

THE MOTIVE

THE artist cursed with sordid eye
Can ne'er behold
The glory of the earth and sky
Thro' tempting gold.

The gifted tongue, the facile pen—
The man of art
Devoid of love, in Final Ken
Shall have no part.

The miser grips the glittering hoard—
He will not spend ;
The means displaced from wise regard
Becomes the end.

Behold his form in sculptured stone !
It takes no part
In human woe, but stands alone
With hardened heart.