

The breeze that brought your blessing takes?
Again the mighty fever wakes;
For peace in idle dreams may lie,
But fancy breaks
What fancy makes,
And peace that lives in dreams must die!
Leaving a serer waste behind —
A scornful soul, a cynic mind,
A hot sirocco of derision,
The shameless traitor of mankind;
Letting the passionate toilers grope
Into a sullen hate of hope,
Himself consenting to be blind,
Who taught in ease might teach the noblest vision
That ever heaven revealed to earth,
More lovely than the clouds, more constant than their birth.

IV.

See! since ever time began,
The Vision was the path of Man,—
The very ocean of his being,—
Himself though all uncomprehended;
The patient light that needed but his seeing
To have forever ended
The wrath and tribulation of this vale,
Wherein each separate will
Pursues his narrow purpose still,
And for the one to win the many fail.
O, endless mockery of Success!
That changes but the face of bitterness!
The names and not the numbers of distress!—
For you the Vision waits
That was uplifted upon Calvary;
For you in the division of your hates
The last of sorrow hung upon that tree:
The last if only ye would turn and see
The Body, in whose shadow's form to stand
Until the eternal noon of love make one
The Shadow and the Substance of the Son,
Is but your destiny and His command:—