

**POEMS
AND PROSE**

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Poems and Prose by John Christie

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JOHN CHRISTIE

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BY JOHN CHRISTIE.

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TO THE READER.

- Page 14, line 22nd : for "has" read "hast."
Page 15 : the 21st line should be read as the 22nd, and "was" as "war."
Page 18, 8th line : before "thought" read "the."
Page 33, line 22nd : for "was" read "is."
Page 34 : the 10th line should read — "Of God with man's unstable race."
Page 43 : lines 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, should read
 Poor simple soul, whose largest view
 Of justice to her sex or kind,
 Can be no larger than her mind.
Page 44, line 28th : "possess't," should read "possesst."
Page 47, 11th line : for "sacredotal" read "sacerdotal."
Page 71, line 27th : "angles" should be "angels."
Page 72 : in the 9th line "utmost" should be "inmost."
Page 74 : "o'er" should not appear in last line.
Page 79 : "everything" in 3rd line should be "every thing," and "moonlight" in 18th line should be "moonlit."
Page 86, 34th line : read "great" for "gbeat."
Page 98, in 14th line : for "giltous" read "silvers," and before "mythic" in line 25th, read "a."
Page 107, line 32 : for "gnaged," read "gauged."
Page 108, at 16th line, read as follows—
 "Perhaps.
 But I have wandered wildly from my theme."
Page 109, 33rd line : for "heart" read "breast" and at
Page 110, 6th line : for "the heart," read "their lives."
Page 112, in line 22nd : for "helpa" read "help," and in the 23rd line, for "giving," "riving."
Page 122 : the comma in line 24th should be after "men," not "howsoever."
Page 124, 27th line : for "slumberous" read "slumbrous."
Page 129 : "father" in 4th line should be "father's."
Page 131, in 2nd line : for "numbard" read "numbered."
Page 135, in 29th line, for "councillor" read "counsellor."
Page 145, in 2nd line of Chapter I, for "righteously" read "righteously," and on page 146, last line, 2nd paragraph, for "mellifluent" read "mellifluent."
Page 151, 27th line : for "what" read "as."

POEMS.

THE NAZARENE.

Forth to the wilds, his daily labour o'er
In toilful Nazareth, did Christ repair.
The hush'd hills crowded round him and the sky
Watch'd from above, but naught of man was near.
For its own sake he loved the lonely scene
But most he loved it for its loneliness ;
For, far from cold uncomprehending eyes,
There he could reason face to face with God,
Or rather face to face with what he felt
And thought and dreamt—for who or where was God ?

When morning broke in the luxurious east
And all the mountain summits glowed and gleam'd
With uncreated glory, and the vales,
The lesser hills, the voicesful streams and woods
Were smote with heavenly gladness : then he turn'd,
And, touch'd and soften'd by the sights and sounds
Of the sweet season, look'd afar, a-near,
And his heart panted like a hunted roe's ;
But, like an unroused echo of the hills,
God was intangible to sense and soul.
At noon it was the same, at even the same ;
At gloaming too, the holiest-thoughted hour,
He searched and sought, but sought and searched in vain.
And then when darkness fell upon the earth
And the sweet sky was studded thick with stars,
His heart went up with swift and searching feet
And everlasting longings for its God :
Thro' dumb and lightless spaces forth he fared,
From star to star his pilgrimage he sped,
Questing with love-fraught heart and thought-thrilled brain
The vergeless regions of the awful world ;
If that he might by prayer and many pains
Discover God—the Indiscoverable.

Still, turning to the world as it stood,
 He found it had its ministers of joy :
 Bright happy children, happy at their play,
 Gay graceful maidens, rich in strange sweet life,
 Flowers of mysteriously enchanting hues,
 And trees that worshipt God with leafy boughs,
 And surely had delightful living souls,
 Tho' all unthought of by the sons of men.
 Yet there were also sore-perplexing things :
 All living creatures coming, whence, who knew ?
 All dying creatures going, who knew where ?
 And on this strait between the twin extremes
 Of inner void and outer darkness, life
 Was full of pangs and most mysterious thrills
 Which, tho' not pangs, yet often led to pain.
 True, amongst living things there seemed to be
 Much that might pass for love, but yet they preyed
 For ever and for ever, beast and bird,
 And man and insect, on each others' lives.
 The caterpillar preyed upon the flower,
 The spider gnawed the vitals of the fly,
 The kidling trod the insect in the grass,
 The kidling died beneath the tiger's fangs
 Or man's priest-whetted sacrificial knife ;
 Each living thing on something living preyed,
 And man did prey on all things and himself.
 So that the whole vast world was but a heap
 Of hideous torment, where all living things
 Writhed round each other, and revoltingly
 Preyed on each others' vitals, like the worms
 In a decaying carcase. Naught that lived
 Lived purely all its days on some sweet food
 That was not fraught itself with pangful life,
 And only died when ripe for needful death ;
 But all was wretched, violent, horrible—
 The world a deathless mass of dying things—
 With Havoc for the cry of all that breathed,
 And lovingkindness and prevailing love,
 And God and goodness, nowhere to be found.

Dire thoughts were these, and like the brutal blows
 Of some huge man they smote him to the earth.