

*IN MEMORIAM. E. S.*

HER love was that full love which, like a tide,  
Flows in and out life's smallest gulfs and bays,  
And fills with music through long summer days  
Cold hearts that else would stern and dark abide.  
Her smile would cheer, her faintest look could chide;  
No soul too outcast, none too lowly born,  
For her kind ear ; and none too high for scorn  
Of mean pretence, or wrong, or foolish pride.

She loved all Nature ; mountain, stream, and tree  
To her were thoughts or language for the thought  
She could not utter, signs of truths too high  
To set to words. Her love, too, like the tide,  
Flowed daily back with cares its surface brought  
To the still vast beneath eternal sky.