

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

How doth time fly apace. I'm getting old!
 But to be young again—so some folks say.
 Could I but believe this—
 Not that I disbelieve it;
 But doubt will come, dispelling that quiet certitude
 By which we feel the truth.
 'Tis vexing to the mind, yet so this doubt
 May be truth's own harbinger
 Founding, building, garnishing a throne,
 On which the soul may sit at ease.
 I've heard the thunder roll among the hills,
 And watched the lightning flash athwart the trees;
 I've seen the dark cloud shadow all the deep,
 And heard the waters moan and storming rise;
 And yet from out a long and darksome day,
 All tempests overpassed, and storms at rest,
 I've known a glorious eve arise
 Before the night, as born of it,
 When nature smiled, and turned unto the sun,
 Before he hid his face;
 When ocean placid, rippled like a flowing brook,
 And every tree dripped wet with liquid gem,
 And every flower did glisten in the light,
 As waking mirth which follows fear,
 That sweetest laughter borne of tears.
 'Tis evening with me now, sweet evening bright,
 After life's day of stormy night.
 For night it is to me, this past, whose memory
 I dread more than the future's mystery;
 And, yet, throughout that dark distressing woof
 In searching for the pattern hidden deep,
 One golden thread appears, and never lost to sight,
 Gives calm unto the mind, and works within the heart
 Sweet comfort of a Providence that slumbers not,
 An Eye upon our life, an Heart without our heart,
 Wisdom, unbounded Power of Love, All-loving, Infinite!

JAMES MILNE.