

BUDDHA.

[THE following graceful verses are reprinted by the kind permission of both author and editor, from the *Spectator* of the 15th September, 1883.]

Whoe'er hath wept one tear or borne one pain,
 (The Master said and entered into rest)
 Not fearing wrath nor meaning to be blest,
 Simply for love—howbeit wrought in vain—
 Of one poor soul, his brother, being old
 Or sick, or lost through satisfied desire,
 Stands in God's vestibule, and hears his Choir
 Make merry music on their harps of gold.

What is it but the seed of Very Love
 To teach sad eyes to smile, mute lips to move?
 And he that for a score of centuries
 Hath lived, and calls a continent his own,
 Giving world-weary souls Heaven's best surprise,
 Halts only at the threshold of the Throne.

Addington Park, Croydon.

A. C. BENSON.
