

286.—ETERNITY

The tide of time rolls o'er us and recedes;
Each year still higher running on our shore,
While menacing us with its horrid roar,
As if to say "seek you the higher meads."

For decades it fell here against the reeds,
That stood like palisades and the brunt bore:
Till it one morn, right out, their moorings tore;
Leaving in sands a field of sprouting seeds.

The sea was gone, an ocean took its place:
There was no tide, no roll, no roar; but calm
Reigned everywhere. The seeds in flowers grew:
A garden gorgeous, in its stately grace,
Was shedding on the air attar and balm;
It was eternity, at once, I knew.