

COURAGE.

WHAT'S a man without courage? Better dead
That man who, like the lazy cur which mopes
Beside him, doth never rise to a brave deed
Unless his ears are pulled. When courage fails,
Down with the brakes, O world, hid progress stand!

Who are the men whom honor loves to serve?
Not they who map out idle plans, but dare
Not rise to a brave act. Who are the men
That from the caverned earth have filched her gold,
Her precious stones, her rocks and fossils rare—
The garnered stores of ages long gone by—
And laid them at the feet of Beauty, Wealth,
And Power, as trophies of their toil and bravery?
Who are the men that, reaching toward the sky,
Have tamed the elements like captive birds,
And trained them into speech, and given them wings—
Swift wings, to fly from mountain peak to peak—
Swift wings, to bear from shore to distant shore
The thought that moves the engine of the world?
And who are they who through dark forest mazes
Have trodden mile on mile in weariness