

**THE TRUE CROSS: A
LEGEND OF
THE CHURCH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649383900

The true cross: a legend of the church by G. J. Whyte-Melville

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE

**THE TRUE CROSS: A
LEGEND OF
THE CHURCH**

THE TRUE CROSS

A Legend of the Church.

BY

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE GLADIATORS," "SACRILEGION," &c.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1873.

LONDON :

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITECHAPEL.

AMBROSE
YOUNG, 1884

FR.
5802
T76

CONTENTS.



INTRODUCTION.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

		xi
BOOK	I.—THE SEED	43
"	II.—THE ARK	47
"	III.—THE TREE	100
"	IV.—THE BEAM	137
"	V.—THE POOL	199
"	VI.—THE CENTURION	221

5802

5802
T76



THE TRUE CROSS.

A Legend of the Church.

INTRODUCTION.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

1.



SINCE it befell that in a Great Lone Land
I seemed to wander, sleeping while I lay,
Nor hope I had at heart, nor help at hand,
Nor friend to guide and cheer me on the way,
Nor pilgrim's staff my faltering steps to stay :
But doubt and fear my spirit to consume,
And round me gleams, too pale for light of day,
Reflected on the waste, and, in the gloom,
Faint, sickening airs, like those that hang about a tomb.

II.

And through the dusk of wavering shadows, where
A dull earth melted in a duller sky,
The waft of beating wings, that longed to bear
Some vexed, unquiet spirit, fain to fly,
But downward urged by pressure from on high,
Yet thirsting for the fount where daylight streams,
While doomed in outer darkness here to lie.
Surely, a land of ghosts—a land of dreams—
Where every shifting shape is other than it seems!

III.

And high above me, threatening from afar,
Omen of dire confusion and affright,
Burned in the murky skies a blood-red star,
Fierce as a beacon, glaring through the night
To warn a nation with its baleful light,
That Death and Strife shall ride abroad ere noon;
Then, turning from its glow mine aching sight,
Behold!—twin herald of destruction—soon
Rose from the level earth a broad and blood-red Moon.

IV.

Strange and fantastic objects thus I saw,
Called into being by the glare it shed—
Visions to bid my heart stand still with awe,
Dim, shadowy shapes and phantoms of the Dead.
While ever, like a funeral pall outspread,
Sad, slow, and solemn, moved from place to place
A sable cloud of mourning overhead,
And figures passed before me, with the trace
Of hopeless doom declared on every stricken face.

V.

Then, as the light grew stronger, I beheld
Each phase of mortal sorrow and despair,
One, by a life's affliction crushed and quelled,
Betrayed in livid lip and stony stare,
The pangs a broken heart had learned to bear,
Too sad to mourn, too humbled to revile ;
Another did but traverse here and there,
With restless eyes aflame, and reckless smile,
Fierce as a wild beast trapped, but all untamed the while.