

THE STUDENT.

THERE is a gate of brass, within whose clang
Gold and fair stones abide. But I essayed
The path. I thundered with assaulting blade
On that grim fortress, whose hard iron rang
At my strong summons. As their fury sprang
Open at last I crossed their threshold, prayed
Reward for courage. To my soul dismayed
These voices their loud chant of terror sang :

“Thou hast not kept thy trust. To storm the
gates

Were to have found out God and all delight,
Conquered for all thy fellow-men the fates,
And found out Paradise in Hell’s despite.”

I heard them laugh, the Harpies and the Hates . . .

Then fell, like death, the intolerable night.