

## BEHIND THE VEIL

As forth upon life's tossing tide  
In morn of life we steer,  
We hopeful view that ocean wide,  
Our hope is tinged with fear.

Could we then peer behind the veil  
Our destiny to see,  
And learn that deeply hidden tale,  
Of things that are to be,

How surely would our course be laid!  
How certain be our guide!  
What shoals and whirlpools we'd evade!  
Or whate'er perils betide.

It may not be; our destiny  
By fate's decree concealed,  
We onward sail that silent sea  
Its secrets unrevealed;

Until, upon the Golden Shore  
We furl our weary sail.  
What mysteries are then resolved  
At last, behind the veil!

—D. MacI. '32