

I AND THE LAKE.

The great Lake's waves

 Rolled in at my stranger feet in pompous play,
And smilingly asked,

 "Are *we* not as good as the Sea you have dreamed of to-day?"

"Nay," I said "nay,

 Your beautiful waves wash the same pebbles hour after hour.
Why not come up,
 And drive boastful man back—back, by your power ;

I dare you, recede,

 Drawn out by the closing strength of the Unseen Hand ;
Come, leave weed-covered rocks
 As dry as the hill-tops afar on the land."

"Look far out," it said,

 "Your eye cannot reach to the shores where my great
 ships go."

"Nay, it cannot," I said,

 "But the shores are your own, *not* the lands where the
 strange fruits grow—

Nor the Islands of palms,

 Nor the bleak, snowy shores of the fur-trader's gains.

Our ships in their wake

 Bring a breath of new life, and a stir in the old man's veins."

"But, how balmy," it said,

 "Are my breezes that play on your sun-burned cheek"—

"Oh ! My heart " I broke in,

 "How we long for the salt moistened palm and the sting of
 the brine,

And the cool morning fog,

 As it draws out the scent of the clover and pine."

Let us hasten away

 To the land of the Sea we shall dream of to-night
There live in its life,

 Till Eternity's Ocean rolls in on our sight.