

To tangled brakes where men on fours are
hurled,
With thorny shrubs would fill each landscape
o'er
Through which with risk our pathways we must
bore,
Each lingual parent heartless sent to die,
All plunged in Lethe,— gone without a sigh.
The outward form the inner life should grace,
Nor yet deceive, nor yet be out of place;
A sluggard's field the latter but reveals,
Where careless growths a fitter growth conceals.
As well expect such skill in use of brush
As spreads o'er souls a quiet and reverent hush,
On canvas gazing; or the sculptor's power,
Which gives to stone its 'trancing, magic dower
Of beauty, while the work of primal years,—
With plodding filled, baptized, mayhap, with
tears,—
Has been but fiction,— all a baseless dream,
Yet product perfect; well we thus might deem,
As that the verbal beauties of our speech
In all their charm be bodied forth by each
Without the power to see with inner light
And inner visions give to outward sight,
Which eye in each by varied means must be
Still wrought within as these with each agree.
A well born child,— if we its beauty mar,
Its form contort, or place a facial scar,—