



Purification.

A slimy fetid pool in dreary fen,
Where bloomed no flower, where sang no bird,
Lay, far removed from pleasant haunts of men,
Its vile, dark, sick'ning depths unstirred,
Save by the bursting bubbles which betray
Some hidden, turgid mass in dank decay.

Unchanged it lay, until the August heat
Brooded upon it day by day ;
When, rising from its hateful, foul retreat,
It silent, ghost-like, passed away
In vap'rous films, scarce seen by mortal eye,
And humbly sought and found the summer sky.

Back to its pristine purity restored,
It floated, happy in the air
Where gauzy clouds with widesread pinions soared,
O'er hills and dales and meadows fair ;
Till, dropping down with welcome, gentle showers,
It gave new life to thirsting grass and flowers.

I. ALLEN JACK.

