

Titanic Disaster

Mox reficlit rates.—HORACE.

FORTH flashed the serpent streak of
steel,

Consummate crown of man's de-
vice;

Down crashed upon an immobile
And brainless barrier of ice.

Courage!

The grey gods shoot a laughing lip:—

Let not faith founder with the ship!

We reel before the blows of fate;

Our stout souls stagger at the shock;

Oh! there is Something ultimate

Fixed faster than the living rock.

Courage!

Catastrophe beyond belief

Harden our hearts to fear and grief.

The gods upon the Titans shower

Their high intolerable scorn;

But no god knoweth in what hour

A new Prometheus may be born.

Courage!

Man to his doom goes driving down:—

A crown of thorns is still—a crown!

No norm of nature shall withstand

At last the spirit of mankind,

It is not built upon the sand,

It is not wastrel to the wind.

Courage!

Disaster and destruction tend

To taller triumph in the end.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.