

THE HERMIT

AN ATTACK ON BARBERCRAFT

AT last an end of all I hoped and feared !
Muttered the hermit through his elfin beard.

Then what art thou ? the evil whisper whirred.
I doubt me sorely if the hermit heard.

To all God's questions never a word he said,
But simply shook his venerable head.

God sent all plagues ; he laughed and heeded not ;
Till people took him for an idiot.

God sent all joys ; he only laughed amain,
Till people certified him as insane.

But somehow all his fellow-lunatics
Began to imitate his silly tricks.

And stranger still, their prospects so enlarged
That one by one the patients were discharged.

THE EQUINOX

God asked him by what right he interfered ;
He only laughed into his elfin beard.

When God revealed Himself to mortal prayer
He gave a fatal opening to Voltaire.

Our hermit had dispensed with Sinai's thunder,
But on the other hand he made no blunder ;

He knew (no doubt) that *any* axiom
Would furnish bricks to build some Donkeydom.

But !—all who urged that hermit to confess
Caught the infection of his happiness.

I would it were my fate to dree his weird ;
I think that I will grow an elfin beard.