

THE LAKE MAGAZINE.

THE VOICE.

But thy dreams, O thou fool, shall not last forever,
But the life of the soul must endure,
And the tempest thy frail heart shall blast and sever,
All the bonds that thou deemest secure.

And the strength that thou callest thy faith, shall alter,
And the power of love 'scape with breath,
And thy hope that hath clung to a wraith shall falter,
And forsake the constrained unto death.

THE DREAMER.

Although God may thus slay,
And destroy me to-day
Now, I see my love living and true,
And my glory will be ;
That God's best gift to me
Was the love that but He could undo.

