

yet, in its fair harmony, alas I may be broken, by the idleness, by the neglect, by the faithlessness, even of one. The idea of a holy common-weal, in no Utopia, but *hic et nunc*, seems to be figured by the seal of the university. "There is no room for the master-vice, sloth, in its composition." "Its chief business is to see that no man be idle,"

"Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
 To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience—for so work the honey-bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom,
 They have a king, and officers of sorts;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home,
 To the tent royal of their emperor ;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold.
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 The sad eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
 That many things having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously :
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town :
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat."