

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 45
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we attain.

WINTER-BREAK

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

All day between high-curved 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.