

289.—THE NILE

Old Nilus' waters a vacation take,
To batten with their riches all the land
Of Egypt, and bathe cool the broiling strands;
That lotus, lily, and the bulrush bake.

A season, it is fog, fen, moor and brake;
And then as if some deity commands
The billows rush back o'er the glittering sands;
Leaving a world of wealth in their wide wake.

How godlike is yon good old Nestor Nile;
That conscieus of Sahara's thirsty seas
With Providence fills Egypt's empty bins!
When famished with life's drouth let's wait and
smile:

Refreshing rains will fall on evening's breeze;
Just when the tide's at ebb the flow begins.