

THE OLIVES AT MENTONE.

Though citron boughs are hung with gold,
The sober olive trees unfold
No gaudy tribute to the day,
But droop like friars, plain and gray,
Whom thoughts of Heaven hold.

"There are some lives," they seem to say,
"That love to glitter in the day,
Rejoicing if they catch the eye
Of any careless passer-by,
And nourished with display.

"But there are those whose only pride
Is faithful service, pleased to glide
Through time in lowly, quiet ways,
Not greatly stirred though men should praise,
Nor grieved should men deride.

"Such souls enjoy a deep repose
The eager worldling never knows,
Conscious of calm, eternal Eyes
That beam upon them from the skies
And boundless Love disclose.