

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW.

Brother Bartholomew, a workman, had fallen into musing and drop his tools; Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme and song, for love and for gain or loss, for weal or woe, God made him a poet, long ago.

At his desk, the book on his knees, And his thoughts in his heart, I wist; The brotherhood chanted the stanza, While he had no praying to do but this, The birds that sailed over the morning sky.

At compass hour, in the chapel din, He went to his stall and knelt with the rest; And off, on the wings of the evening hymn, When the organ swelled, his wife's bairns, And ever to the stony shore.

Flame bright as the tongue at Pentecost.

A foolish rhymer and nothing more; The idle fellow a man can't do; The Prior of ancient Nitelwold; Yet sometimes, with deepest content, Signs not the soul's bushiment.

Brother Bartholomew died, as mortal must;

His spirit went free from the mortal shroud;

His books were covered with the dust,

Of a pious monk instead.

Of a listless dawdler," the Prior said.

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