

HIGH TIDE.

The salt wave, of the quiet valley fain,
Has pushed across the sands. The talking stream
Is silenced by its passing. Will it gain
The untroubled reaches where the lilies dream,
To bask in still content beneath the gleam
Of stormless skies? No; it has climbed in vain;
For even now 'tis falling. I could deem
It breathed a long-drawn utterance of pain.

And thou, my soul, thou dost attain release
From mortal sadness in the fields divine
Where thou art often led; but it is thine
To stay—how short a time! below thy peace
The great world travails, like the moaning sea,
And calls thee back to share its agony.