

The Lost Elixir.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"One drop of ruddy human blood puts more life into the veins of a poem than all the delusive 'aurum potabile' that can be distilled out of the choicest library."—LOWELL.

I.

AH yes, that "drop of human blood!"—
We had it once, may be,
When our young song's impetuous flood
First poured its ecstasy;
But now the shrunk poetic vein
Yields not that priceless drop again.

II.

We toil,—as toiled we not of old;—
Our patient hands distil
The shining spheres of chemic gold
With hard-won, fruitless skill;
But that red drop stills seems to be
Beyond our utmost alchemy.

III.

Perchance, but most in later age,
Time's after-gift, a tear,
Will strike a pathos on the page
Beyond all art sincere;
But that "one drop of human blood"
Has gone with life's first leaf and bud.