

LIFE'S FLOW.

in the soft-lit vale,
g eyes and dimpled stream,
through the meadow-land,
through an early dream :
nodding all along
harméd vale of song.

broadened river runs
g seaward on and on,
by the harvest-field,
he fire of noon-day drawn
firm the reapers' steel
rife for love and weal.

Westward 'neath the setting sun,
Where the banks are open wide
Lisp the waters peacefully,
Where the tide is meeting tide,
And from hollow-sounding shore
Landward echoes—evermore.

Fails the song of singing-bird
As the latest murmur stills :
Fall the shadows tenderly,
While athwart the brooding hills,
Like sweet mem'ries of the past
Fade the glory-beams at last.

