

THE "SLACKER."

Is life that reaches me, and makes
Me thrill and quiver, eager-eyed,
What is the power? What, that shakes
My own poor life and tears my pride?

Oh, this! that in these times there is
A spirit greater than I knew
Of flame-browed, noblest sacrifice,
Whose breath these two years on me blew.

Yet tied to this dull daylong round
I see two duties clash, and find
What, oh so many have not found!
Rebellion in my inmost mind.

Heed I the call? There seems no ease
To fruitless questioning, aye or no:
Must I then stay? There is no peace,
Nor certainty to say, "'Tis so."

But now when thought could be more full,
And God more near, and men more high,
And the sweet life more wonderful,
Can I not, too, go out to die?