

TO ALLAN MACGREGOR.

O MAN of Sorrows : brother unto Grief!
O pale with suffering, and dumb hours of
pain!

O worn with Thought! thy Godhead springs again
The Soul of Resurrection : thou art chief
And lord of all thy Soul : O patient thief
Of God's own fire ! What mysteries find fane
In the white shrine of thy white spirit's reign,
Thou man of Sorrows : O, beyond belief!

Let God's own Peace be with thee : let thy days
Prosper in spite of thine unselfish soul ;
And as thou lovest, so let Love increase
Upon thee and about thee : till thy ways
Gleam with the splendour of that secret goal
Whose long war grows the great abiding peace.