

**COLLOQUIA  
CRUCIS. A SEQUEL  
TO 'TWO FRIENDS'**

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Colloquia Crucis. A Sequel to 'Two friends' by Dora Greenwell

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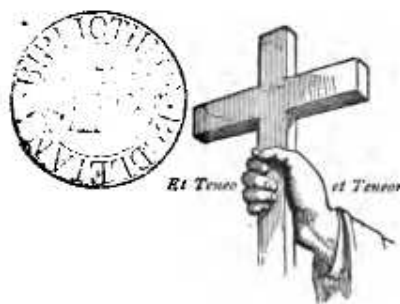
*A SEQUEL TO*

'TWO FRIENDS'

# COLLOQUIA CRUCIS

A SEQUEL TO  
'TWO FRIENDS'

BY  
DORA GREENWELL.



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1871.

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COLLOQUIA CRUCIS.

'Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows : yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

'But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with the lividness of His stripes we are healed.'

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'Many soul-longings  
Have I had in my day,  
Now the hope of my life  
Is that tree of Triumph  
Ever to turn to ;  
I alone, oftener  
Than all men soever  
Magnifying its majesty.  
Mighty my will is  
To cleave to the Crucified ;  
My claim for shelter  
Is, right to the Rood.'

CAEDMON'S CROSS-LAY.





## CHAPTER I.

**T**HE summer was over, the glorious summer of 186—, a summer like none that had gone before, or that would follow after it,—the very revel of nature, when she seemed to reach a fulness, at which, in ordinary seasons, she can only aim. In that summer's long warmth and radiance there had been nothing scant or niggard ; none of that chill reluctance so native to our variable climate, which implies that to-morrow may hesitate to confirm the blessing to-day has brought us. Day after day, week after week, followed on in clear unbroken splendour, till the earth was steeped in blessedness, and a sense

of wonder and expectancy stole across the spirit, as if some still enchanted region were about to open upon it suddenly, and the soul would quickly break into some yet unvisited region of supersensual, yet actual joy. I felt as one who sleeping with open windows near some swift-rushing and narrow stream wakens up in the warm dusk gloom of the summer midnight to hear the nightingales singing in the woods on its hither shore.

All things seemed to hint at some yet unimagined felicity; the light leaves beckoned in their waving, the wild-rose leaned forward from the hedgerow with a whisper in its glowing heart, as if it strove to communicate through the bliss of its breath and hue some secret deeply longed for by the soul, which it needed but to hear to be made happy for ever. How sweet were the green leaves that summer! how kind their aspect to the wayfarer! all things near were friendly, and all that were distant alluring; each little byway, each narrow field-path, seemed like a separate track into a region of clear and sunny bliss, into the midst of which the donkey-cart disappearing round an angle of the road might be at this very

moment driving. A world of golden possibilities seemed opening, a world in which familiar things looked wonderful, and the wonderful might easily become familiar. The senses baptized the soul with so deep and pure a baptism, that it expanded and blessed them in return; it felt strong and eager, *able to receive miracles, though it could not as yet perform them.* And I felt that at moments like these, no goodly sight, however unwonted—the flash of a knight's armour through the greenwood, or the fair vision of nymph or Naiad evanishing by stream or fountain,—would have seemed startling, for life itself stood upon the threshold of enchantment. Nature was transfigured, idealized simply through being more full and rich. She flung forth her sign-manual of perfection, writ large and liberally, with a free and careless hand. The woods this year were thicker, their shade deeper, the corn more golden, the very berries of an intenser scarlet than they had ever been before, yet around all that was so vivid in colour, so defined in outline, there was a warm suffusion of atmosphere that allowed of nothing hard or literal. Over all things, even at noon-day, would some-