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THE
BEDOUIN PRINCE





THE
BEDOUIN · PRINCE.

BY

CLIFTON ESDAILE, *transl.*



NEW YORK
1889

31 x 9
118

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1880
Hosford & Sons.

THE BEDOUIN PRINCE.



PROLOGUE.

“O, beauteous Night, thou foldest 'neath thy wing
“Not only land and sea, but soul and heart
“Of all the dwellers in earth's vast domain;
“Grant me repose and peace and sweet content.”

Then turning toward the East where Mecca lies
I bowed me to the ground with fervent vows;
And muffled in my robe I lay me down
Beneath the shadow of a spreading palm:—
I slept; yet knew it not until the dawn
Had ushered in another day; so fair
That all the earth seemed lost in love and joy
And I ALONE was pensive, solemn, sad; * * *
Yet did I not regret that distant day
When thus I spoke unto my Princely Sire,
Though then but stripling, I—now years a man—
“I love, revere, and praise thee, noble Liege;
“But hate thy realm with all the heartless strife
“Of sycophants; that hang about the court
“With clownish laugh, because the Ruler smiles,
“And o'er offensive sighs if he look sad;
“Mere parasites! that cringe and crawl forsooth

" That they may great, unearned gifts receive
 " (Unmindful of a gem called Gratitude,
 " The rarest stone in all the shining host,
 " That diadem a crowned monarch's brow).
 " Thou art my Chief, my Head, Ruler and Sire.
 " As SIRE the best, and kindest to thy son
 " That ever mortal knew ; and so, as Sire,
 " Thy mandates hold a crowned and sceptered sway ;
 " Yet now as subject, not as son, I speak
 " Unto thee, potent and renowned lord,
 " This day I leave thy presence and thy court,
 " Lest, peradventure, thou should'st think to win
 " A promise, which, alas ! I cannot give.
 " Thy son I am, dear Prince—thy only son ;
 " Yet heir I will not be to thy vast realm :
 " For thou art mighty, brave and deeply learned,
 " Whilst I am empty of philanthropy ; —
 " I loathe these beastly creatures known as men,
 " Whom thou in thy great kindness tri'st to aid,
 " And even thou in thy deep wisdom failest ;
 " And so in filial love, I kiss thy hand,
 " As subject bend my knee unto my Liege,
 " And say a mournful, last farewell, O, Sire."

This bygone scene was pictured to my gaze,
 My Sire's sad and melancholy voice ;
 His darkling brow, deep furrowed o'er with lines
 Of care, and thought, and many a dreary year ;
 And though he yearned to order me " Remain
 " Thou by our court"—yet understood my thought,
 And darkly sorrowed, as in me he marked
 The echo of his own most gloomy soul.

" Ah, sire," I mused, " thy farewell words return
 " Unto my thoughts, though sands and moons run down,
 E'en these ; " My son, perchance in some strange way
 " And in some now far distant day or clime
 " (As son and Sire, or separate) we may
 " This Sphynx's query guess, or rightly know,
 " Which saddens us as other men are not ;
 " Farewell, oh son and heir ; heir to my crown,
 " Yet, more heir to myself in uncaused woe.
 " Farewell ! dear loved son, this *seems* the end."

Once, since that day, when wandering o'er the plain
 A caravan I met, resting in shade
 Where an oasis glowed like emerald bright,
 And sparkling streams cooled the grateful air ;
 I paused, and asked them of their weary march,
 And praised their camels, then we tasted salt
 And fell into a goodly fellowship.
 I asked them whence they came, what of the Court ?
 And much they told me of myself and Sire,
 And I, half mournful, smiled until one said :
 " Our monarch's fate is sad ; for Bedouin, he
 " Has vanished. Where ? we cannot even guess ;
 " Most likely murdered, like our Prince, his son."
 Then mental night descended, and I fled
 I knew not whither ; only on and on,
 Until, as time passed by, I near forgot
 The distant cities, and relinquished all
 Last remnants of a thought e'er to return.

My Arab steed then was my only friend,
 I asked and wished no other ; yet, I sighed,

Scarce knowing that I did, and in my eyes
A hot tear strove to reach the light of day.
Mahned, my steed, arched his black neck and neighed ;
Then proudly sniffed the clear, pure, morning air,
And, with distended nostrils, breathed new life
And pawed the ground ; in token of his will,
We should be off across the shining sands.
My hand, upon his raven mane, I laid
Caressingly, to show him that I heard
His neigh, and knew its import as of yore,
And Mahned waited quiet, 'til I pleased
To mount and fly across the shining sands.



CANTO I.

Methought : " I am not as of erst I was
" When Mahned, noble beast, and I left men
" To roam about the world ; to hunt the boar
" And watch the beauty of the setting sun,
" Then sleep beneath the stars in arching skies
" And waken, at the breaking of the dawn,
" When fair Aurora draws the veil aside
" And blushingly awaits her passing Lord,
" And earth is hushed and speechless !
 " Then the birds
" Take up a psalm of joy, and send it out
" To bless each other, and the world at large ;
" The stilly palms, scarce moving to and fro,
" But list the melody of joyous songs,
" Then sigh and murmur, wave their boughs, and bend
" To catch a feathered songster, in a depth
" Of cool, green shadow, where the birds may join
" And there in unison chant forth their glees.

" The birds sing now as in those days of yore,
" The palms still tempt them with their lingering shade,
" And sweet Aurora blushes as she opes
" The portals of the morn. The sun still gives
" New life to earth and sea, and every leaf
" Is fresh and bright and glowing in the dew ;
" And yet !— my soul doth weary of these things.
" In truth, the scene is now as estival
" As when it first did tempt me here to roam,
" And Mahned is not changed, nor weak, nor old,
" He still is splendid as the glorious night,

" His eyes like stars from heaven in beauty shine,
 " And yet to-day a new thing lives in me.
 " It is a knowledge ! Come ? I know not whence,
 " But, lo !—'tis in my breast a living flame
 " That tells me that this beast will fade away,
 " That some day he will prostrate be and die,
 " And I shall mourn, and know it is *THE END*.
 " And then ? he will be dust ; and then a blade,
 " A leaf, a plant, a tree ; then dust again ;
 " And so—on, ever on, in Nature's mould
 " Decay and dust and beauty ; then decay ;
 " And ever on and on—until a crash
 " Of worlds dissolve the land and sea ! and heaven
 " Itself shall flash in firey mist and cloud,
 " And Moon and Sun and Earth and Stars be hurled
 " In awful space—limitless, boundless, void !
 " Ah, I am faint and dazed with the sight
 " My soul has conjured up within my brain,
 " And then ? And then ? Ah madness seizes me ;
 " I can see naught but blackness and despair,
 " In which I live forever, on and on,
 " For he who thinks must know no thought can die.
 " And Thought is I—the *EGO*—the myself ;
 " The soul is thought, methinks, and it survives—
 " I feel it, know it, recognize its power ;
 " What is this lonely longing that pervades
 " My being, and makes me feel that I am not
 " Part of the desert or the fertile plain ?"
 And so, for many moons, I wandered thus,
 Still pondering these mighty thoughts, and all
 Unknown to me the problem of mankind
 I tried to solve.

Each day I wandered to
 Some new locality, all wild, and where,
 Perchance, no foot had ever trod before ;
 And where the wild beasts roared and smelt the air
 At our approach ; poor Mahned seemed to know
 That I was sad and weary with our life
 Of roving to and fro ; and yet, I could
 Not contemplate return from whence we came.

* * * * *

One day, as on I rode, I saw the sea,
 Its broad expanse reached to the blue of heaven,
 And as it washed the golden, shining strand,
 Methought it spoke a message to my soul.
 Its roaring seemed to bid me stay and rest
 Beside its border, and with patience wait,
 And there the answer I should surely find
 To the great question : "Why have I been born
 "To suffer on through ages and to feel
 "Life in a soul that knows no use, nor joy,
 "Yet craves, it knows not what, nor whence, nor how?"

A cave there was close by the surging sea ;
 A lofty cave, whose entrance was concealed
 By over-hanging vines and blooming shrubs ;
 And just in front, there towered a stately palm,
 And a banana tree where monkeys climbed
 And swung by snake-like tails from bough to bough ;
 And just beyond, the sea rolled ever on,
 And sang a dirge, or shouted out some curse
 Methought : I loved the sea ! it seemed myself ;
 And as I paced the shore (in gathering gloom
 Of nightfall, when the earth was shrouded o'er)

I listened for the words which seemed to come
 From out the deep and lose themselves in me ;
 Then Mahned's neigh rose clear upon the air
 And I was one with my environment.

* * * * *

So many moons had waned and waxed and waned,
 And still my place was ever by the deep ;
 The old time wild desire was nearly quelled,
 And in its place came patient waiting ; hope,—
 Yet—not quite hope—I only waited on,
 Waited the promise of the deep voiced sea,
 Longing, and yet content to bide the time.

CANTO II.

'Twas twilight, and the sea and sands were kissed
 By rosy color from the glowing sky ;
 I stood upon the shore and watched the path
 Of living light that stretched from out the West
 To me, just where I stood as lonely as
 Yon palm that stands alone against the sun ;
 And as I gazed upon the wondrous scene
 A tiny speck I saw emerge from shade
 And sail adown the path of golden waves.

As yet I stood with straining eyes to see
 What was the traveler in that road of light,
 A gust of wind lifted my garment's folds
 And bared my head before th' approaching storm,
 And with a sudden swirl of waters wild
 The scene was blotted out by driving clouds ;

The sands were lifted by the fierce cyclone
 And hurled against the crags beside the shore,
 The blooms were torn from off the clinging vines
 And floated on the waves that lashed the land.

Within my cave I wrapped me in my robe
 And listened to the wildly raging storm ;
 I heard the crashing of uprooted trees
 And sands that beat against my cave in vain ;
 A deafening roar of waves was in my ear ;
 I listened and they seemed to sing this song :

SONG OF THE STORM.

I.

The tempest ! the tempest !
 Farewell to the calm ;
 When rises the tempest,
 How lonely the palm !

II.

It looks toward the bright sun ;
 The bright sun has fled !
 Oh palm ! feeble, lone one,
 When morn dawns, 'tis dead.

III. •

Quite dead and forgotten
 (On rushes the storm) ;
 The bright sun returns then
 Nor misses its form.

IV.

“ Why look to the Sun, palm ?
 “ Why look to the Sun ?
 “ Dost thou need him in calm ? ”
 And the tempest howled on.

V.

Palmetto replied :
 “ I never could live
 “ Had I e'er defied
 “ The Sun, life to give.

VI.

“ He shineth upon me ;
 “ And if I were strong
 “ I would cling (he should see)
 “ Though tempests were long.

VII.

“ The SUN is not blinded !
 “ He sendeth his rays
 “ Under clouds — I'm reminded —
 “ Grow taller always !

VIII.

“ For, over the tempest,
 “ The Sun shineth on,
 “ And during the night-time,
 “ I'll wait for the dawn.

IX.

" A blessed existence
 " To show forth his praise ;
 " Now, at last, I commence
 " To thank him for my days."

X.

Thou, man, art the palm tree,
 Yet, watch by the surge,
 Thy answer comes to thee,
 (Though my song seem a dirge).

XI.

The tempest ! the tempest !
 Farewell to the calm !
 When rages the tempest,
 How helpless the palm !

XII.

But hopeless, or helpless,
 MAN never need be.
 So wait thou, still fearless,
 Thy answer at sea.

And lo ! as thus I pondered on the song
 A fearful longing entered in my soul ;
 A discontent with what I was and wished ;
 A strange, wild craving to tear out my life,
 That I might know the change from life to death,
 If death it were, or if NOT death, what then ?

"Nay, there is always that to test the truth
 "Of what's reality, what's fantasy,"
 I said, while taking from my belt the steel
 And laying it beside me on the ground.
 I looked with Arab pride upon the dirk,
 And asked me, "Shall I pour my heart's warm blood
 "Upon the cavern's floor? a purple stream
 "Of princely noble blood to be lapped up
 "By thirsty sands, ungrateful for the gift?
 "Alas! how many men, in cities shut,
 "Would bless Mahomet could they view this sight.
 "From out this cavern's mouth where now is calm,
 "The violent storm abating as it came,
 "So silent, and so quick, one might forget
 "That it had been, save for the devast wild
 "Of trees, and flowers, and e'en of birds and beasts,
 "All buried in the blinding storm of sand.
 "Poor things! that perish, as they ne'er had been,
 "And I?— this dagger's point once in my breast
 "Will be but carrion, picked by loathesome birds!
 "A hideous, foul, unseemly skeleton,
 "Unmourned, unloved, unburied—save by sands
 "Blown by the storm across my rotting limbs."

CANTO III.

"'Tis well! for something, now with me, shall see
 "A new to-morrow differing from to-day,
 "Unfettered by the clay of these strong limbs."
 Quick flashed the dagger in the sun's first ray
 (For I had stepped without the cave at dawn,

Unconsciously admired the glorious sky
 That spread above ; all purpled o'er with light
 And fleecy clouds of pink, and red, and gold,
 Which changed, and ever changed, now gold, now blue,
 And all the while more gorgeous than before),
 Yet, as I plunged the dagger down, I paused,
 While on the blade glowed heaven's most ruddy hue
 As 'twere ALREADY reeking with my gore—
 " I am about to die, divorce my parts ;
 " Shall I relinquish, then, this comely form ?
 " What service has it been to me these years
 " That I have fed it, clothed, annointed it ?
 " It is—or should be—slave unto myself,
 " A creature to my wish and purpose here.
 " Nay ! by Mahomet ! I WILL NOT GIVE UP
 " THIS BODY, 'till I something find on earth
 " To pay me for its maintenance and all
 " The many worries which it's brought to me.
 " I vow I will return from whence I came !
 " Or, better yet, some unknown city find
 " Where I shall dwell, and 'mongst my brother men,
 " Perchance, will learn the secret why THEY live
 " And seem to LIKE to live, to hate, to love ;
 " And so spin out interminable years,
 " And will continue to, until the end !
 " Or 'til a new Hegira bless the earth :
 " And then, the secret found, for there is sure
 " Some force mysterious, secret known to each
 " Of all the human swarm, infesting earth,
 " Or they would each and all prefer the tomb
 " To waiting thus ! not knowing what they wait
 " Or whence 'twill come, or is it joy, or woe,

"Or aught of all there is to know, save that
 "They eat and sleep, grow sad and old, and die,
 "Ah, well, their secret I will surely find ;
 "The open-sesame to patient years.
 "And I will live a goodly life, forsooth,
 "And wait like other men the throes of death,
 "Perchance I have not done quite all I should,
 "For now my body is most strange to men.
 "It shall be loved, or hated, shunned, revered !
 "It shall not be unknown unto its kind !
 "Less known than other cringing slaves that work
 "Their master's will."

I ceased, and sheathed my knife,
 Determined that an era, spread before,
 Still unexplored, untried, perchance 'twould be
 A failure ; yet, I would most honest try
 To find something I yet had ne'er beheld ;
 And failing in my search why, then I could
 Return unto the desert wild and bare,
 And there, amid the stretch of yellow sands,
 A bright oasis find ; there lay me down
 And sleep the sleep of death ; then test the soul,
 Since THEN I would be glad to quit the corpse,
 Finding it but a clod of common clay —
 Unfeeling, thoughtless, senseless, lifeless stuff
 To be cast off.

Then, like a joyous bark
 That leaves the coast and hauls the anchor up,
 And flies with wing-like sails across the main,
 And leaves the shore behind, a vaporous line
 Like mirage, on the sea, and then my boat —
 My happy boat — will glide, calm and serene,

Unto a beauteous haven, where 't shall rest,
 That boat-like spark, of life, I call myself,
 Though other men seem bent on terming flesh
 And fleshly, earthly thoughts, th' essence of life.
 Alas ! why am I not content to be
 Just what I SEEM to be, nor question make
 As to the When ! the Where ! the How ! the Why !
 That do torment me with their goading voices ?
 Clamoring for answers ; yet, have not
 Found Sages, no, nor Magi, who can tell,
 In satisfactory way, the WHY, yes, why,
 The very first of all : the " why am I ?"
 For if I know not WHY, how can I know
 How I must be, or WHEN 'twill be the end,
 Or ascertain to WHERE this being tends ?
 Alas ! it is a riddle no more known
 Than pictured words on stone, long time disused ;
 And some pass by with lifted brows, and shrug
 Their shoulders, and " it is a theme they take
 No interest in ;" and others stare and say,
 " Mahomet has his wits," or " he is mad,"
 And so, pass on THEIR way ; their way to where ?
 The tomb ! they seem to heed it not, until
 A cry comes back from those close by who see
 The ghastly fright and lurid glare of hate
 Which stamps the face of him who feels cold death,
 And, for a moment, pause the passing herd
 Of human reptiles ; then pass on ; like he
 (They just have seen, and shuddered to behold)
 Passed on, to work, to slave, to fight, to drink,
 To drunken, then to wrangle, love or hate,
 Until they also cross the slimy stream,

And others dwell where they have dwelt of erst,
 And others bear their names, their arms, their wealth ;
 Their very pride is now no longer theirs,
 But their descendants ! who in turn transpire !
 Alas ! why do my thoughts thus ever turn
 Revolving ever 'round the self-same point
 To questions without answers ? problems all
 " Unsolved, UNSOLVABLE, I half believe."

Such were my sombre, melancholy thoughts ;
 Yet, still I tarried, for I loved the shore
 With noise of waters and the wondrous songs
 It rendered forth to me in the still night,
 And still, it seemed to promise to my heart
 An answer to my questions one and all.

CANTO IV.

The sun was sinking low (on that same day
 My dirk, at dawn, was raised to prick my life);
 Calmly I walked beside the shore at eve,
 And gazed into the path of golden light,
 And as I stood with bared head and breast,
 I sudden thought "'twas yestere'en I saw
 " A something sailing in that glittering stream,
 " A trifle, black against the sinking orb,
 " And how, all sudden rose that storm of wind,
 " Until the ocean beat against the sky
 " In mad defiance ; 'till the rugged clouds
 " In fury chased the waves from shore to shore,
 " And burst in frenzied ferment in the sky,

" Leaving a patch of white against the black,
 " And black on white, all jagged and frowning dark.
 " Alas ! what chanced to that wee bark, so frail,
 " That sailed so calm adown the peaceful wave,
 " Unconsciously approaching this dread shore ?
 " The wind storm crouching down to take a spring
 " Upon its prey ;—poor little boat ! I fain
 " Would find the wreck ; as then, perchance, I could
 " Give succor to some human life like mine ;
 " Which buffeted by storm and tempest wild
 " May be bequeathed me to begin my task
 " Of making this, my body, be a slave,
 " An abject slave, obedient, useful, blind,
 " To everything save me ; the Ego King
 " Shall rule ! " I placed my turban on my head,
 And called my horse ; my fearless Arab steed
 Came proudly up, and neighed, and pawed the air ;
 Prancing, he shook his mane, distended wide
 His nostrils ;

Off we sped the flying sands
 Marking our progress toward a fertile strip
 Of land where I had marked the waves beat high.

The very air seemed blithe and filled with joy,
 Of color, beauty, health, and all the flock
 Of cause and reason of great happiness
 Which tingles in young blood (or always should) ;
 I stopped beneath a shading tree, to feel
 The soft, caressing coolness that it lent
 Unto my tanned and heated brow and cheek ;
 And as I paused my practiced ear discerned
 A sound I knew full well, and loved to hear,

For all the fiery fury of my soul
 Was loosened when I started for the chase ;
 I cautiously unsheathed my sturdy knife,
 And let my horse go roaming at his will,
 And crept on hands and knees, with stealthy gait ;
 I glanced on every side with furtive gaze,
 Excitement pricked my fancy till I felt
 No longer man ! but cunning brute, to slay
 (With better means than nature gave to him)
 My fellow brute—I saw him passing on
 With slow and dangerous pace ; he sniffed the air
 And rolled his eyes and stealthily advanced
 As though in view of prey within his power.
 What creature was it that the beast espied ?
 Too much a huntsman not to see that much
 Of danger entered into this pursuit,
 Yet also too much Arab to turn back ;
 I still advanced upon the unconscious brute,
 Which still advanced on its unwitting prey ;
 I quickly followed as he passed a crag,
 And then ! oh ! horror ! would I be too late ?
 Madness and Terror lent wings to my feet,
 And I rushed forward with a fearful howl
 And sprung upon the wild beast of the plain,
 My knife in him was buried to its hilt !
 His fangs in fury tore my naked flesh !
 The blood surged o'er my heart ! I knew no more.

* * * * *

At length reviving thought came floating o'er
 My wearied brain—what vision had I seen ?
 What was the destined prey of the wild beast
 Whose stiffening form I felt against my side ?
 Ah ! yes, my fainting soul recalls it now !

CANTO V.

A creature like a lily ; frail and white,
 And crowned with wayward tresses, golden hued,
 Which nestled 'round an alabaster throat,
 And shone and glistened like a halo's light ;
 A rounded arm, as white as ocean's crest,
 Was pillow for that dazzling head's repose.
 The form was draped in ample folds of soft,
 Rich texture from the busy marts of trade,
 All creamy white — Indeed it seemed to be
 Some statue from the realms of classic art ;
 Yet, vivified. As in some pleasing dream,
 A fountain woos one with soft, ringing words,
 Or flowers take on sweet faces to enchant,
 E'en so this statue youth yet seemed to have
 One drop of human fire to make him be
 Less awful than a god ; than mortal, more.
 His beauteous face was calm as summer's sea,
 The gentle breathing lifted with its sigh
 A golden trinket worn upon his breast,
 From which one idle hand had lately fall'n.
 Such was the sleeping form that I had seen,
 Unconscious of the danger menacing,
 I rose upon my arm. Was it a dream ?
 No ; close beside me was the hairy brute
 Already growing stark in rigid death.
 I looked about me on the scene, not strange,
 But o'er familiar to my roving eye ;
 A little patch, like jungle, fresh and sweet,
 But shunned as habitation of wild beasts ;—
 No murmur greeted me ; no zephyr swayed

7

The tangled vines or fragrant smelling shrubs,
 I rose but feebly, from much loss of blood,
 Dazed and wondering much if I were mad,
 Wishing I might be ever so if 'twere
 To see such vision in so wild a place !
 But hush ! I paused and listened ! What was that
 Melodious breeze ? in strange tongues all unknown,
 Wakening the sleeping air, drowsing in heat
 Of mid-day, while all parti-colored birds
 Came forth to flaunt their plumage in such voice.
 Was it a voice ? so clear, so pure, so high ;
 I never heard the like, e'en in a dream !
 Yet, best of all, it seemed to wake a chord
 Of melody in all the world around ;
 The waxen petals of the blossoms woke
 Blushing and trembling each responsive seemed
 To sing unto the EYE and give it joy ;—
 The cooling shades sang to the heated BROW,
 The sky shone melody of LIGHT and TINT !
 The luscious, ripening fruits, sang their PERFUME !
 The diapason of the mighty deep
 Lent its great self ; and all its wealth of gems
 From coral-reef and spotless, gleaming pearls,
 To where the mighty iceberg towers above,
 A FROZEN melody of beauteous tints !
 'Til every ATOM quivered and became
 Part of the great mellifluous harmony ;
 And from the coldly shining, tomb-like halls
 Of my dead soul, where silence so long reigned,
 An echoing thrill of music, floated up ;
 As by magician's wand, all vivified,
 Still weak and dazed, I leaned against the rock,

Oblivious to the streaming wound I bore,
 A strange surcease of active strife within;—
 The music ceased; and lo! the earth was dumb.

* * * * *

The leaves were pushed aside; there re-appeared
 The vision, deeply fringed lids were raised,
 And underneath their shadows, depths of blue
 Displayed themselves a world of earnest thought.
 Man's intellect was seated on his brow,
 Tho' childhood h'd lately kissed the cheek farewell.

* * * * *

Framed like a picture in a bower of green,
 One hand outstretched toward the resisting vines,
 He, with the other, held a golden lute
 Against his hip. His eyes looked over me
 Just where I faintly held myself erect,
 By grasping the strong rock and tangled stems
 He seemed to see, or heed, me not, but still
 Appeared to listen; so intent he was,
 That I did look around with searching gaze,
 But saw no other living thing—nor heard
 The faintest echo of a sound.—“Paulo,”
 At length, he said, advancing then toward me.
 “Who art thou, fair young sir?” I faintly cried,
 “And can a Bedouin, lone, serve thee in aught?
 “For gladly would I take such task from thee.”
 But as his gaze, still fixed above my brow,
 Seemed not to see me, I did marvel much,
 And longed to catch his glance; his blue eyes beamed,
 And still with one white arm outstretched, he came
 Straight to me, saying gladly, “Welcome, sir,
 “Art thou, I do not speak thy tongue full well,
 “But love it much, and am most glad to hear

" Thy utterance—but pray forgive me, friend,
 " Thy voice is faint, perhaps thou art not well,
 " And I, in prattle of a dear loved tongue,
 " Forget that thou, perchance, art not so strong
 " As I—And now, methinks that I might guess
 " Thou hast been wounded by the harmful beasts
 " That lately I did hear do battle fierce
 " 'Til they each other silenced ; wert thou near ? "

I looked down at the dead brute at our feet,
 And at my arms where hung in strips the flesh,
 And at the pool of blood beneath the rock,
 And said : " A little of this blood thou see'st
 " Is mine." " Forgive," he gently said, and swift,
 Still with his arm outstretched (leaving the lute),
 He went away, but quickly came again
 With water in a gourd and linen cloth ;
 And bade me gently " Bind thy wound, my friend,
 " I fain would help thee, but that I am blind,
 " And fear with uncouth touch to give thee pain,
 " But soon good brother Paulo will return
 " And aid thee as thou need'st, for he is learned
 " In gentle touch, to minister to pain."

Alas ! the bitterness that o'er me swept
 At those few words (pregnant indeed of woe).
 " For I am blind ! " yet rather seemed the youth
 To sorrow that he could not succor me
 Than that to him the lovely world was dark,
 * * * * *
 And at my dreary thoughts the night came down,
 * * * * *



CANTO VI.

How long I lay in fever, close to death,
 I do not know, but with delirium tossed
 I ever seemed to see the sleeping youth,
 The Lion crouching down before his prey ;
 Or hear again that glorious winged voice
 That nestled in my breast on that same day :
 Or, as in fever wild my eye balls burned,
 I shrieked aloud in horror, " I am blind !"
 And then a gentle face (just fringed about
 The temples with white hair, close shaven else,)
 Leaned over me, and bathed my fevered brow,
 Moistening my parched and fever-broken tongue,
 Speaking in gentle, silvery, foreign words,
 Which soothed the tumult of my sickly mind.
 Two words I caught, and said them o'er and o'er,
 And wondered what they meant, and why he spoke
 Them o'er and o'er, as though with love ; yet not
 In tones of amorous youth, but reverent age.—
 " O ! PATER NOSTER, PATER NOSTER ! " Still
 He crossed his hands upon his breast, and said,
 " O ! PATER NOSTER ! PATER NOSTER ! " Thus
 I also said them o'er, and in the dreams
 Of gruesome night repeated these two words,
 " O ! PATER NOSTER ! PATER NOSTER ! " Still ;

* * * * *

At length sweet convalescence came to me ;
 And life, in liquid pleasure, filled my veins ;
 My cheek was cool, my brow was soft and fresh ;
 I felt a thrill of comfort, just to clasp
 My strong, dark hands and feel responsiveness.

And day by day the flood of health returned
 'Til I was well ; nor longer need accept
 The unremitting ministrations, which
 Had wooed me back to such good health and strength.
 But now one inky cloud hid all the sky.
 "Whence came the strangers here? when would they
 leave?"

I questioned me, but could no answer find.
 'T was bitter pain to endure the thought, that all
 These happy days lay past with none before,
 That Uzral (such the name of the fair youth)
 And Paulo, with his kind and friendly look,
 Should part from me ; leaving the desert shores ;
 Should live their lives, and perish (like all flesh)
 Away from me in some far distant place
 Whence they had come, and whither they would go.

Until one day, I made so bold to speak
 Of this my thought. Then Uzral touched his lute
 And sang to me this song, in accents sweet :

UZRAL'S SONG.

Far away, o'er bounding seas,
 Is a land gently fannd
 By a cool, refreshing breeze,
 Soft and bland.

Those who SEE it, say 'tis fair,
 Many bowers starred with flowers ;
 Perfume waft o'er all the air
 In still hours.

'T is, dear friend, my happy home ;
 We may greet, pleasures sweet,
 And no more as exiles roam
 Ne'er to meet.

Uzral 's blind, the Bedouin 's strong,
 Uzral 's weak, tho' he seek
 Much to tell thee. In this song
 Hear him speak.

I am blind, they say, yet list,
 While I sing I can bring
 Bright and clear, from darksome mist,
 Truth to ring.

Bedouin brother, thou art kind ;
 I and thee seem to be
 Much as one ; yet thou art blind,
 Whilst I see.

Thou art weary of a life
 Full of ease, self to please ;
 Soon again comes bitter strife
 O'er the seas.

So forgive me if I say
 Thou would'st tire of my lyre,
 Though its strains were ever gay
 To admire.

For within thy silent breast
 Dost not hear words of fear
 Moaning out a deep unrest,
 Faint, but clear?

Uzral, tho' a poor blind child,
 Wearies not e'en a jot,
 For in him deep joy has smiled,
 Blessed lot !

That in me which thou dost love
 Is not I—from on High
 It comes ; 'tis the Heavenly Dove ;
 God is nigh.

How well had Uzral read my tired heart !
 And, as his sightless eyes like Heaven beamed,
 He seemed to shine and glow until I feared
 To breathe, lest he should disappear in air.
 Alas—how true that I did feel unrest !
 And 'neath my tanned cheek I felt a blush
 That sightless eyes, like blue forget-me-nots,
 Could see me better than I saw myself ;
 And, as I pondered over Uzral's song,
 Untried aspirings moved within my heart ;
 Why should I spend my life in search, to gain
 What I could never feel—sweet happiness ?
 The thought was strangely new and thus I spoke :—
 " Uzral—'Tis true, all that thou said'st is true,
 " And yet, while close to thee I had forgot
 " The yearnings, nameless sadness, deep unrest
 " That has for years consumed my weary mind,
 " But now, if thou wilt let me be thine eyes,
 " I'll seek for naught but thy welfare henceforth ;
 " May I go with thee?—Say the word, I pray !"
 A wonderful, bright smile stole o'er his face,
 And two great drops rained down from out his eyes :

He clasped his hands, as tho' in deepest joy,
 And softly said : " I thank thee, dearest friend ;
 " Now thank I God again that I am blind,
 " His blessings to His child are rich and great ;—
 " And thou wilt go with me my mission seek ?
 " Thou art my eyes, and I am gladly blind."

CANTO VII.

Day after day from thenceforth we went on,
 First by the sea in Uzral's steady boat,
 Which had been beached in safety by the storm ;
 'Twas manned with brave and trusty seamen twelve,
 And good old brother Paulo who I learned
 But lived to be a brother to mankind,
 A monk, Franciscan, in a sackcloth gown,
 With sandalled feet and cowl upon his head.
 An ancient relative unto the Prince,
 Prince Uzral — for the blind youth was a Prince,
 Tho' only Prince in absence was he known,
 For he would gently chide when called so,
 And sadly say, " Nay, I am ' Uzral' still ;
 " When I offend, and am not ' brother ' called."
 And they would gently speak his name to him.
 And much I marveled, that no one enquired
 Who might I be, so strange to look upon
 Beside Prince Uzral and the white-haired monk,
 Yet, no one asked, mistrusted, or did note
 My tawny skin, or hair and eyes so black.
 And Mahned had a stall upon the boat
 And traveled with us, o'er the heaving deep.

And time passed on ; a happy peaceful time
 Full of deep thoughts and loving words and acts.
 And Uzral's brilliant mind surprised me oft,
 That in so short a life, so much he'd learned.
 Of subjects from the distant East he talked ;
 Conversed of themes so deep, that I was forced
 To keep to silence, just to list and learn.
 Yet, did he never seem to wisdom feel.
 A simple child with wide unbounding trust.
 I was his eyes, in very deed was I.
 He listened, eager, while I told the scene,
 As best I could, and every detail showed,
 'Til I did see a thousand blessings more
 Than e'er before the landscape had displayed.
 And many an odd and foreign shore we reached,
 Where we did linger through the sultry days ;
 And everywhere we went, some tired souls
 Would thank Mahomet they had seen that day,
 And bless the beauteous youth with golden hair,
 And tell his kindness to their sires or sons ;
 And brother Paulo visited the sick ;
 And then we sailed away to other lands.

CANTO VIII.

I learned, at length, some little of the tongue
 Spoke by Prince Uzral and his gallant crew ;
 And still I wondered, ever more and more,
 To see these sturdy men so gentle seem :
 And every day they knelt upon the deck,
 And, with closed eyes and beatific smile,
 Would pour forth earnest prayers, as I my vows,

But with a tone as tho' they felt they spoke
 Into the ear of God, in fervent truth.

One evening, as we sailed upon the main,
 Fair Uzral asked me, as his custom was,
 "Show me the picture of my mother dear ;
 "I fain would see her ; art thou busy now ?"
 I went and fetched the painting from within,
 And gazed upon the lovely face so like,
 So wondrous like, his own. "The face is fair,
 "Dear Uzral ; eyes of blue like summer Heaven
 "Gaze with a deep and tender look on thee ;
 "The rosy mouth smiles, yet methinks 'tis tinged
 "With momentary sadness in her joy ;
 "The features all are beautiful ; the hair
 "Is like a web of perfect golden light ;
 "Around her neck, a necklet with a cross.—
 "An angel with a human mother's smile."
 I paused, still gazing on the medallion's face,
 So deep was I contemplative on it
 I noticed not the evening sun had sunk,
 And left the sea a' blushing like red wine
 In jeweled golden goblet of the sky,
 Our ship like Cleopatra's pearl therein.

And then the gray was come, and the blue eve,
 And starry specks indigenious to the sky
 Grew fast on to the azure field of night ;
 I looked around in wonderment, so deep
 Absorbed in thought ; forgot all, save the thought ;
 Uzral had gone so quietly away
 I had not noted his departure thence.

" I'll find him ; and these questions I will ask :
 " ' Tell me the soul of all thou art and doest,
 " ' For I do see a something still unknown,
 " ' Something I need and want, that thou hast found':—
 " And then the other question I will ask."
 I moved in silence, searching for the Prince,
 Until I found him on the moonlit deck,
 Behind a canopy which screened the boat.
 A low, sad moan came from his pallid lips,
 And heavy tears rained down upon his hands
 Close clasped around the cross his mother wore ;
 And then he raised his head as though he spoke
 To some one close at hand who heard his voice,
 And e'en he seemed to hear the answers plain ;
 " Father, dear Father, has the mission failed ?
 " Is it Thy will that I should give it o'er ?
 " Alas ! I see that I indeed am blind,
 " Not with a blindness of these weeping eyes,
 " But with the eyes Thou gavest me to see
 " Thy Will, Thy Way, Thy How : and wait Thy Time
 " For the fulfillment of Thine own Decrees ;
 " Yea, selfish aims have hid Thy Way from me,
 " And, now, I see my sin. Forgive, I plead.
 " Oh, Father ! Make me pure and strong in Thee,
 " Still leaning on Thy Love in trustfulness,
 " Not bigoted in self as I have been,
 " But earnest, humble, empty of all self
 " And full of Thee. Now, by the law of Love,
 " As Thy dear Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ,
 " Did live on earth, and suffer, and did die,
 " Oh, strengthen me to e'er remember Him ;
 " He suffered for each selfish sin of mine ;

" E'en as the doctor feels the pain he cures
 " So did our Saviour suffer deathless pangs
 " For these, my sins, as I now feel remorse.
 " I am, dear Father, erring, yet Thy child ;
 " I beg forgiveness ; help me be content
 " With little tasks that a blind boy can do.
 " Oh, teach me to rejoice in Thee alone,
 " And save, oh God, the brother I ne'er saw
 " In Thine own way and place and time.
 " Amen."

CANTO IX.

Such holy calm reposed on Uzral's brow,
 A statue he did seem ; I almost feared
 He had gone hence, away from out the world.
 " Uzral," at length I said ; he turned and smiled,
 A glorious smile, that made my heart beat fast ;
 " Uzral, I pray thee, what doth light thy look ?"
 " It is," he said, " fulfillment of the Law."
 So full my thoughts, so much had I to say,
 That I was silent, pondering how to speak,
 And as I hesitated, waiting still,
 Uzral reached forward, touched my folded hands,
 Softly he passed his fingers o'er my cheek,
 My brow, my hair, then like a feather's touch
 His hand carressed me lightly on the eyes.
 " Thine eyes do weep !" he said, in tones surprised ;
 " Come, sit by me, and we shall merry grow
 " Talking of many gay and happy themes ;
 " Uzral is selfish, and does make thee sad.

“Forgive?” I could not find the voice to speak,
 I clasped his hands—my tongue refused its work ;
 My throat was parched—a mighty wave of woe
 And joy, and fear and torment, seemed to roll
 Around and o’er me, till I felt as though
 Strangled and suffocated in its depth.

Uzral was silent for a little time,
 Moving his gentle hand across my hair,
 Then like a zephyr came his quiet voice.
 “I cannot see thee, but I feel thy grief,
 “And know that thou dost suffer ; yet I fear
 “To pain thee by a knowledge of thy woe ;
 “For thou dost know me but a simple youth.”
 “Uzral,” I hoarsely said, “Thy wisdom is
 “The one great thing I crave, and sadly need.
 “Teach me that wisdom which lifts one above
 “The strife, the pain, the bitterness of life,
 “And I will know myself the wisest sage
 “That doth exist in all this endless earth.”
 “Nay, so, thou must not say, for that would stop
 “Thee at the entrance gates of Paradise,
 “So thou would’st reach the door and fling away
 “The key.” “Ah ! Uzral, do not pause I pray,
 “But tell me all, withholding naught from me
 “Of that which moves and makes thee as thou art,
 “Differing so from other men on earth.”
 “It is not I, dear friend ;—but let me tell
 “The theme my thoughts do always dwell upon.”

And as I listened to the wondrous tale
 Of Holy Love, Christ’s birth and perfect youth,

His gentleness pervaded my rough soul:
 Then Uzral paused, took up his lute and sang
 A hymn of praise to God the Father, Who,
 In His deep wisdom, saw the grim old world
 Was waxing hard and hypocritical,
 And gave His dearest Self, His only Son
 To teach mankind forgiveness in His Name.

Ethereal peace seemed resting on the sea,
 A depth of life made all creation one,
 As then, for the first time, I heard of how
 The Passion ended. That upon the tree
 The Saviour, with the pangs of all our sins,
 Died to redeem us by that Gracious Blood.
 (Oh, ye who've heard this story from your birth,
 Ye know not half the blessing ye enjoy !)
 "Christ came ; henceforth 'tis love fulfills the Law."
 And Uzral left me, gliding swift away,
 One hand out-stretched to guide him in his walk.

CANTO X.

How thankful then was I to be alone
 With all these strange tumultuous thoughts within.
 Ah, call not life henceforth a trifling thing !
 I lived eternities in one short hour,
 As, standing near the outer edge of Hell,
 I said unto myself, "A goodly man,
 "A goodly man was Christ ; this Jesus Christ.
 "But was He MORE than man?" Alas ! th' abyss
 Yawning about me at this fearful doubt !

Why should I feel that I had just now reached
 The climax of my being? The next chord
 To crash with frightful resonance to Hell
 Or reach a glorious melody of soul ;
 Yet so it was. And as I saw all time
 March past me, like a torrent fierce and wild,
 (A mighty universe hurled by the power
 Of some great thought) clearly it seemed to be
 That I beheld the upturned rim of time,
 Swarming with new come men of smallest size,
 Who paused there but a moment ere the wild
 Mad impetus caught hold on them and rushed
 And hurled them on amid the chaotic mass
 To race like shadows, then to fall away
 In ashes, dust and vapor—all were gone.
 And in the silence of this fearful sight
 Wild terrors snatched me in engulfing shade,
 To see these vistas of ephemerals.
 But, look ! a mellow light is shed abroad ;
 And other forms appear. No, they're the same.
 Yet as they pass they look into my face
 With kindly interest, tho' they haste along ;
 And as they meet each other I behold
 More light doth radiate than before hath been.
 And all these men are real and like myself,
 And I am like to them, yea, part of them.
 We are all one—immortally the same!
 One stream of being enters in our souls.
 The ashes and the vapor cannot hide
 The mellow light which brighter glows, set free
 From the dull lamps which held it on its way.
 " Ah, God ! " I cried, " the SPARK of life is Thine.

"The BEAMS which hold mankind united spread
 "From Thy dear Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ,
 "And something in me, GREATER than myself,
 "Beholds the TRUTH of all Thy vast degrees,
 "And 'Love is the fulfilling of the Law.'"

No longer seemed I lonely in the thoughts
 Engendered by the universe of night.
 "The earth is naught—'tis but a breath of God,
 "While I am part of HIM with all mankind."
 The night was melted from before my eyes ;
 I stood with God ; yet knew not how to pray
 Or praise, yet all my soul I lifted up
 That He might take it. Thus the night passed on.

And in the firmament the stars did sing
 And dance and clap their hands, and crown the moon,
 Who sunk into the sea, still praising Him.
 Sweeter than sleep I e'er had known before
 Was that night's rest ; and at the break of day,
 When new things joined the praise of their great God,
 I looked upon the body of my years
 And lo ! 'twas vivified. At length I sought
 Young Uzral. With a beating heart I stood
 Beside him. "Uzral, pray THY God for me."
 His liquid eyes like glorious stars shone out
 As though those sightless orbs could pierce the
 Heaven.

"Now has Thy blessing proved most great, oh, Lord!
 "I humbly love and thank Thee. Teach me how
 "I may more worthy grow of Thy great love."
 I bowed me to the East as was my wont,

And by my side fair Uzral knelt and prayed,
 I leaned upon his strength, this fragile youth,
 And listened blindly, hoping in His God.
 But lo! what words are these he speaks so clear,
 As one who knows his words will reach the throne?

CANTO XI.

“Oh! PATER NOSTER, PATER NOSTER, hear,
 “Our Father, his and mine and all mankind’s,
 “Our Lord in POWER. Our FATHER kind in love.
 “FATHER, Thou madest us in Thine image, fair
 “In soul, oh, keep us in that likeness undefiled.
 “We bless and thank Thee, Father dear, Who art—
 “Who ART—Who ever WAST before all time ;
 “Who ever IS and WILL BE still, through all
 “In Heaven, oh, give us, in our hearts, that Heaven
 “Of purity and love and virtue, that
 “We too may reach e’en now that Realm of Thine.
 “Hallowed be Thy Name. May we e’er call
 “Thee by that Name, Holy, Holy, Holy.
 “And may Thy Kingdom come in all our hearts :
 “Thy will be done in all our acts and thoughts,
 “Even as Thou did’st say, ‘Let there be light,’
 “And at the WORD, born of the word, WAS light.
 “E’en so Thy will be done, in earth as Heaven,
 “In ME, oh, Father, God, for I am earth.
 “Give us this day our daily bread, we pray.
 “Strength for our weakness at the moment send,
 “Lest we should fail to work Thy purpose true.
 “Nor send us more of it than we require,

"Lest we grow proud and sin against Thy grace,
 "Our debts forgive us, Father, we implore,
 "First helping us all debtors to forgive.
 "LEAD us, we pray Thee, do not let us see,
 "Be Thou our sight : and guide us with Thy hand.
 "Into temptation lead us not, oh, God !
 "But from its power deliver us and save.
 "Teach us to e'er remember Thine the Power,
 "The Kingdom of all time and place and thought,
 "All glory comes from and returns to Thee.
 "For aye and ever—ever-more.
 "Amen."

CANTO XII.

* * * * *

How sweet was life become! how good to live
 In brotherly affection with all men!
 And over all to know our Father watched.
 And everywhere I looked, behold, I saw
 A world of goodness, where I found great joy.

Uzral and good old Paulo and myself
 Seemed living, with a precious jewel hid
 Within our breasts ; and when the poor and weak
 Were found, we gave it them till, lo! the whole
 Wide earth gave back our treasure hundred fold.
 One day young Uzral took my hand in his,
 And told me he had learned he must return
 To that far land from whence he came to me.
 I bowed my head : my pain was deep indeed.
 Yet did he think it best why I could part,


For well I knew that this was not the end
 As once it SEEMED to me that it would be.
 "And must thou leave me, Uzral?" (Low I spoke
 But calmly, for I would not give him pain.)
 "I bless thee for my every joyful hour,
 "Nor fear to be the Bedouin of the plain
 "I was before I knew thee, dear young friend ;
 "Yet it is bitter—bitter hard to part !
 "I fain would still be eyes and sight for thee,
 "I am no other where so useful, Prince."
 "I thank thee, friend, from my deep loving heart.
 "And now will tell thee all my tale of life,
 "And then, if thou dost wish it, we will go
 "Together far away beyond the sea."

PRINCE UZRAL'S STORY.

"Thou knowest, methinks, that I a mission had,
 "And dear to me the hope that I might be
 "God's instrument to search my brother out
 "And clasp his strong form in these helpless arms.
 "He, too, like thee, dear friend, an Arab is,
 "Handsome and noble, proud and very wise,
 "Deep learned in all the lore of classic lands,
 "And brave and fearless. Gentle, too, I know ;
 "But more than all the rest, he is most true.
 "Deception dwells not in my brother's ken."
 A dreamy gentle light shone in the blue
 Of Uzral's flower-like orbs. E'er he resumed
 He took the golden cross from out his robe
 And touched it gently ; then continued thus :
 "Since thou hast said that I may tell thee all

"The thoughts which find asylum here within
 "This breast of mine, why, let it e'en be so.
 "And if thou weariest, bid me hold my peace ;
 "Since blind folk (they do say) will prattle on
 "While every one doth yawn and weary o' it."

CANTO XIII.



"Know then, the realm where I was born is fair.
 "It spreads its lovely fields beneath the sky.
 "Its rippling waves of golden grain are starred
 "With beauteous flowers, which speak to me in scent.
 "Scarce undulates the green-sward carpeting
 "Where shady orchards with delicious fruits
 "Mellow the sunlight, painting protean forms
 "Of ever-dancing shadows. Mossy dells
 "And lichen-covered fountains there abound,
 "And ancient turrets crumbling long away,
 "Are robed in gentle vine and fern, whence drips
 "A shower of tiny drops, as tho' the grim
 "Gray ruin felt the tender clinging vine
 "(Influencing by trust and helplessness
 "The flinty stone that war could not disturb)
 "And weeps. Then far away all round the realm
 "The white-tipped glaciers slowly, slowly move,
 "So calm, so grand, so cold, save just at eve
 "Or morning, when the West or East is warm,
 "In introduction of the night and day,
 "Then change the snowy summits to a glow
 "Of opalescent tints ; prismatic shine
 "The ruby, emerald, sapphire, coloring.

" In daylight diamond, in the night-time, pearl.
 " Oh, beautiful, indeed, must be those hills !"
 Uzal was silent for awhile, deep lost
 In meditation on that distant scene.
 He then continued musingly, as though
 In speaking of that land, he had forgot
 My presence. " In the midst of that fair place
 " A stately castle stands these many years,
 " And all that enters there is peace and joy,
 " (Save one dark sorrow touching all therein)
 " For God is in all hearts, and Jesus Christ
 " Says : ' Love is the fulfilling of the Law.'

" The ancient Duke, my grandsire, was the lord
 " And absolute controller of the state.
 " A fierce, strange man, men called him as they quailed
 " Before his word, with power unlimited.
 " One child he had, a daughter sweet and fair,
 " And good as beautiful, like the touch of spring
 " That brings new joy and gladness where it goes.
 " E'en so, my grandsire's daughter brought new life
 " Where'er she came. Nor was her good so small
 " That she did rob them when she went away,
 " For her sweet smile still haunted all the place
 " And her fair curls seemed sunlight permanent.
 " A younger brother had the Duke her sire,
 " A holy monk who loved to live that he
 " Might humbly help those subjects of the Duke
 " Less blessed in earthly goods and properties.
 " This was the household of my grandsire Duke,
 " When in his mighty will he chose to roam.
 " In wild fierce way he loved his little girl

" And his good brother, the most saintly monk,
 " Tho' oft he cursed him in right fiery tongue
 " (For thinking he should humble be and meek),
 " And challenged him to tilt of words, for he
 " Was wondrous learned in controversy, he
 " (The Duke) would laugh and curse, then "Get thee
 hence,
 " 'Thou silly monk !' he'd say, and Paul would go,
 " Well pleased to bide the time, and he would seek
 " His little niece, and tell her the deep tale
 " Of Christ's fair life, His selflessness and death,
 " Till she would clasp her fragile hands and pray,
 " 'Oh ! Father, let his grace, the duke, believe
 " 'On Thee and Thy dear Son, I pray. Amen.'

" And so she bloomed into her womanhood.

" The Duke had sailed away across the sea
 " To ease him of his restlessness, and seek
 " Some wise philosopher from the great East,
 " With whom he could converse in language meet.

" And Paulo and the maid remained at home.

" The Duke at last a learned monarch met,
 " To whom his intellect was strangely drawn,
 " And he did hope to find in this same mind
 " That something lacking to his own content,
 " But as he better learned to know the man,
 " He found the self-same restless, fretting heart,
 " Until one day he exclaimed in weariness :
 " 'Suppose we search for truth in company.
 " 'My Duchy minds itself right well at home.
 " 'Thy realm will do the same, or should it not,

"What is 't to us? I prythee, come along.
 "For when we die the things will mind themselves.
 "Nor cross the Styx, I warrant ye, that we
 "Have ta'en our hands from off the creatures' neck.
 "So come and we will pluck the Philosopher's stone
 "From out old Pluto's jaws, but we will have 't.
 "From northern realms I come, and 'twas not there.
 "An Arab, thou hast never found it here.
 "Then come, no longer rulers we, but now
 "Comrades or friends, companions, what you will,
 "And so they went together."

Uzral's words

Had made my heart beat with a maddening force,
 Nor could I speak, but felt I had become
 All ears to hear, this story strange throughout.
 What meant it?

"So in company they went,
 "And deeper down they searched into their minds
 "And traveled on and many sages met;
 "Magicians, too, and alchemists who spent
 "Their years of life in mixing gold with herbs,
 "Until with broken step, the cauldron cold,
 "With crazed brain, astrology forgot,
 "The elixir still unfound, they fell and died.
 "The Duke and his companion weary grew
 "And hopeless of succeeding in their task,
 "And after (that they found it not) they said:
 "We will return, for that we sought is not
 "Upon the earth.' My grandsire thoughtful grew
 "And meditated long. At last he spoke:
 "There yet is something that we have not tried.
 "My brother is a learned and honest man,

" 'Save that he says he's found the thing we search.
 " 'And e'en my little girl, that fairest bud
 " ' (Blest be her name forever, gentle child),
 " 'She, too, believes his wisdom true and sound.
 " 'Return thou, therefore, with me, to my home,
 " 'And in that quiet palace, shaded o'er
 " 'With mossy oak trees, 'neath whose shade at noon
 " 'The pretty, soft-eyed fawns come forth to sport,
 " 'Mayhap we'll find the very gem we crave.'

CANTO XIV.

"And so the Duke returned, and with him came
 "An Arab with a princely form and mien,
 "His fierce, dark brow was gentled by his eye,
 "Whose lustrous depths, like the Arabian eye,
 "Shone with a myriad differing lights at once.
 "And long he tarried at my grandsire's court,
 "And daily parleyed with the learned monk.
 "But ever more morose became the Duke,
 "And every one in terror bowed before
 "His sway. His valued friend, the Arab Prince,
 "One day said to him, gently: 'I have found
 "That which we searched for in the distant lands,
 "And God has blessed me in a strange, deep way.
 "'I pray that thou mayest also find the Truth,
 "'For, oh! it gives a mightier force of life
 "'To all one sees around; and all one does
 "'He feels is done in joy for the Creator great.
 "'But I have come, O, Duke, to say Farewell!
 "'I ne'er can thank thee for thy kindness here.'

" 'Nay,' said the Duke, in petulance, 'then why
 " 'Dost thou so quickly wish to leave me thus,
 " 'With emptiness of soul and void of life ?
 " 'I pleasure in thee ; stay with me, I pray.'
 " 'Most generous friend and noble Duke, I feel
 " 'Within my deepest being all thou sayest,
 " 'And gladly would I linger here with thee,
 " 'But that a stronger power impels me hence.'
 " 'Nay, this is not the case, I warrant ye.
 " 'Come, tell me, noble Prince, if there is aught
 " 'Has given offence, right glad will I repair
 " 'Whate'er offend.' 'Nay, then, it is not that,
 " 'For deepest joy and pleasure have alone
 " 'Greeted my heart and thoughts in this thy court.'
 " 'But still a long time did his grace, the Duke,
 " 'Try to dissuade the Prince from his resolve,
 " 'Until, seeming deeply pained, yet still unmoved,
 " 'The Duke COMMANDED him the truth reveal."

UZRAL RELATES THE PRINCE'S TALE.

" 'An Arab ruler I, as well thou knowest,
 " 'And fain I would return, unquestioned, hence.
 " 'Yet now, before I go, I tell thee why,
 " 'Two mighty reasons move me to this end.
 " 'The one because I wish to go, and one
 " 'Because I wish to stay, therefore I go.'
 " 'He drew his noble form erect. The Duke,
 " 'With oaths (low murmured), bade him 'Speak in
 words,
 " 'Not riddles, like a lying oracle.'
 " 'The Arab then continued :

"' Scarce two moons
 "' Had closed in darkness ere thy coming, Duke,
 "' When my dear son (my only child and heir,
 "' Son of my soul in all its restlessness)
 "' Nobly refused e'er to rule o'er our realm.
 "' For to be ruler,' said that noble youth,
 "' A man should love and e'en revere his kind,
 "' And that, O! sire, I cannot. I despise
 "' Man's emptiness and vainness. Let me, sire,
 "' Go hence unhindered, never to return.
 "' I still shall love, revere and honor THEE,
 "' Still strive for virtue tho' the world be void.
 "' For princes of our blood should perfect be.'"

Then Uzral paused, our bark was on the wave,
 Our sails were gently fluttering in the breeze,
 His wistful eyes were fearless fixed above,
 Where the blue ether's boundless vistas lie.
 He passed his hand over his dewy eyes,
 Murmuring softly, "Brother, brother dear."
 Then with a little start resumed the tale.

"Thus to my grandsire spoke the Arab Prince,
 "' My boy is somewhere striving for the light,
 "' The light which I have found, the Peace of God.
 "' And deep my soul doth yearn to give it him.
 "' My noble boy! perchance e'en now he is
 "' A sorrowing Bedouin on the desert sands.
 "' Oh! I must hence, nor lose these daylight hours,
 "' But find my boy and show him Heavenly Peace.'
 "' My grandsire marveled at the wondrous change
 "' Come o'er the Prince, but still he shook his head
 "' And said, he 'must not go.' Then spoke the Prince.

“ ‘And e’en it were not THUS, I still must go,
“ ‘For other cause. Farewell! And may God’s love
“ ‘Rest over thee and thine.’ And he was gone.

“ And golden curls were used to veil blue eyes
“ That wept in night-time, when the castle all
“ Lay sleeping, and the park outside was hushed
“ To listen to the great trees whispering
“ Their lullaby unto the cradled world.
“ The gentle daughter of the Duke knelt down,
“ And prayed in maiden earnestness and faith
“ That the brave foreigner might safely pass
“ Unto his realm and find his noble son,
“ And ever as the days passed on, the maid
“ Grew fairer to the eye and holier,
“ Until the grim old Duke himself did seek
“ The power of that most gentle life,
“ And gladly did she tell him of her joy,
“ In doing what she could for others’ needs.
“ And much he marveled at her joyousness,
“ Yet feared the slightest grief would kill the bird
“ Which sang so pure within that virgin breast.
“ And oft they talked together of the Prince,
“ And wondered had he found his son, and if
“ In coming years he would return to them,
“ And study with good Paulo as of yore.
“ And then the gentle maid would gentler seem
“ And tenderly would smile and softly muse.

CANTO XV.

" And many suitors came from far and near,
 " To sue the Old Duke for his daughter's hand.
 " And he would say, ' 'tis as the maid may choose.'
 " And still she wedded not ; but gently spoke
 " To all who sought her love, and none but felt
 " Themselves the nobler, loving the Duke's maid.
 " And brother Paulo often said, ' my child,
 " ' Wilt take the veil ? ' but she said always, ' nay,
 " ' Good brother Paulo, teach me how to grow
 " ' Less selfish and less worldly,' till she shone
 " In beauty of the mind e'en as in form,

" And lo, one day the foreign Prince returned ;
 " A deepened melancholy touched his brow,
 " Tho' in his smile still beamed implicit faith.
 " His son, they said, was dead ; a Bedouin band
 " Had told a wild tale of the horrid scene ;
 " And as the Prince did hear it, deep he mourned
 " In bitterness of soul ; then chid himself,
 " And prayed to Heaven, ' Thy will, oh God, be done.'

" Time passed, the fierce old Duke was stricken down
 " With his last illness ; Paulo was his nurse,
 " And tended him as with a mother's care.
 " He never tired to do his slightest wish.
 " Now have the curtains drawn, now pushed aside
 " With every changing whim of the old man,
 " Until one day he died, the old Duke died,
 " Deep, mourned the gentle maid, and constant prayed
 " That in Infinite Wisdom she would learn
 " In earnestness to pray " Thy Will be done."

"Until a peace seemed sent her from on High,
 "And she was humbly thankful, praising Christ,
 "Through whose deep sufferings all mankind is saved
 "In the great Law of Love.

And time sped on.

"One dreamy evening, all the world in dusk,
 "Deep lost in rapturous haze, the insects sent
 "Their mournful hum unto the veiled stars.
 "The summer fields, and forest trees wailed forth
 "A doleful melody, as paused the maid
 "Leaning against a fallen tree for rest ;
 "Profound in deep souled meditation she,
 "And all oblivious to the sights and sighs
 "Of murmuring night, till passing near to her,
 "She heard the Prince and the Franciscan speak.
 "'I fain would linger, yet I must not stay,
 "'She is so fair, brother, so pure in soul.
 "'The gentle Duchesse—that I might forget
 "'My darkly countenance and somber ways,
 "'And in a moment mad, my love outpour
 "'And pain her tender heart, which holds me dear
 "'For her dead Sire, the Duke my most kind friend.
 "'Ah Paulo, holy man,—I love her, so
 "'That all the universe about me seems
 "'Too small, to represent the bounds of love,
 "'And wheresoe'er I journeyed while away,
 "'I ever felt her presence in my heart.
 "'And in strange countries where fair scenes abound,
 "'I knew a fairer one, and blessed the maid.
 "'And when I hear the philomel sing sweet,
 "'It is to her the bird chants out so clear.
 "'A lily white and slim in sunshine crowned

" 'Is lovelier because it resembles her.
 " 'And each *forget-me-not* or *heart's ease* bright,
 " 'Recalls to me her earnest gaze of thought.
 " 'I bless our God, good brother, that he gave
 " 'To me the blessing to have known this maid.
 " 'Yet 'tis, indeed, an anguish her to quit.'

" Gently the maiden glided to his side,
 " And lifting up her lily brow so pale,
 " Gazed long upon him with those trustful eyes,
 " Then whispering, said : 'Am I the maid thou lovest ?
 " 'Most noble lord, oh, I have loved thee long !'

" He bowed before her as before a saint,
 " Then, taking in his dark hands the fair face,
 " He gently pushed aside the clustering curls,
 " And prayed God make him worthy of such wife."

CANTO XVI.

" And oh, they are so true, so happy each !
 " My mother fair—my father brave and strong.
 " And in our castle all is happiness,
 " Save that my Arab brother is not there.
 " And often, as I sit and tune my lute,
 " My father comes beside me, saying soft,
 " 'Remember, dear, thy brother, whom we love.'
 " And then my mother's voice most gently speaks,
 " 'Uzral, he lives, and we shall find him yet.'
 " This was my mission, but 'twas not His will
 " Who knows all things, that I should feel his clasp.

"Here, in this cross, I have his picture set ;
 "I cannot see it, but I like it near."
 And Uzral touched a spring, and showed to me
 My portrait ! Yes, my very own, when scarce
 His age was I, engraven on a gem
 And stained with dye, in Eastern workmanship.

Oh wild, sweet hope, that fills the exile's heart,
 When the dear name of *home* greets his sad ear,
 Paled beside the vastness of my hope,
 My joy, my nearly maddening bliss.
 Father and brother, home and kindred too,
 And God's love in my soul, and at my hand
 A world of brothers—brothers in one Christ :
 Their Christ and mine—oh joy beyond compare.
 And was this real ? or was it all a dream ?
 A sweet vagary of my sleeping mind ?
 Ah, no, 'twas real ! The peace within my soul,
 Translating for me all God's beauteous world,
 Whispered it to me, "Uzral," "Father," "Home,"
 And God's eternity around me lay
 In which to praise Him and to do His work,
 As He directs. No more a Bedouin lone
 Upon the sands, a tired sentinel
 Awaiting death with fascinated dread,
 To roam, but filled with mighty rest.
 To work and live, most glad to live and work,
 And be whate'er He wills that I should be.

And Uzral, all unmindful of the change,
 The wondrous change that seemed to touch us both,
 Was lost in revery deep and profound.

Till with a gentle and resigned sigh,
 With outward gesture brushed sad thoughts away,
 As filmy cobwebs in rose gardens strung,
 Which gather ere the dew is off the flowers,
 And fain would tangle us as we pass on,
 So Uzral broke the cobwebs through, and took
 His golden lute, and with most loving voice
 Thrilled all the listening air and calmed the waves,
 As with sweet words of love he prayed for me,
 The brother whom he long had hoped to embrace,
 And now with gentle, Christian grace resigned,
 How could I tell him of this strange decree
 Of Providence which had directly brought
 Him to me? And had stayed the fatal act
 Of self-destruction I so near had wrought,
 And gently led me from the deep abysm
 On whose mad edge and dizzy height I stood,
 A wretch in wretched doubt and misery,
 And lo, the crowing of a perfect joy
 Was this sweet mission, Uzral now disclosed—
 "Uzral, the golden tongued, in language deft,
 "I scarce to thee, know rightly how to speak—
 "My tongue is cloyed with too great words ; nor know
 "I how due utterance to give my thoughts.
 "Oh Uzral, oft (when in such blissful mood,
 "As some self sacrifice has led thee to ;
 "And thou hast felt, as tho' thou almost could
 "To the Great King carry, in thine own hands
 "The cup), in such a beatific state,
 "Oft thou hast seen with these thy outward eyes,
 "The beauty of the landscape for a flash.
 "Ah, if thou couldst gaze for an instant so

"Upon me, as the hot blood surges o'er
 "My temples, thou wouldst know a most strange truth,
 "That my bewildered tongue fails to reveal.
 "Oh, Uzral! gentle brother, say thou knowest!
 "How can I tell thee? Lo, 'tis thy brother speaks."
 Broken in rending sobs, I could not form
 More words. And Uzral took my hand in his,
 And gently told me he was more than glad
 That I did wish him for a brother still.
 "Thou art," quoth he, "so grand, so strong, so firm,
 "That more than e'er before my heart goes out
 "To thee in deep affection closely twined,"
 Yet did he not my deeper meaning see.

"Uzral, my own," I said, half audibly,
 "Uzral, thy father and thy mother true,
 "I long have learned to love and reverence.
 "Yet now, oh Uzral dear, I love anew,
 "And oh, fair Prince, thy mission hath not failed.
 "I am thy brother! Thy dear father's son,
 "And——" Uzral now my meaning understood,
 And sudden rose, and stretching forth both arms,
 With a great cry of joy, fell on my breast,
 And locked in bliss fraternal long remained.

CANTO XVII.

No words we spoke, after that low "Thank God,"
 Which Uzral murmured at my first embrace;
 Too soon his clasp relaxed, I held him not,
 Although I longed to wear him on my heart,

My empty heart, 'till he had come therein,
 And showed me how God's love encompassed me,
 And yielding to his loosened hold
 I gently, too, withdrew and there he fell
 Before my feet, as white as Easter flowers
 Before the altar of our Risen Lord.
 No breathing came from those white, waxen lips,
 And no life showed in feature or in limb.
 In terror, then, I siezed his marble hand
 And called his name, and gently lifted him
 And bore him to a couch, then laid him down,
 And in most broken utterance, prayed aloud
 That God this lovely flower would still permit
 To grow in earth's small garden yet awhile,
 Till weaker plants had learned to stand erect,
 Not clinging like poor vines as I had done.
 I found old Paulo told the tale in brief,
 Received his blessing, full of tearful joy,
 And led him where our Uzral lay as still
 As I had left him. " 'Tis but a deep swoon
 " From o'er excessive joy. His mission done,
 " The strained nerves did all at once give way ;
 " For he is frail, save in his lofty soul
 " Which ever masters this so slight physique."

CANTO XVIII.

Oh happy, happy days too swiftly flown !
 And yet not swiftly, for beyond the seas
 My father waited for his son's return.
 Oft, as we journeyed on, we talked it o'er ;

That meeting! and our hearts outstripped our sails,
 And bore us to the haven of our thoughts,
 Our home—our kin—and joyfully we talked
 Of the surprise this coming home would cause,
 And then the wonderment, the bewildered gaze,
 The joy, the questionings, the rapturous words
 The Christian fellowship. My brother o'er
 Again telling me the customs of their life,
 And asking me our father's face describe ;
 Till brother Paulo came up to decide
 If I did look as like our sire as I
 Did think. And Paulo closed his large gray eyes
 Pensively thinking on the years gone by,
 Then gently answered, "yes, ah yes, my Prince,
 "Thou art as he, thy noble sire of 'erst, did look."
 Then Uzral's gentle hand would touch my brow,
 And hair, and eyes, and he would laugh in joy.

So dreaming of the sweet DÉSOUMENT, which
 Was now ere long to render all content,
 We sailed along, our ship's prow softly laved
 By swishing of the waters, as we cut
 The waves in twain by our bright, silver bow.
 "Uzral," one day I said, "just ere thou came'st
 "A strange, prophetic thought entered my brain.
 "I thought it then a pleasing simile
 "Of an unconscious end in realms of Death ;
 "My THEN-self seemed so sad unchangeably.
 "And now, behold no figure 'twas, so fair
 "Of rhetoric, but THIS the journey meant.
 "Thus ran my thought :

" Then, like a joyous bark

"That leaves the coast and hauls the anchor up,
 "And flies with wing-like sails across the main,
 "And leaves the shore behind, a vaporous line,
 "Like mirage on the sea ; so then my boat,
 "My happy boat, will glide calm and serene
 "Unto a beauteous haven, where 't shall rest."

And myriad were the plans we now had formed
 For work and usefulness in God's wide field,
 In such sweet fellowship as we would know
 In this reunion of long separate hearts.

* * * * *

At last the port was reached, our silken flag
 Was proudly wafted by the freshening wind,
 The trusty seamen reefed the fluttering sails,
 And we were come unto our home at last.

CANTO XIX.

'Twas morning, and the meadows all were bright
 And fragrant, and frail butterflies did float,
 Like vivified rose-petals, in the gleam
 Of shimmering dew-drops not yet off the fields.
 And gentle murmurs from the peaceful hills,
 Bespoke the presence of domestic fowl.
 And low of cattle lent a peaceful sound,
 As of a realm in plenty praising God.
 We met no peasants as we crossed the lanes
 And through the open portal gained the town.
 The narrow, sunny streets deserted seemed,
 And echoed loudly every footstep made.

Uzral did pause to listen, then he said :
 "Methinks we have not kept a count of days,
 "And, unbeknown to us, it is the FÉTE
 "We always celebrate with such proud joy.
 "And all the villagers, rejoicing too,
 "Go to the castle and give praise with us
 "That God has sent them such a lady good,
 "To rule the realm the late Duke ruled by fear.
 "Good Paulo, hasten, 'tis the mother's FÉTE.
 "I am so glad, my brother, we have come
 "Upon this happy and auspicious day."
 Between the stones, deep worn by passing wheels,
 The rank, green grass lifted its quiet blades.
 The gaily frescoed houses silent were,
 And lifeless seemed. "Good Paulo, hasten thou,
 "For I am slow, yet know the way right well.
 "Go and prepare them, lest this great surprise
 "Unfit them for the pleasures of the day.
 "The country folk will gladly welcome thee,
 "And tarry thee to talk, so haste I pray."
 I walked with Uzral's quiet hand in mine,
 And gazing down upon that crown of curls,
 And the fair brow and glorious eyes of blue,
 My heart beat faster. Oh, the wild delight
 Of once again beholding my lost sire !
 Sad intervening years had ne'er effaced
 His image from my heart, and I should grasp
 His hand in speechless, reverent, filial love.
 My eyes, than e'en my brother's, blinder seemed,
 As we approached the castle gate, and paused.
 The noble towers, which Uzral had described,
 Lifted their stately turrets in the sun,

And dome o'er dome arose in majesty,
 And far beyond the icy summits slept.
 In deep emotion lost, I closed my eyes,
 My brain unsteady seemed, my being formed
 One cry, one joy alone, "Oh, Father! Sire!"
 A troubled look clouded my brother's brow,
 And in a strange, bewildered way he ran;
 One hand outstretched, and one still holding mine.
 Up, up, the stately flight of marble steps
 (Whose balustrade was carven in rare forms),
 Across the broad and tessellated stretch
 Of terrace, where the orange trees bloomed forth,
 And whence a startled peacock fled away.
 Dazed, I followed Uzral till he paused
 Before a window reaching to the ground,
 And turning towards me then his sightless eyes,
 "Ah, brother, I am blind! What do'st thou see?"
 "It is the banquet hall, and there our friends
 "Upon the mother's FÊTE day pay respects
 "Before her throne; oh, tell me is she there?
 "And, sits beside her one with noble brow
 "And lofty mien, our sire? Oh, brother, speak."

CANTO XX.

I looked within, and lo, what I beheld
 Checked every heart throb! turned my limbs to stone!
 The banquet hall, with frescos finely wrought,
 And silken hangings rich, of gold and blue,
 Was filled with rows of pallets, where were laid
 (Thick as the fallen leaves in Autumn wind)

A host of dead and dying ; sufferers
 Writhed and tossed in the last throes of death.
 The friar Paulo in the midst leaned down
 And touched the brow of one who prostrate lay.
 And Uzral wailed, " Oh God, why am I blind ? "
 The depth of agony his voice conveyed
 Spoke of the horror of this long suspense ;
 I tore my garments from my throat to speak,
 Yet could not move my lips. I clutched his arm
 As from a private door came forth the monk,
 And standing at a distance, firmly said :
 " Hasten, this errand of import to do,
 " Carry a message, 'tis a league from here,
 " And wait to bring the answer." Uzral spoke,
 " Nay, Paulo, send me not from here, but speak,
 " What is this silence which envelopes us ?
 " I see thee not, for God's sake tell me truth !
 " Oh, have compassion on me, speak, oh, speak ;
 " The Mother and the Father, where are they ?
 " Oh Heaven forgive my sins, for I am blind
 " I cannot read their faces, or their looks.
 " All blackness, darkness, loneliness to me ! "
 " Nay, Uzral, then thy parents both do live
 " Are good, as they must ever be, and love
 " Thee well ; and this, thy brother, too they greet ;
 " But, pray thee, haste away from here with speed,
 " For all the town has perished of the plague ;
 " And those still left alive they have brought here.
 " Thy mother was too weak to nurse them still,
 " So far from home, SHE prays thee go away
 " Till all is o'er, and then thou shalt return
 " Unto thy home." " I thank thee, Paulo dear,

"But will not quit these dear ancestral halls.
 "Where is our father? Take me to him, now."
 Then Paulo wept and went before us both.
 He paused beside a cot, withdrew the folds
 Which curtained it, and gently took our hands.
 "Be brave in Christ," he murmured, ere he went.

How quick are fairest hopes to ashes turned !

Our father opened wide his darkening eyes,
 And with that deeper joy which comes at last
 To those who die in perfect faith and trust,
 His glazing eye beamed with a Heavenly Light.
 He pressed our hands, both Uzral's hand and mine,
 While (looking still at me) he softly said :
 "Uzral, I see thee, dear, and by thy side
 "My dying eyes have conjured up a form,
 "It is thy brother's, and I seem to feel
 "That all is well, and he will care for thee
 "And thou for him, he is so dear, so dear.
 "Ah, if thou e'er shouldst him on earth behold,
 "Tell him, remember, 'this is not the end.'"
 The eyelids closed, he whispered, "Uzral, sing."
 And, lo, that mighty soul beside grim Death
 Lifted his pure, clear voice unto our Lord.
 The bow of childhood left his tender mouth,
 While yet he sang of Christ's undying love.
 Our father's eyes roved wistfully about,
 Till some one floated up from curtains hid,
 And sank beside the death bed of her lord.
 A beatific smile crept o'er his face.
 He tried to touch her strands of snowy hair.

And smiled upon us all as, with a sigh,
 The spirit floated on the wings of song
 Up to the throne of pure and heavenly grace.
 Then Uzral paused. He turned his haggard face
 Upward, as though in holy prayer to God.
 Then touched the bed and pillows, and the brow
 Of him who lay so still, and with a wail
 That caused e'en my most frenzied soul to wince,
 "Father!" he cried, "Oh, father, take me hence!"
 Then murmured the sad form beside the dead:
 "Uzral, I still am here, oh, leave me not!"

CANTO XXI.

Our lady and Prince Uzral, like two flowers
 The cruel wind has beaten in his course,
 Were stricken down on cots of weary pain,
 And Paulo and myself to care for them,
 Alone were left survivors of the plague.

* * * * *

With tender, reverent hands, my noble sire
 We laid within the stately burial vault,
 And Paulo played the anthems for the dead,
 And mourned with me my overpowering loss.
 With tender care we buried all the dead,
 Then watched beside the couch of these two forms,
 Which made our meed on earth of joy or woe;
 Good Paulo with our lady watched and prayed,
 And I from Uzral's side was never far.

The taper dimly burns at dawn of day,
 And life is just then at its lowest ebb ;
 Breathless I watched a glow on Uzral's cheek,
 The late discoloration seemed to fade,
 And gentle breathing came from his black lips.
 The monk came to me, gently plucked my sleeve,
 Still gazing on my brother's face, I turned
 And followed. At my lady's door he stopped
 And motioned me to enter.

All within

That silent chamber spoke serenity.
 As I approached, her still voice reached my ear.
 " Abdallah, here on earth we never met
 " Till all too late to know each other well ;
 " Yet, in a fairer realm all shall be known
 " The wisdom and the mercy is God's way.
 " I would still live if He did will it so ;
 " But I am glad, so GLAD he calls me hence.
 " Live well, Abdallah, ah, I know thou wilt ;
 " Such earnest prayers as thy dear father sent
 " Unto the throne of God in thy behalf
 " Must make thee great and noble ; and I pray
 " That thou wilt cherish thy dear brother well ;
 " Forget not that to him the world is dark,
 " Guide him, I charge thee, in the road of light,
 " For in that bright beyond all shall be joy."
 She touched my hair in blessing, as a ray
 Of morning light entered the silent halls ;
 The yellow taper flickered low and died.
 The Saints of stained glass gazed radiant down,
 The carved and sculptured forms in shadow lay,
 Another holy soul had joined the saints.

* * * * *

There, kneeling by the dead, I made new vows,
 In earnestness of prayer my soul was wrapped,
 Till Paulo came and gently spread a sheet
 Across the beauteous features of the dead.

Vaguely, as if I knew him not, I gazed,
 And hoarsely stammered, "Uzral? how is he?"
 "Better, Abdallah. Uzral now will live."
 "Uzral will live!" Oh, silent praise well up
 From the deep fountains of my thankful soul!
 Teach me Thy will, oh, God, thro' depths of woe,
 But make me worthy of my brother's life.

EPILOGUE.

Years, by men's reckoning of time, have passed,
 To join that part of time no longer ours,
 The PAST. Eternity and time are one
 And indivisible to God. To-day
 Is human reckoning, but 'tis ours to work,
 And full, indeed, of blessings are these days.

In many lands we've sojourned, where the poor
 In misery deep lie suffering of disease,
 Disease of soul and mind, as physical.
 And joy sweet Uzral takes to sing to all
 These sorrowing brothers of our Saviour's woes.
 And wheresoe'er his voice is lifted, there
 Quiet and comfort come, e'en as of yore
 On desert waste I heard that voice and knew
 That Good and Truth must dominate the false.

Paulo, good brother Paulo, long ago
 Left us ; his wisdom and his lore we knew ;
 I, how to minister to fevered brows ;
 Uzral, to lead the weary hearts to Heaven.

To Heaven, when twilight calms the troubled world,
 Our thoughts in sweet communion swiftly soar,
 Our WORK lies herè and beauteous smiles the earth,
 Our HOPE reposes There where they have gone,
 Their goodly work on earth accomplished.

The meadows lie all mellow, as the sun
 Slowly descends behind th' perpetual snow,
 And Peace encompasses th' approaching night,
 "The orb of day, Uzral, is hid from view,
 "And lo, above the river, rises one
 "His counterpart, it is the harvest moon."

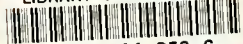
"The silvery sheen is in our hearts to-night,
 "And half methinks, Abdallah, I can feel
 "The garments of the white winged host, caress
 "My eyes, and murmur

"'Lo the work is blest.'"





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