

The grasses are moving to and fro,
Where the wild geese cackled long ago,
And the Frenchman builded his aboiteaux.

From up where the rivers rushed so brave,
'Twixt the red-lipped shores, the tidal wave
Comes crawling back to its ocean grave.

REFLECTION.

I muse on the life that has no stay ;
With the steadfast look it is here and away,
And whither it goes I cannot say.

The years and the sea and the star are the
same,
And the broad, red west hath been often
affame,
But it standeth still in the mighty frame.

O Eye that can see through the æons dim,
Through the realms of space to the farthest
rim,
Where the universe stretches filled to the
brim;