

ASTROLOGY.

A LONELY spirit seeks the midnight hour,
When souls have power
To cast away one moment bonds of clay,
And touch the day
With pallid wistful lips beyond the earth,
And bring to birth
New thoughts with which life long has travailed ;
As if one dead
Should rise and utter secrets of the tomb,
And from hell's womb
Or heaven's breast bring all the load of fears,
Toils of long years,
Sorrows of life an agonies of death,
Hard caught-up breath,
The labouring hands of love, the cheeks of
shame,
The gloomy flame
Of lust, the cruel torment of desire
More than hell fire,
And bid them fade, as if the bryony
Let her flower die,
And banished them through space, as if a star
Dropped through the far
Vault of the sky, and, as a lamp extinct

With blood-red tinct,
Went out. So lonely in mysterious night
A wild, strange light
Flickers around the sacred head of man,
And bids him scan
The scroll of heaven, and see if there be not,
Black with no blot
Of cloud, but golden lettered on the blue
That mothers dew,
This message of good hope, good trust, good
fate
And good estate :
Work on, hope ever, let your faith be built
Of gold unguilt ;
Your love exceed the starry vault for height,
The heaven for might ;
Your faith wax firmer than a ship at sleep
On the grey deep,
Anchored in some most certain anchorage
From ocean's rage ;
Your patience stand when mountains shake and
quail
Before the gale
Of God's great tribulation. Make thee sure
Thou canst endure.
And work, work ever, sleep not, gird thy head
With garlands red
Of blood from swollen veins forced in bitter toil
To win some spoil
Of knowledge from the caverns of the deep.

So shall the steep
Pathways of heaven gleam with loftier fires
Than earth's desires.
So shalt thou conquer Space, and lastly climb
The walls of Time,
And by the golden path the great have trod
Reach up to God!"