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WILL IS DESTINY.

EDWIN MARKHAM

(Written when the poet was eighteen years of age, and now published for the first time.)

Awake from your dreaming,—up,—on to the fray
That is waged in the front of the hurrying to day!
Up, on to the battle of honor and truth,
With a spirit that will not be quelled, and forsooth
You never can fail of a victory glorious,
For the vanquished may be the most truly victorious.

On, fear not, nor falter, but give of your best;
It is all that an angel can do; leave the rest
Unto God: He is sure, and He loves more your flags
When the Powers of darkness have rent them to rags.
The law of the soul is eternal endeavor,
And bears the man onward and upward forever.

So rise with a faith in yourself, with a vow;
Set your face in the stars and press on in the Now;
Reck not of the Future; reckon not of the Past;
They are Goals. Doing right in the present will cast
A horseshoe fair for all time—Who does his best
Bears the stars of his destiny in his own breast.

And all may be done in To-day that we wait
For To-morrow to do. Ah, the future is fate
If we stand idle-anded and wishing and dumb
And wait for to-morrow with fortune to come.
So awake from your dreaming,—up,—on the fray
That is waged in the front of the hurrying to day;
And truth will be laureled and Right wear her crown
On the field where the phalanx of wrong was trod down
—success.