

220 Legends of Greece and Rome

THE winds that once the Argo bore
Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep sea-floor,
Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew on every isle
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
But, out of their rest, no charm can wile
Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

Mother Earth ! Are the heroes dead ?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more ?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore ?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought ?
Far in the young world's misty dawn ?
Or to teach as the grey-haired Nestor taught ?
Mother Earth ! are the heroes gone ?

Gone ? In a grander form they rise ;
Dead ? We may clasp their hands in ours ;
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred ;
Wherever Right has a triumph won
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armour rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod ;
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above is the smile of God.
So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away ;
For the heroes live and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

E. D. PROCTOR.