

**JUSTIFICATION: A  
PHILOSOPHIC  
PHANTASY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649362073

Justification: A Philosophic Phantasy by John H. White

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JOHN H. WHITE**

**JUSTIFICATION: A  
PHILOSOPHIC  
PHANTASY**



1887 m  
7/20 - 13  
2/11

---

---

# JUSTIFICATION

*A Philosophic Phantasy*

---

---

JOHN H. WHITE



---

---

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press  
BOSTON

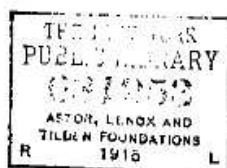
---

---

NEW YORK  
PUBLISHED

Copyright, 1913, by Richard G. Badger

All Rights Reserved



THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

## CONTENTS

CANTO FIRST	
THE INCANTATION . . . . .	9
CANTO SECOND	
EVOLUTION . . . . .	18
CANTO THIRD	
DISSOLUTION . . . . .	49
CANTO FOURTH	
THE REUNION . . . . .	63
NOTES . . . . .	69

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
PRESS

# JUSTIFICATION

*A Philosophic Phantasy*



20

21

22

## INVOCATION

O! Spirit of Poesy, bruised by the cage  
Devised for thy lodge by a Mammon-ruled  
age,  
A kind hand, though rude, strikes the strings  
of thy lute,  
And prays but a note from thy lips pale and  
mute.  
O! Lend to my numbers, inconstant and crude,  
One tone to betoken thy sanctioning mood,  
Though it be but to quicken the sad strings to  
throb  
With the echoing pulse of a languishing sob.

