

“THE LAW OF CHANGE.”

SOME lives complain of their own happiness.
In perfect love no sure abiding stands,
In perfect faith are no immortal bands
Of God and man. This passion we possess
Necessitous; insistent none the less
Because we know not how its purpose brands
Our lives. Even on God's knees and in His hands:
The Law of Change. “Out, out, adulteress!”?

These be the furies, and the harpies these?
That discontent should sum the happiest sky?
That of all boons man lacks the greatest—rest?
Nay! But the promise of the centuries,
The certain pledge of immortality,
Child-cry of Man at the eternal Breast.