

THE SEA-SIDE WELL. *

ON LIGHTING UPON A SPRING OF SWEET WATER WITHIN TIDE-
MARK ON THE COAST OF ARGYLESIRE.

'Waters flowed over my head; then I said, I am cut off.'—LAM. iii. 54.

ONE day I wandered where the salt sea tide
Backward had drawn its wave,
And found a spring as sweet as e'er hill side
To wild flowers gave.
Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,
And 'mid its pebbles strayed,
As if it thought to join a happy brook.
In some green glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell
Came rolling in once more ;
Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well
And pebbled shore.
Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud,
Or life in the grave's gloom,
The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud,
Sunk to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide
Remnant of wreck to save,
Again I wandered when the salt sea tide
Withdrew its wave,
And there, unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,
No anger in its tone ;
Still, as it thought some happy brook to meet,
The spring flowed on.

* This beautiful and suggestive poem is one of the few productions in verse of the late Dr. John Ker, of Edinburgh. It is not easily obtainable in this country and we have therefore pleasure in presenting it herewith to the readers of the MONTHLY. It has been forwarded by Rev. A. MacMillan, of Mimico.