

*He answers :*

Nay—wrong me not—for though 'tis true I dream  
 A mystic life away—unknown to act  
 That makes the man—yet higher far I hold  
 Those “brainless fools”—whose wills relentless strong  
 Stem the strong flood that sweeps a flotsam will  
 Like mine away—than we, thy hallowed saints,  
 Yet cursed by curse of thought divorced from act  
 Well do I know the power of mind, and how  
 Strong thought and act in one clean-welded whole  
 Must make the perfect man—yet higher far  
 Is he whose mind—not subtle—no—nor deep,  
 Has yet the power to push his keener will  
 Home to the farthest limit of success—  
 Than he who glides through purple lotos-life  
 Shrinking from deed.

And true it is I love the ocean sound  
 Of Bayreuth's song—but nobler far they hold  
 The quick “crescendo” as the line swings home,  
 Then leaps the blood to flame, and manhood's fire  
 Sweeps like a blast across the duller earth.

And sweeter far the sharp staccato song  
 As sword bites sword—or shriller treble when  
 The ribboned sabre wreathes the smoking head  
 Of some huge 'Titan form—indeed I love  
 Thee—know it well—but think I rather choose  
 To end a useless life as honour bids, and go  
 To death through one short hour of life divine.  
 And now farewell—in life—in death

Farewell !

The empire-spirit calls me and I go.

A. E. MULGAN.

