

FATE.

Fate says to me :

“The tide is coming in,
O haste and write thy name upon the sand !”
Then leads me to the shore to try my hand,
—Just as the tide is in—
And laughs in glee.

FAITH.

Upon the frozen earth deep lies the snow,
And leafless trees are shivering in the blast ;
Yet underneath it all, and soft and low,
The loving heart of nature beateth fast.

So too, when life seems dead and buried deep,
And desolated hopes bemoan their fate,
Far down within my quick'ning soul doth leap
The promise of the joy—for which I wait.