

THE SUFFERERS

But the blood of the breed is in them
And will not let them lie :
There's a breed that is born to suffer,
And suffer they must, or die.

When the world is lax and lazy,
Or sleeping in sweet content,
The breed is hard at the business
For which the breed was sent ;
And straining with brain and muscle,
In saintliness or sin,
They pry at the gates of knowledge
They all may enter in.

For the Thought that demands expression ;
For the Purpose that will attain ;
For the Thing that must be discovered,
They carry the weight of pain ;
For the Truth that needs revealing,
For the Law that is still unknown—
These are the calls they answer,
And make the call their own.

The world knows not that they labour,
The world knows not of the need,
The world knows not of the doing
Until it beholds the Deed ;
And some it accepts with gladness,
And some it rejects with scorn,
But the sufferer had to do it,
For to that end was he born.