

July.



ON LIFE'S RIVER

On life's rapid rolling river,
Thou hast launched with merry pride ;
And thy lightsome bark is skipping
Now upon its dancing tide.
Now the sunbeams kiss the ripples,
And the laughing waters glide ;
But a drought may drain the fountain,
And its wasted rill be dried.
Bleaching then upon the desert,
Motionless thy bark may lie,
Heedless of the gales propitious,
On the storms that rift the sky.
Hast thou then in store provision
For the desert's droughted stay ?
If not, furl, and cast thy anchor
Till provisioned, then away.