

Poetry.

THE WORKS OF MAN AND THE WORKS OF NATURE.

Man's works grow stale to man, the years destroy
The charm they once possessed ; the city tires ;
The terraces, the domse, the dazzling spires
Are in the main but a magnificent toy ;
They please the man not as they pleas'd the boy ;
And he returns to Nature, and requires
To warm his soul at her old altar fires,
To drink from her perpetual fount of joy.

It is that man and all the works of man
Prepare to pass away ; he may depend
On none but what he snatched her stores among ;
But she, she changes not, nor ever can ;
He knows she will be faithful to the end,
Forever beautiful, forever young.

1892.

W. M. M.

THE OPEN ROAD.

I love to stand where four roads meet :
I love the crowded highways.
Give me the thronging busy street :
Take thou the shaded by-ways !

The road—the open road for me,
Before dull books and teaching :
Things, there, in every face, I see,
Beyond their farthest reaching.