

The Pool of Bethesda

punishment, and Count Ugolino's doom, but here, on the threshold, they are scornfully silent. For these neutrals bear the curse of Meroz and the condemnation of the Laodiceans. "Quia tepidus es, et nec frigidus, nec calidus, incipiam te evomere ex ore meo" (*Apoc.* iii, 16).

One can understand, therefore, why Dante has covered with an impenetrable veil the name of the man, whom he says he saw and knew, who once made, through cowardice, the great refusal.

JOHN FOSTER MAKEPEACE.



THE POOL OF BETHESDA

TRUE genius is too simple to be sad.
Unlike a child who cries o'er broken toys,
(The child who is a genius in his joys),
The Poet is centripetally glad.
He cannot grieve, for he discerns too well
The salt of sorrow—that mysterious joy
Which, in the fire of grief, is like th' alloy
That hardens silver in the crucible.

For him the glooms on life's sad pool are oft
Troubled as by an Angel's dipping wing.
He sees its ripple while he feels their sting;
Nay, while he waits, Bethesda's surface soft
Breaks into smiles, which re-produce aloft
The face he sees up-smiling from the spring.

OSBERT BURDETT.