

**HILDA AMONG
THE BROKEN GODS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649401154

Hilda among the broken gods by Walter C. Smith

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

WALTER C. SMITH

**HILDA AMONG
THE BROKEN GODS**

HILDA

AMONG THE BROKEN GODS

BY

WALTER C. SMITH

THIRD EDITION

Glasgow

JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS

PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY

1882

LOAN STACK

PS 5459
S18H5
1882

To

Sir Theodore Martin, R.C.B.

I HAVE no "Shootings in the Highlands,"
Nor house in some "Marine Parade,"
Nor yacht to sail 'mong sunny islands,
With prow low-rippling through the silence
Of quiet waters deep-embayed.

And yet when Autumn tints the woods,
I have my little pleasure-trip
Among the haunted solitudes
Where Silence on Parnassus broods,
With blushing finger on her lip.

It costs me neither railway fare,
Nor bill for tailor or for draper,
Nor rent of summer lodgings bare ;
I get my little change of air
For nothing but some pens and paper.

And there I make from day to day
The world I live in—hill and dale,
And seas where slimy monsters play,
And sunny glade and gardens gay,
The haunt of thrush and nightingale.

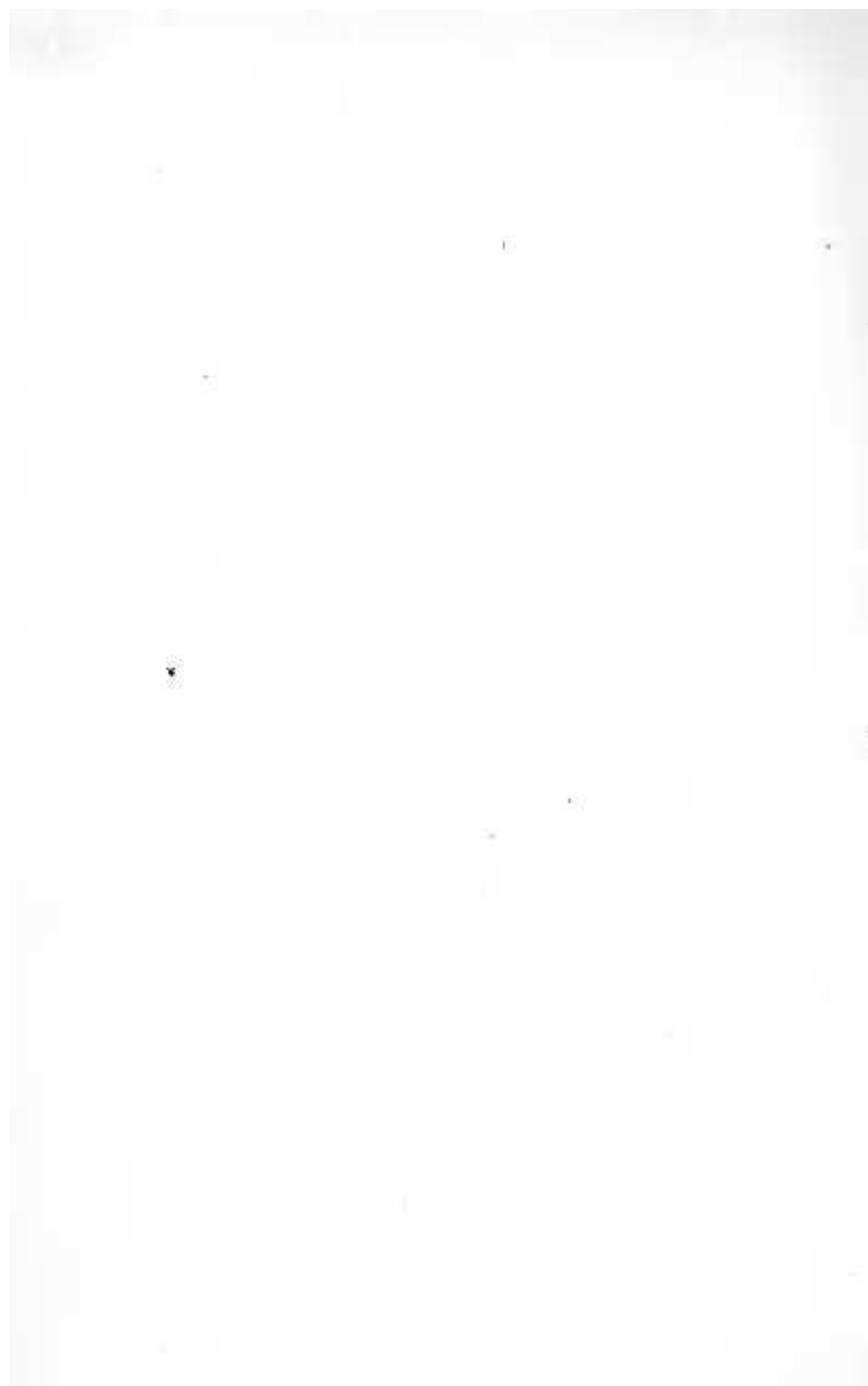
Alone, I muse by fern-frilled rill,
Or hold discourse with wives and yeomen,
Or dainty maidens moping still
For fantasy ; and at my will
They come and go, my men and women.

Last autumn, somehow—for there's law
Controlling even a world so plastic—
On every picture that I saw
There fell a shade of gloom and awe
From solemn pile Ecclesiastic ;

From tottering steeple, falling cross,
From storied window rudely shattered,
From nave and chancel suffering loss,
From priest and people as they toss
The creeds about in fragments tattered.

And now I bring my autumn booty,
Spoil of the sunny hours to thee
Who gave'st an English tongue to Goethe,
To Heine's wit, Catullus' beauty,
And sympathy and help to me—

But a slight offering, nothing more
Than you shall get from lark or linnet,
Or homely sparrow at the door—
A song which from the heart I pour,
It's only worth the heart that's in it.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>PROLOGUE</i> ,	1
Book First.	
<i>CLAUD MAXWELL, POET</i> ,	7
Book Second.	
<i>HILDA, SAINT-WIFE</i> ,	51
Book Third.	
<i>WINIFRED URQUHART, MATERIALIST</i> ,	125
Book Fourth.	
<i>LUKE SPROTT, EVANGELIST</i> ,	161