

LINES

A purpose futile but for your good-will
Swiftly responsive to the cry of ill:
A purpose all too limited!—to aid
Frail human flowerets, sicklied by the shade,
In winning some short spell of upland breeze,
Or strengthening sunlight on the level leas.

Who has not marked, where the full cheek
 should be,
Incipient lines of lank flaccidity,
Lymphatic pallor where the pink should
 glow,
And where the throb of transport, pulses
 low?—
Most tragical of shapes from Pole to Line,
O wondering child, unwitting Time's design,
Why should Art add to Nature's quan-
 dary,
And worsen ill by thus immuring thee?
—That races can do despite to their own,
That Might supernal do indeed condone
Wrongs individual for the general case,
Instance the proof in victims such as these.