

## COURAGE.

The dead are buried facing to the sun,  
In fash eptaphs their faith is told,  
And yet they die without a victory won,  
Leaving a world in folly growing old.  
Now why should we among these futile graves  
Proclaim the truth to dead or living dust,  
Bow to the earth like overburdened slaves?—  
Re-born the freemen of a higher trust!  
Have words a substance whereon light may shine?  
Can beauty glow upon a trembling sound?  
Can aught but deeds foreshadow the divine?  
Or save in symbols can the truth be found?  
Let no weak doubt defeat your eager hand;  
For all must heed though few may understand.