

THE MOUNTAIN CHRIST.

O WORLD of moonlight! Visionary vale
Of ocean-sleeping mountains! Mighty chasm
Within whose wild abyss there chants the pale,
The dolorous phantasm
Of wrecked white womanhood! The wizard cold
Grips the mute valley in his grasp of gold!

Yonder the hatred of the dismal steep
Sweeps up to wrathful thunders, that are curled
In billowy menace, as the deadlier deep
That menaces the world
With breaking foam: so hangs the glacier, rent
By giant sunrays, in the frost-grip pent.

Yonder again rears up the craggy wall
Its cleaving head to heaven: thither I
Clomb the vast terrors, where the echoing fall
Roars stony from the sky.
Thither I pressed at midnight, and the dawn
Saw my swift feet move faster than the fawn.

Pale seas of blue soft azure lie beyond,
Far o'er the gleaming green: the smoke is risen

Out of the cloudy north ; the incense-wand
That binds dead souls in prison,
That prison of the day, when sleepless dead
Rest for awhile from agony and dread.

Strange! how a certain fear possesses me
Alone amid their crag-bound solitude.
Even beyond the keen delight—to Be—
Steals that diviner mood
Of wonder at the miracle—the plan
Of Nature crowned by the astounding Man!

The secret of the Lord is set with him
That wonders at His majesty: his praise
Wells from no trembler's misery: his hymn
Swells the exultant day's.
His psalm wings upward, and reflected down
Even in Hell makes music and renown.

Yea! for the echo of the anthem rolls
Down to the lost unfathomable deep.
Down, to the darkness of all shades and souls,
The founts of music sweep.
Even the devils in the utter night
Feel it the saving, not the avenging light.

Yea! for the worship of my secret song
Vibrates through every chasm of the world:
Its sound is caught by angels, and made strong:
By sylphs, and dewed, and pearled

With fairer melodies, and borne, alone,
Aloft, to the immeasurable throne.

O mighty palace of immortal stone!
O glamour of the fathomless gray snow!
O clouds! O whirlwinds of my mountain throne!
I charge your souls to go
Unto the souls of men, and bid them rise
Toward redemption, and the unsullied eyes.

I charge you go and whisper unto men
The solemn glories of your secret mind,
Making them pure, and wise; return ye then
Unto your proper kind,
Having thus offered water, blood, and tears,
For the remission of our carrion years.

So deepen all the mountains: even so
The wandering shadows close upon the day;
The sunlight burns its fading ruby glow
On the chaotic way.
Night falls, and I must tread the dizzy steep
Again, to plunge to the devouring deep.

The blessing of the Highest shall be set
On your white heads, O monarchs of the snow!
The blessing of the Highest, lightning yet
The burdens that ye know.
So, as three golden arrows of the sun
Strike, may the threefold sacrament be One!

O visionary valley of my Soul!

When shall thy beauty, even thine, be made
As pure and mighty as these hills that roll

In mist and sun and shade?

O thou! the Highest! make my will as thine,
My consciousness, the consciousness divine!