



THE lambent purple of an evening sky  
Is softening all the brilliant lights of day  
To mellow brown, rich black, and Druid grey,  
While I among the water-lilies lie  
And watch them wrap their waxen hearts in dye  
Moss-green and rose and cream, then sink\* to lay  
Cool ointments on their day-fret pains, and weigh  
Their morning radiance 'gainst all question why.  
But still I mused and vivid fancy wrought :  
'This generation passed as Israel saw  
The Egyptian host made wreckage by the sea.  
Yet presciently, the lilies' lesson caught,  
Proclaimed Love's scutcheoned triumph  
o'er sin's law :  
Man dies, but death gives place to victory.

—*Silas Salt.*

\*The water-lilies sink each night.

