

Lo the careless wear rags,
And the mighty must toil.

Upt upt stolid sleeper,
And rub off the rust
Which hath cankered the key
To thy casket of trust.
Wert thou sent to this world
To be groping in night?
With a chain on thy powers?
With a heart wearing blight?
While the gifts which thy FORMER
Intrusted, are made
Unreal—availless,—
A cavern of shade,
Where the golden sun shines not,
Nor morn's waking comes,
Where the bat and the owl
And dark death build their homes?

Not formed for a purpose,
Endowed as seen meet
To the MIGHTY ONE throned
In eternity's seat,
Thou hast much to accomplish,
Let much be thine aim;
Let the thoughts of thy heart
Be a sun-gathered flame.