

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept  
Were toiling upward in the night.

40

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern — unseen before —  
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

45

## WINTER-BREAK

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

All day between high-curled clouds the sun  
Shone down like summer on the steaming planks.  
The long bright icicles in dwindling ranks  
Dripped from the murmuring eaves till one by one  
They fell. As if the spring had now begun, 5  
The quilted snow, sun-softened to the core,  
Loosened and shunted with a sudden roar  
From downward roofs. Not even with day done  
Had ceased the sound of waters, but all night  
I heard it. In my dreams forgetfully bright 10  
Methought I wandered in the April woods,  
Where many a silver-piping sparrow was,  
By gurgling brooks and sprouting solitudes,  
And stooped, and laughed, and plucked hepaticas.