

MADAME RODIN.

HEROIC helpmeet of the silent home !  
Shall who sings Art not worship womanhood ?  
There is depth of calm beneath the sea's fine foam ;  
Behind the great there is ever found the good.  
Honour and glory to the sacred house  
And ark of the covenant of holy trust,  
The unseen mother and the secret spouse  
Ever availing in the sorrow and dust  
That aye avenge the artist's victory won,  
That cover up his monuments of fame,  
That twist his sight, once steadfast on the sun,  
To the fear folded in the robes of shame :—  
Lest he, to all the world plain victor, find  
Himself mere failure to his own white mind.