

THE ONLY CONQUEST

The only conquest worthy of the name.
The consecration of all powers that be
To great fulfillment. Opportunity
Is theirs to conquer that which led to shame
In their past history; rid the rolls of blame,
Strike at the root of all the ills—the baneful tree
Of false ambition and temerity—
This were true courage; this enduring fame.
The inner deep compulsion of their faith
Constrains the victors while the vanquished well
May know, thro' shattered hopes, profound relief
From wild obsession struggling toward a wraith
Of world-dominion. Lying dead, its knell
May prove of a whole people's gains the chief.

THE TASK OF THE ELDERS

From earth made holy by love's offering
Of utmost life for lives now left behind
And greater life to come, to us assigned
The task to guard the blossoming
Of precious seed for future harvest, bring
To pass the purpose pure by youth divined
When making the great venture, pay in kind
Their precious gift—tho' we go sorrowing.
Immortal bloom is theirs and sweet perfume
Of their most lovely deeds lingers in air
To bless the aftergrowth that so may we—
Who could not take their place, nor fill their room
Ere we, too, pass—the sacred soil prepare
For fuller fruits of Love and Liberty.