

**ENVOY.**

Clear was the night: the moon was young: The larkspurs in the plots  
Mingled their orange with the gold Of the forget-me-nots.

The poppies seemed a silver mist: So darkly fell the gloom.

You scarce had guessed yon crimson streaks Were buttercups in bloom.

But one thing moved: a little child Crashed through the flower and fern: And  
all my soul rose up to greet The sage of whom I learn.

I looked into his awful eyes: I waited his decree: I made ingenious attempts  
To sit upon his knee.

The babe upraised his wondering eyes, And timidly he said, "A trend  
towards experiment In modern minds is bred.

"I feel the will to roam, to learn By test, experience, nous, That fire is hot  
and ocean deep, And wolves carnivorous.

"My brain demands complexity." The lisping cherub cried. I looked at him,  
and only said, "Go on. The world is wide."

A tear rolled down his pinafore, "Yet from my life must pass The simple love  
of sun and moon, The old games in the grass;

"Now that my back is to my home Could these again be found?" I looked on  
him, and only said, "Go on. The world is round."