

Seemed, but gently whispering:

"Get thee patience; and thy spirit
"Shall discern in all things merit."

"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."

Woe for the young, ^{who} say that life is long,
Who turn from the sun-rising to the west;
Who feel no pleasure and can find no rest;
Who in the morning sigh for evensong.
Their hearts, weary because of this world's wrong,
Yearn with a thousand longings unexpressed:
They have a wound no mortal ever drest,
An ill than all earth's remedies more strong.
For them the fount of gladness hath run dry,
And in all nature is no pleasant thing;
For them there is no glory in the sky,
No sweetness in the breezes' murmuring;
They say: The peace of heaven is placed too high,
And this earth changeth and is perishing.

Rossetti

386

These are early poems (Jan 1847) by Christina G. Rossetti - The hand
writing at back is my own.

A true Story. (continued)

In this great city now the haunt,
Of priest and friar and monk
Where reason sees her ill-stor'd bark,
By superstition sunk;

Where nature's voice by force repress'd,
Its energy declares,
In demon deeds of wickedness,
When fear its dagger bares;

In Rome itself there lately dwelt
Two sister-maidens fair,
Affinced both to noble youths,
Of form and virtue rare.

Preparing now for that great step,
Of weal or woe the seal,
Before they joyful give their hands,
Where purest love they feel;

(To be continued)