

A TEAR.

Thou symbol of the soul's do-
main !

What far off regions do you
drain ?

Were you condensed from am-
bient air ?

Or were you born of dark despair?
Did some fierce fire far within,
From ardent love or sudden sin,
Burn outward from the very core?
Or did a foeman break the door

Of faith? And did the tempter
bold,

Thy timid soul attempt to hold ?
Then does that tear give silent
vent

To all the strength thy soul hath
spent ?

Is it the sign of overflow
Of love for truth's relentless foe ?

I know how it can carry hence
The venom of some sore offence.
Ah, tear ! you are a lake to drown
A care, disintegrate a frown.

And on the mercy of your shore
I find a resting-place, far more
Secure, than on the river-sands,
Flushed by a hundred shake-of-
hands.