

V.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

After the leaps tumultuous of the tides
That through the narrow, rocky canyon surge,
With sudden sweeps over some ledge's verge
That underneath the seething waters hides,
With clash of snow-plumed billows on all sides,
That like strong warriors ceaseless combat
urge,
Niagara's waves in one another merge,
Where, calmly deep, the circling whirlpool glides.

Thus is it with our love : the earliest sweep
Of feeling was tumultuous, and the soul
Of each was torn and tossed ; but now,
at last,
Of love the stormy rapids have been
passed,
And we are in the whirlpool, that will keep
Our lives forever in its calm control.