

18.—SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

5	That nothing walks with aimless feet ;	5
	That not one life shall be destroy'd,	
	Or cast as rubbish to the void,	
	When God hath made the pile complete ;	
10	That not a worm is cloven in vain ;	10
	That not a moth with vain desire	
	Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,	
	Or but subserves another's gain.	
15	Behold, we know not anything ;	15
	I can but trust that good shall fall	
	At last—far off—at last, to all,	
	And every winter change to spring.	
	So runs my dream : but what am I ?	
	An infant crying in the night :	
	An infant crying for the light :	
	And with no language but a cry.	20

LXXVI.

5	Take wings of fancy, and ascend,	
	And in a moment set thy face	
	Where all the starry heavens of space	
	Are sharpen'd to a needle's end ;	
10	Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'	5
	The secular abyss to come,	
	And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb	
	Before the mouldering of a yew ;	
15	And if the matin songs, that woke	10
	The darkness of our planet, last,	
	Thine own shall wither in the vast,	
	Ere half the lifetime of an oak.	
	Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers	
	With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;	
	And what are they when these remain	15
	The ruin'd shells of hollow towers ?	