

At every step. Or to unite with these
Their lives, or be dissevered—who can tell?

What lesson teacheth, then, the shipwrecked bark?
'Tis that we should so live that every hour
May serve to round our life with perfectness ;
So that the unguessed fracture of our days
May give to view a surface, smooth and shapely.
And yon grave on the hill—what teacheth it?
That the most beauteous buds are culled from earth,
Eternally to bloom in Paradise.

J. A. BOYD.

