

## My Own Shall Come to Me.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea ;  
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me ;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years ;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights.  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea ;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high  
Can keep my own away from me.

—JOHN BOROUGHS.