

III

ELEMENTS AND MOTTOES

EXPERIENCE

THE lords of life, the lords of life, —
I saw them pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim, —
Use and Surprise,
Surface and Dream,
Succession swift and spectral Wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game
Omnipresent without name ; —
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west :
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look.
Him by the hand dear Nature took,
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, ' Darling, never mind !
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou ; these are thy race !'

COMPENSATION

THE wings of Time are black and white,
Pied with morning and with night.
Mountain tall and ocean deep
Trembling balance duly keep.
In changing moon and tidal wave
Glow the feud of Want and Have.
Gauge of more and less through space,
Electric star or pencil plays,
The lonely Earth amid the balls
That hurry through the eternal halls,
A makeweight flying to the void,
Supplemental asteroid,
Or compensatory spark,
Shoots across the neutral Dark.

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine;
Stanch and strong the tendrils twine:
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,
None from its stock that vine can reave.
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,
There's no god dare wrong a worm;
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts.
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;

POLITICS

271

And all that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

POLITICS

GOLD and iron are good
To buy iron and gold;
All earth's fleece and food
For their like are sold.
Boded Merlin wise,
Proved Napoleon great,
Nor kind nor coinage buys
Aught above its rate.
Fear, Craft and Avarice
Cannot rear a State.
Out of dust to build
What is more than dust, —
Walls Amphion piled
Phœbus stablish must.
When the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet,
Find to their design
An Atlantic seat,
By green orchard boughs
Fended from the heat,

HEROISM

Where the statesman ploughs
 Furrow for the wheat, —
 When the Church is social worth,
 When the state-house is the hearth,
 Then the perfect State is come,
 The republican at home.

HEROISM

RUBY wine is drunk by knaves,
 Sugar spends to fatten slaves,
 Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons ;
 Thunder-clouds are Jove's festoons,
 Drooping oft in wreaths of dread,
 Lightning-knotted round his head ;
 The hero is not fed on sweets,
 Daily his own heart he eats ;
 Chambers of the great are jails,
 And head-winds right for royal sails.

CHARACTER

THE sun set, but set not his hope :
 Stars rose ; his faith was earlier up :
 Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
 Deeper and older seemed his eye ;
 And matched his sufferance sublime
 The taciturnity of time.
 He spoke, and words more soft than rain
 Brought the Age of Gold again :
 His action won such reverence sweet
 As hid all measure of the feat.

CULTURE

CAN rules or tutors educate
 The semigod whom we await ?
 He must be musical,
 Tremulous, impressional,
 Alive to gentle influence
 Of landscape and of sky,
 And tender to the spirit-touch
 Of man's or maiden's eye :
 But, to his native centre fast,
 Shall into Future fuse the Past,
 And the world's flowing fates in his own mould recast.