

LIFE

This is thy moment, Youth: To stand with One
Breathless upon the height of life's divide;
To see the future for you side by side,
The golden mellow land of Love well won.
There is no cloud to hide the glowing sun.
On life's smooth plain he beams in fulsome pride.
There is no labyrinthine mist to hide
The glory of the day you have begun.

Yet ah!—to see—For the fast sloping sun
Tells of the many plans still left untried
Of all the visioned great things still undone.
The years of drift with every shifting tide
Enough—if undismay'd you yield your breath
And still together pass thy portals, Death.

—J. R. H. F.