

“ And thou hast got no wisdom ; yet I say
This thing there is to learn ere thou must go :
Have no sad thoughts of me upon the way

“ *Thou takest home coming ; for thy soul shall know
The old glad things and sorrowful its share
Until at last Time’s legions overthrow
The House thy days have builded unaware.*”

NOW therefore am I joyful who have heard
Earth’s message plain to-day, and so I cry
Aloud to you, O Comrades, her last word,

That ye may be as wise and glad as I,
And the long grasses, and the broad green leaves
That beat against the far, unclouded sky :

*Who worships me alway, who alway cleaves
Close unto me till his last call rings clear
Across the pathless wood, — his soul receives
My peace continually and shall not fear.*