

## THE POOL AND THE STREAM.

"Repaid with fresh supplies from Heaven  
For every cup of water given."

T. WARTON.

"I cannot give ; but little wealth has fallen to my share ;  
"I want that little all myself, and I have none to spare :  
"What shall I do when this is gone ?" Nay, listen to a dream,  
Or tale, or fable—which you will—about a Pool and Stream.

A mountain Stream went forth one day, from its birthplace in the hills ;  
The dews of heaven had nourished it, and fed its secret rills ;  
And as it glided from the rock, it looked so fresh and clear,  
It was a pleasant sight to see, a pleasant sound to hear

Now, so it chanced, some half-way down, it passed upon its way  
A silent, solitary Pool, which in a hollow lay ;  
Without an outlet on its sides to let the water flow,  
And give one charitable drop into the plains below.

"And whither are you speeding now, and why this senseless haste ?  
"Why, silly Stream," exclaimed the Pool, "your slender waters waste ?"  
"I have a Mission to fulfil, which Heaven commits to me."  
And all its little eddies laughed, "We're going to the Sea."

"What folly !" said the sullen Pool ; "how scanty is thy store,  
"With scarce enough to keep thyself ; and who will give thee more ?"  
"Surely, the same," the Stream replied, "which gave them first to me."  
And then its little eddies laughed, "We're going to the sea."

"I know that these were never mine," she said, "but only lent ;  
"I cannot tell if more will come, when this supply is spent ;  
"But I must do my Mission work, however that may be :"  
And loud its little eddies laughed, "We're going to the Sea."

On danced the Stream, the sullen Pool composed itself to sleep,  
With, "What I have I call mine own, and what is mine I keep."  
On danced the Stream, down glen and cleft ; it reached the silver shore  
And gave its tribute to the Sea, and then was seen no more.

The sun rose high, and on the Pool poured down its rays intense ;  
It steamed, and festered, and grew foul, foul to the sight and sense,  
Then wasted to a mass of mud, beneath the scorching beam,  
And so it died, that selfish Pool ; but what about the Stream ?

When the last rays of setting sun the shining waves had kissed,  
Up from the surface of the Sea arose a cooling mist,  
Just when the generous stream had poured the tribute of its rills,  
It rose in air, it formed in clouds, it floated to the hills.