

## ASPIRATION.

How should I be the master of my ways  
When every nerve is vibrant to the sweep  
Of dreams that fill the measure of my days—  
Too rare to lose and past all power to keep.  
How should I know what it were well to do  
When every path has its alluring strain,  
Each towering crest its world-revealing view  
Of realms for him that has the will to reign;  
And while I waver, lo! this earthly shard,  
Wherein is breathed the swift compelling fire,  
Breaks with the ardor it was shaped to guard.  
Yet, ever striving, humbly I aspire  
Ere all be spent, with reverent hands to light  
A guiding star on some hope-kindling height.