

The Higher Aim.

MY soul ! Thine Aim !
What is thine aim my soul ! To lift
On high thy flame
In noble effort ? or to drift
Idly in shame ?

My soul ! Essay
Of these the nobler and the surer,
While 'tis To-day,—
Leave someone better, truer, purer
For thy brief stay.

My soul ! Arise
And struggle to express a thought ;
Waft to the skies
Ideas half-formed, words fondly sought,
Unletted'd cries.

And when that sleep
Creeps o'er thee in the midst of toil,
Hushed in the deep,
Thy life seed sown on fertile soil
Others shall reap.