

## *EPILOGUE.*

**G**REAT joy is his who has been doomed from birth  
To seek the glittering shadow of that beauty  
Which God has cast upon the minds of men,  
Whereof He is at once the Object shadowed  
And the intolerable Light that casts  
The semblance of Itself upon the world.

Great joy is his, hunger unsatisfied  
An exultation o'er the thing discovered,  
A fiercer exultation o'er the thing concealed  
From his adventurous and happy heart—  
When he has learnt that his felicities  
Of form and colour or of haunted music  
Are but uncertain shadows of a shadow.  
He chooses rhymes that he may make them ring  
In correspondence with the Eternal word  
Like bells to answer those celestial belfries  
Whose chimes he faintly heard in faded dreams.  
His rhythms are the faltering counterpart  
Of that ineffable Beauty that expresses  
The cyclic sweep of Intellectual Law,  
Self-evident, incomprehensible.

Great joy is his who finds in human love  
The image of unconsummated rapture  
The peace of God that passeth understanding.  
Whoever in his mortal marriage hungers  
To eat the marriage supper with the Lamb,  
According to his ardour is he aware  
Of beauty perishable, inviolate—  
Perishable as the mortal husk decays,  
Inviolate spiritual virginity,  
Which shall effect for body and for soul  
A pure and perfect ravishment of desire.

Great joy is his for ever unsatisfied  
Until a blinding beauty burn his eyes  
And cleanse his wild astonished heart with passion.

THEODORE MAYNARD,