

### CROWS.

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THEY stream across the fading western sky  
A sable cloud, far o'er the lonely leas ;  
Now parting into scattered companies,  
Now closing up the broken ranks, still high  
And higher yet they mount, while, carelessly,  
Trail slow behind, athwart the moving trees  
A lingering few, 'round whom the evening breeze  
Plays with sad whispered murmurs as they fly.

A lonely figure, ghostly in the dim  
And darkening twilight, lingers in the shade  
Of bending willows : " Surely God has laid  
His curse on me," he moans, " my strength of limb  
And old heart-courage fail me, and I flee  
Bowed with fell terror at this augury."

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### FUTURITY.

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WHAT of our life when this frail flesh lies low  
A withered clod, and the free soul has burst  
Through the world-fetters? Not of souls accursed  
With cherished lusts that mar them, those who sow  
Evil and reap the harvest, and who bow  
At Mammon's golden shrine, but those who thirst  
For Truth, and see not,—spirits deep immersed  
In doubt and trouble,—hearts that fain would know?

The soul is satisfied. The spirit trained  
For the divine, because the beautiful,  
Now with the body gone, free and unstained,  
Doubts swept away like clouds of scattering wool  
Before a blast,—e'er Heaven's pure paths are trod  
Is perfected to understand its God.