

## XVI.

Some hidden impulse sure their purpose bent,  
 Unknown perchance to those who felt it most,  
 And for a scarce defined attainment sent  
 To fight till *that* were gained or *all* was lost,  
 Though when attained, that prize for which they went,  
 Might fail to balance even what it cost,  
 'Tis mystery at the best ; no more can we  
 Pretend to tell where all is mystery.

## XVII.

But dreams ere now have filled the wondering brain  
 Of young adventurers, and of those whose fate  
 Has bound to their own country, and the train  
 Of fancies has unlocked the massive gate,  
 Which shuts those regions from their eyes in vain,  
 When the mind's eye o'erleaps it and clate  
 Builds airy castles for that unknown spot  
 And knows it, though the glance has scanned it not.

## XVIII.

Some sages have declared that summer there  
 Holds a perpetual session ; and the flowers  
 Bloom bright when other gardens all are bare,  
 Where the dark frowns of tempest never lower,  
 And birds and beasts rejoice in sunny air  
 Eternally, endowed through untold hours,  
 Pain, sickness, death, and labour hold no sway,  
 And spread their pinions but to flee away.

## XIX.

Perchance in those dark glamorous realms the races  
 Of giants people still the curtained earth,  
 Which smiles as heretofore with kindly graces,  
 On godlike revels and Titanic mirth,  
 Or monsters ! like the serpent that embraces  
 In its big coils the whales enormous girth,  
 Hold the dominion as before the flood,  
 Where foot of mortal never yet hath trod.