

II—TO PLATO.

O Master Plato, couldst thou be with us now
Who wait upon thy thoughts and only dream
Of that New City whose celestial scheme
Thine inward vision scanned upon the brow
Of God,—clear patterned there to teach men how
To fashion Earth more fair and to redeem
The World from thrall of things which only seem!—
Then would thy Faithful here no longer bow
Abashed before the scornful crew: but they,
When thy serene spirit before their longing eyes
Shone steadfast as a beacon-star, would rise
With triumph-psalms to greet each high-destined day,
And, in thy light, soon speed the final sway
Of thy pure Word which unaccomplished lies.