

BETWEEN THE GATES.

THRUST unconsulted through the gate of Birth,
We wake in wonder on the star of earth;
Our stay is but a measured loan of breath
Till we are glided out the gate of Death.
We laugh, and wail, and quest along the way,
And work as tenants of a crumbling clay;
Fare on, whate'er of ruth or weal awaits
This baffling sojourn—trailed between the gates.
A Voice calls—guiding—at the gate of Birth;
We enter, borrowing robes time-wrought of earth.
We know this Voice is Life, whose infinite Breath
Is ours beyond the milestone gate of Death.
A world of seed, and growth, and law-control
Gives training scope to prove the wield of Soul:—
One song of hope lift we—O, travel-mates—
To cheer our passage brief, between the gates.