

THE GLIMPSE.

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
 Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
 Went your bright way, and left me to fall back
 On my own world of poorer deed and aim ;

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel
 Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,— 5
 In a brief pause of labour's sullen wheel,—
 'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown,—

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
 Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky :
 Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul 10
 The torment of the difference till he die.

—William Watson.

THE LAST WORD.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said !
 Vain thy onset ! all stands fast,
 Then thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease ! 5
 Geese are swans and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will !
 Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee ?
 Better men fared thus before thee ;
 Fired their ringing shot and pass'd, 10
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall, 15
 Find thy body by the wall.

—Matthew Arnold.