

IV.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Once, in the hapless Stuart's reign,—
On some quaint-lettered page I've read—
A peasant, loitering through the plain,
In startled homage bent his head,
Spying, upon a bramble's spray,
The royal crown, with dust dim'n'd ray!

Failure, thou art a bramble bare;
I looked on thee with bitter scorn;
I saw the shine of something fair
And plucked Self-knowledge from thy thorn.
My prize I count a richer gem
Than his that found the diadem.