

IV.

AT THE SISTER ISLANDS.

We stand upon the bridge and look below
Into the rush of waters, streaking white
Along the sunken rocks, so swift their flight ;
And while we look, it seems to us as though
We move, and the quick tides have ceased to
flow.

So much the motion juggles with our sight,
That we must lift, to see the truth aright,
Our faces to the sky's unclouded glow.

Thus man may stand on truth while error
sweeps

Beneath him to its misty overthrow
Into the tumult of the nether deeps ;
Yet, self deceived, often the soul will cry :
"Error is truth, and truth is falsity,"
Until a God-ward glance the truth doth
show.