

For looking on, it oft has seemed to me
That it were worthy of the highest powers
God hath vouchsafed to man in such a spot
To work with Him in moulding noble men
To match the nature He has set them in !
The task the bold Prometheus once essayed,
As runs the legend, we may now fulfil,
With that mysterious aid that God bestows
So freely on the faithful, seeking soul,
That watches, while it strives for sacred fire.
These child-like men and women need to grow
In mind as well as life of heart and soul.
And so, while Ernest,—having vanquished now
The dark, wild fancies that so blinded them
Against the entrance of the light of life,—
Builds on the true foundation he has laid,
I, in my way, may lead their opened minds
To truth of lower rank, yet not less truth ;—
May teach them those great laws that God has writ
In the earth's ribs of rock, in leaf and flower,
And in the sparkling vault of heaven they see,—
As yet unseeing,—and in their own selves
Formed for the noblest and the happiest ends
That living creatures know beneath the sun,
If but they keep the guiding outline traced
To shape these living stones and human shrines,—
As much His law divine, as if His hand
Had traced them carven on a slab of stone.
Think you not it a fair emprise 'twould be,
To till a human garden such as this,—
To crown one fairest spot of this fair world,
So far as human hands the task may dare,
With richer beauty of the noblest life
High thought and living faith can nourish there ?

CLARA.

Scarce could a higher mission be bestowed
On any life of mortal here below.—
A noble thought, indeed ! But what of dreams