

When sudden—how think ye, the end?  
Did I say 'without friend?'  
Say rather, from marge to blue marge  
*The whole sky grew his targe*  
*With the Sun's self for visible boss,*  
While an arm ran across  
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast  
Where the wretch was safe prest;  
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,  
*The man sprung to his feet,*  
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!  
So I was afraid!"

This is a man's glory, that sometimes, instead of a mud hovel, he will build himself a tent from a patch of God's infinite sky, and live in it royally on one of earth's crusts turning to manna on his lips, till the wise fingers of baser choosers cease from pointing, and his beautiful home gradually expands itself into a palace of crystal, or place of divine entertainment for coming multitudes, and a shrine and sanctuary where other like consecrated ones will live entempled. It is by *this*, men lift us, that they are better than their records show—the Whittiers and Elliotts, who rouse us with lyrical trumpets, and build the lofty rhyme of manhood; that they have a permanent some-