

And for courage I would carry to the realms of  
 higher form—  
 Unfurled like a wild-wind trophy—grandeur of the  
 flashing storm!  
 And through eons, and through eons, when the worlds  
 are wiped away,  
 I would wear about my Being keepsake of my native  
 Clay.  
 Poets! oh dispel your magic; 'twere but faithless—  
 longer foil;  
 Shew a comrade farewell pity; where have ye be-  
 stowed the spoil?  
  
 Stir of answer—thrill of rapture—(cease my plaint,  
 be hushed the dole),  
 Hailing Vision? Yea, the treasure! Ah, I see—my  
 Soul—my Soul!

#### SIC EST VITA.

**R**EJOICING in his strength, the Sun  
 Espied on earth a lovely child;  
 He stooped, and kissed the winsome one—  
 The maiden, Spring, looked up and smiled.  
 He played with her, and with his arms  
 His shining mantle round her drew.  
 Her beauty warmed to wondrous charms,  
 And bloomed in modest radiance through;  
 He gave her flowers; she gave him song;  
 Full gladsome grew her merry voice!  
 He wooed her well, nor wooed her long,  
 Ere his sweet love was her sweet choice.  
 Ah, then! behind the clouds he crept,  
 And hid his face from her in play;  
 But when the Spring, forsaken, wept,  
 He came and kissed her tears away.  
 When gambol-wearied, happy-flusht,  
 She laid her down to rest awhile,