

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
 Is happy as a lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:
 — He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes; 60
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who lifted high, 65
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70
 Where what he most doth value must be won:
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last 75
 From well to better daily self-surpast:
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his faene,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name — 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his caus ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws