

EARTH'S MARTYRS.

Many have hymned Thy Martyrs, Earth, of old,
Who fell on red flames, as on flowers cold ;
But we, Thy poets, in a different fire,
And at an inward worser flame expire ;
For that which did their bodies ashes make
Our souls consumes ; we shrivel at *that* stake.
We burn, yet live ; they in a moment died ;
We are Thy real Martyrs, Thy true pride.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.