

Which mates him with those mighty minds whose care
 And patient wisdom nations found; great souls,
 Whose monuments are continents, from whom
 Whole races drink their inspiration.

He had to work with crude materials gross,
 His task to weld in one wide-scatter'd states.
 Abroad, at home, fat ignorance beset
 His path; the smug sagacity of men
 Turblind,—the chosen voice of those ill fit
 To choose who shall declare what law must be—
 The roar of calumny, faction's furious feuds,
 The want of heart, of faith, proper to times
 When Mammon-worship is the shameless cult
 Of most,—with these and more he had to fight,
 But he nor blench'd nor faltered one small hour,
 But like a law bore on, borne up by hopes
 Such as are parents of immortal things."

She ceased. The sense's memory, tremulous with
 Her tones, like some rare music never heard
 Before, with happy pain my heart made faint,
 And in my eyes the waves well'd up from founts
 Of joy and grief; the chords of mourning thrill'd
 For some loss divine, while all the springs
 Of rapture moved; meanwhile thro' tears I mark'd
 The rosy bulge of delicate clouds which slept
 On either side. She said:

"Lo! beautiful lives