

NAY, not till I was man,
Learned I to scheme and plan
The blackest depredation on my kind,
Converting to my gain
My fellow's need and pain,
In chartered pillage ruthless and refined.

THEREFORE, my friends, I say,
Back to the fair sweet way
Our mother Nature taught us long ago,—
The large primeval mood,
Leisure and amplitude,
The dignity of patience strong and slow. ^{E wisdom of the seasons as they go I}

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Glad industry and zest,
A passion for the best,
Unsullied, unperverted, undimmed,
The pride of life again
The comeliness of men,
With happiness and power undimmed: