

TO A STUDENT.

Thy meed, lone searcher of the realms of Thought,
Be mine. In yon high chamber where no noise
Of earthly turmoil mounts to mar the joys
Of thine unwearied quest of Riches wrought
From mines of mystery, thou set'st at naught
All greed of gain. But thy pure heart employs
The sacrificial hours—nor ever cloy—
In converse, quiet and long, with minds unbought
By lust of gold or might. Companion, hail!
My soul, well-knit, while run the sacred years,
Supports, as thine, the ways—and knows no fears—
Which lead unto that strange and silent vale
Where only to the pure in heart appears
Far-off, encarnadined, the Holy Grail.