

APPENDIX.

LXXXVI.

- Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
 That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
 Of evening over brake and bloom
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare
- The round of space, and rapt below 5
 Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
 And shadowing down the horned flood
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow
- The fever from my cheek, and sigh 10
 The full new life that feeds thy breath
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly
- From belt to belt of crimson seas 15
 On leagues of odour streaming far,
 To where in yonder orient star
 A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

CXIV.

- Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
 Against her beauty? May she mix
 With men and prosper! Who shall fix
 Her pillars? Let her work prevail. 5
- But on her forehead sits a fire :
 She sets her forward countenance
 And leaps into the future chance,
 Submitting all things to desire.
- Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain— 10
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 What is she, cut from love and faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain
- Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place ; 15
 She is the second, not the first.