

Louisburg Echoes.

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Now is the high-tide of the year.
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer.
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it.
We are happy now because God wills it:
No matter how barren the past may have been
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green:
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

—Sir Launfal—Lowell.

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