

## V.

Would they but speak who proved but weak  
To those who think self strong,  
How they would cry, continually,  
"Beware the first small wrong!"

## VI.

*To Felix Morris.*

Twin arts are ours, to act and write,  
And yours, perhaps, the greater is ;  
You bring the world before men's sight,  
I can but proffer fantasies.

## VII.

Flowers are earth's resurrection, yet the rocks,  
Ere raised in blossoms, first shall fall to dust.  
Take comfort, then, O brother, when life mocks  
Thine aspirations, as perforce life must.

## VIII.

Man loves the ideal and not the maid ;  
Her he but garlands with hopes and dreams,  
And worships, not her in those wreaths arrayed,  
But the vision of fancy that then she seems.