

THE MOSS-HIDDEN FOUNT

Or, Life Like a River.

THE moss-hidden fount by the side of the way,
Dispensing sweet freshness the long summer day,
Through the heat and the dust and the glare of
noon,—

Its waters, beneath the green herbage, immune
From sedge and pollution that wait them below
As onward through valley and moorland they flow
To join the broad river on its course to the sea—
Is an emblem of life from the slime of sin free.
Like youth, unacquainted with sorrow and care,
It trickles and ripples as free as the air,
Till the tide of temptation doth lead it to stray
Where the vast plains seem bright, and the great
cities gay ;
Till polluted with sewage it sobs 'neath the quay,
Or stagnates in marshes by the broad briny sea
Where, lashed by the breakers and ebbd by the tide,
It loses itself in the great ocean wide :
Its sediment sinks to the depths of the sea,
Once more it is pure and again it is free !
Thus life like a river meanders and flows,
And ever, as nearer its mouth, purer grows—
Until caught by the tide of Heaven's clear sea,
And mingled with the waves of eternity.