the gold and marble of men's tombs  
Upon a base of bones, and by its side  
Stood the pale throne of his beloved bride,  
Persephone—behind her shadowy seat  
Shone one blue star and at its cloud-hid feet  
Glared the red oval of a waning moon  
As tells sage shepherds of a storm in June  
When flocks grow restless ;—when the player came  
Nearer to that great place a sudden flame  
Shot from the silent air and blazed as fierce  
As though a thousand lightning strokes would pierce  
In one vast sheet of overwhelming fire  
The daring mortal who would thus aspire  
To reach great Pluto's love-shrine ;—in the blaze  
Millions of serpents writhe, but Orpheus plays  
Heedless of all, nor dares to cease lest he  
Lose the safe conduct of his minstrelsy.  
Unharm'd he passes through the floods of flame  
That would arrest his progress and he came  
Unharm'd beyond them.

Lo ! before his eyes  
A scene of wondrous beauty did arise  
Such as a poet sees when every sense  
Leaves its abode and the intelligence  
Of soul usurps the functions of the mind,  
When unto every object he grows blind  
Seeing through all beyond.

For Pluto's throne  
Is more magnificent than love might own  
In higher regions. Orpheus stood beneath  
The lowest step thereof ; a flowery wreath  
Crown'd his bright golden locks—the flowers  
Pluck'd from the dew-fed meadows and fair bowers  
Where he had wander'd with his beauteous bride  
In happy love-quests, ere that even tide  
When he was waken'd by the short, sharp cry  
Calling his name, and saw a snake glide by  
Into the thicket—when he saw the breast  
That oft had made his head a pillowy rest  
Mark'd with the fatal venom, which his lips,  
Used to the honey that the love-bee sips,  
Closed on in vain endeavour to remove  
The sentence of the gods on their sweet love  
When his strong hands clutch'd madly the thin air  
As unto Jove he pour'd his soul's deep prayer  
For pity—when, with all his blood turn'd lead,  
He look'd and saw Eurydice was dead,  
And when 'gainst all the gods he took that oath  
Sacred to her, Death's awful bridal troth  
That by the power of music's magic spell  
Against their will he would go down to Hell  
And rescue his lost love. Whereat Jove laugh'd  
And said to Bacchus as they gaily quaff'd  
In high carousal : " Let the fool take care,  
Pluto can mind his own. Once in the lair  
Of Hades, even Apollo's son must stay,  
No goats from that black fold can ever stray."

Thus Orpheus stood ; but now no longer mute  
For to the rich-wrought tremblings of his lute  
He rais'd his rare-heard voice and still'd the word  
On Pluto's lips and then all Hades heard.

## THE SONG OF ORPHEUS.

Persephone ! Persephone !  
Give back my lost delight to me ;  
By thy great love for thy great lord,  
By each sweet thought for him adored,  
By love that thrills and love that fills  
Thy heart as with a thousand rills  
Of joy ; break down his mountain breast  
And lull his vengeful mood to rest,  
Till mighty Pluto joyfully  
Shall from his very love for thee  
Give back my soul's delight to me—  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

Persephone ! Persephone !  
Recall my lord's great love for thee,  
When in sweet Euna's golden meads  
Thou heard'st that rustling of the reeds

And in thy hands the love-crush'd flowers  
Were grasp'd with fear, as from earth's bowers  
He strain'd thee to his mighty breast  
And bore thee, senseless, to the West,  
Beyond the opalescent sea  
That nightly sings its song of thee  
Give back my soul's delight to me  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

Persephone ! Persephone !  
I bring love's garland unto thee ;—  
She made it with her loving hands,  
She plaited it in golden bands,  
And placed it on my chosen brow  
When by my side she sat, as now  
Thou sittest by my great lord's side ;  
That night no lover snatch'd his bride,  
But Death seized all remorselessly  
And took her soul beyond the sea ;  
And life became a memory—  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

Persephone ! Persephone !  
Let this lute's magic minstrelsy  
Find with love's music sweet and clear  
Thy heart-depths through each pearly ear ;  
Behold ! how when I strike one string  
The lone sound floats with cheerless ring ;  
Behold ! when double chords are driven  
With harmony the air is riven ;  
So Fate plays on our souls, and we  
Yield plaints of love or misery.  
Give back my soul's delight to me—  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

Persephone ! Persephone !  
By all the joy that lovers see  
When first they feel the hidden fire  
Burst forth in blaze of heart's desire ;  
By all the music lovers hear  
When language laps against the ear  
Like crystal waves on golden sands  
By touch of lips and clasp of hands  
When long-zoned raiments are made free ;  
By all love's sweets that fell to thee,  
Give back my soul's delight to me—  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

Persephone ! Persephone !  
Mark how thy lord yet frowns on me,  
Behold the tightening of his lip—  
Kiss—kiss his mouth lest there might slip  
One word of doom to dash my hope ;  
Bend down on him thine eyes and cope  
With love the gleams that in them shine  
The while I summon to me, mine !  
Break—break—by love and memory  
The bond of Hades and set free  
Her soul, that is the soul of me—  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

Persephone ! Persephone !  
Clasp him so close he may not see ;  
Look deep into his soul with love  
That from thine eyes he shall not move  
His own ;—ah ! thus I gazed on her  
That night and heard no serpent stir,  
For love, once thralling all the mind,  
Makes all the little senses blind ;  
'Tis well ! he drinks love's alchemy !  
Come back ! my love ! come back to me,  
Where'er in Hades thou may'st be—  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

Persephone ! Persephone !  
Lull him with love that unto me  
No thought may leap with sudden ire,  
And steal again my heart's desire  
When she shall come. Ye Gods ! that light !  
It shone when on that fatal night  
The demons took her from my side ;—  
'Tis she ! they bring her back ! my bride !  
Let Pluto wake—let Jove decree—  
My self—my soul—comes back to me  
My joy in life and death to be—  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

Persephone ! Persephone !  
A moment more and we are free ;  
I feel the breath of outer air ;  
I see the upper stars so fair ;  
I hear the lapping of salt waves ;  
I see the light of day that saves ;  
I feel her pulsing heart-throbs run  
Through her fair limbs ; I watch the sun  
Uprising in her eyes—and see  
Its living light thrills into me ;  
She has come back—come back to me—  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

SAREPTA.

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## TWO KNAPSACKS :

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER I—(Continued).

CRISTINE walked aft to The Crew, and served his apprenticeship to sitting on the tiller and propelling the rudder thereby in the desired direction. When he went wrong, while The Crew was lighting his pipe, the flapping of the sails warned him to back the tiller to its proper place. When hauling at the halliards, he had sung to his admiring companion in toil the "Sailor's Shanty" :—

My Polly said she'd marry me when I came home,  
Yo hee, yo ho, haul all together ;  
But when I came I found she'd been and took my messmate Tom,  
Yo hee, yo ho, haul all together.

Now, therefore, The Crew was urgent for a song to cheer up the lonesomeness a bit, and the lawyer, nothing loath, sang with genuine pathos :—

A baby was sleeping ;  
Its mother was weeping.  
For her husband was far on the wide rolling sea.

When he came to the sea-ee-ee-ee-ee at the end of the third line, The Crew, who had been keeping time with one foot on the deck and with one hand on the tiller, aided him in rolling it forth, and, when the singing was over, he characterized it as "pooty and suitin' like," by which he meant that the references to the howling tempest and the