

Which floats through all my thoughts of those old
Like a delicious steam [times,
Of odours wafted from ethereal climes,
Soothing the soul into a glorious dream
Of that ambrosial home
From which they come.
O truly spoke the ancient sage,
Who traced the sources of his lore,
Part to his teachers, and still more
To fellowships of his own age,
But found by far the richest store
In that great harvest always growing
From seed he had been daily sowing
Among the youth,
Who came with generous yearning
To reap the ripe fruits of his learning,
And gave him back a wiser insight into truth.

V.

Ay me! the tides of life
Abide not always at the flow.
Oft-times they ebb so low
They scarce can carry all the weight
Of what is needed for its toil and strife.
And then goes overboard the precious freight
That gives to life its glory and its power,—
The memories that make delicious food