

## THE INFORMING SPIRIT

### I

THERE is no great and no small  
To the Soul that maketh all :  
And where it cometh, all things are ;  
And it cometh everywhere.

### II

I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakspeare's strain.

## CIRCLES

NATURE centres into balls,  
And her proud ephemerals,  
Fast to surface and outside,  
Scan the profile of the sphere ;  
Knew they what that signified,  
A new genesis were here.

## INTELLECT

Go, speed the stars of Thought  
On to their shining goals ;—  
The sower scatters broad his seed ;  
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.

## GIFTS

GIFTS of one who loved me, —  
'T was high time they came ;  
When he ceased to love me,  
Time they stopped for shame.

## PROMISE

IN countless upward-striving waves  
The moon-drawn tide-wave strives ;  
In thousand far-transplanted grafts  
The parent fruit survives ;  
So, in the new-born millions,  
The perfect Adam lives.

## CARITAS — POWER

Not less are summer mornings dear  
 To every child they wake,  
 And each with novel life his sphere  
 Fills for his proper sake.

## CARITAS

In the suburb, in the town,  
 On the railway, in the square,  
 Came a beam of goodness down  
 Doubling daylight everywhere:  
 Peace now each for malice takes,  
 Beauty for his sinful weeds,  
 For the angel Hope aye makes  
 Him an angel whom she leads.

## POWER

His tongue was framed to music,  
 And his hand was armed with skill;  
 His face was the mould of beauty,  
 And his heart the throne of will.

## WEALTH

Who shall tell what did befall,  
 Far away in time, when once,  
 Over the lifeless ball,  
 Hung idle stars and suns?  
 What god the element obeyed?  
 Wings of what wind the lichen bore,  
 Wafting the puny seeds of power,  
 Which, lodged in rock, the rock abrade?  
 And well the primal pioneer  
 Knew the strong task to it assigned,  
 Patient through Heaven's enormous year  
 To build in matter home for mind.  
 From air the creeping centuries drew  
 The matted thicket low and wide,  
 This must the leaves of ages strew  
 The granite slab to clothe and hide,  
 Ere wheat can wave its golden pride.  
 What smiths, and in what furnace, rolled  
 (In dizzy æons dim and mute  
 The reeling brain can ill compute)  
 Copper and iron, lead and gold?  
 What oldest star the fame can save  
 Of races perishing to pave  
 The planet with a floor of lime?

Dust is their pyramid and mole :  
 Who saw what ferns and palms were pressed  
 Under the tumbling mountain's breast,  
 In the safe herbal of the coal ?  
 But when the quarried means were piled,  
 All is waste and worthless, till  
 Arrives the wise selecting will,  
 And, out of slime and chaos, Wit  
 Draws the threads of fair and fit.  
 Then temples rose, and towns, and marts,  
 The shop of toil, the hall of arts ;  
 Then flew the sail across the seas  
 To feed the North from tropic trees ;  
 The storm-wind wove, the torrent span,  
 Where they were bid, the rivers ran ;  
 New slaves fulfilled the poet's dream,  
 Galvanic wire, strong-shouldered steam.  
 Then docks were built, and crops were stored,  
 And ingots added to the hoard.  
 But though light-headed man forget,  
 Remembering Matter pays her debt :  
 Still, through her motes and masses, draw  
 Electric thrills and ties of law,  
 Which bind the strengths of Nature wild  
 To the conscience of a child.

## ILLUSIONS

Flow, flow the waves hated,  
 Accursed, adored,  
 The waves of mutation ;  
 No anchorage is.  
 Sleep is not, death is not ;  
 Who seem to die live.  
 House you were born in,  
 Friends of your spring-time,  
 Old man and young maid,  
 Day's toil and its guerdon,  
 They are all vanishing,  
 Fleeing to fables,  
 Cannot be moored.  
 See the stars through them,  
 Through treacherous marbles.  
 Know the stars yonder,  
 The stars everlasting,  
 Are fugitive also,  
 And emulate, vaulted,  
 The lambent heat lightning  
 And fire-fly's flight.

When thou dost return  
 On the wave's circulation,