

KNOWLEDGE.

WE are so quick to teach, so slow to learn,
And life is such a strange, mysterious school,
Wherein the soul hath neither law nor rule,
Save intuitions from the heart, that burn
And scathe the spirit, restless to discern
That which is weak, and what is wholly strong,
What lifteth up and beareth all along—
The one great law on which all lives do turn.

Go on dull spirit, tread thy purblind path,
And nature, loving all, and hating none,
Who grope in blindness toward the eternal sun,
In some far-distant human aftermath,
The struggle done, and darkness over-past,
Will give thee peace in knowledge at the last.