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PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

Why muse

Upon the past, with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone, to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along,
Upon its heaving breast, a thousand wrecks
Of glory, and of beauty,—yet why mourn,
That such is destiny? Another year
Succedeth to the past,—in their bright round,
The seasons come and go,—the same blue arch,
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet,—
The same pure stars, that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still, at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lillies, on the tomb of Day,—and still,
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the tomb of old affections,—Hope
And Joy, and great Ambition—will rise up,
As they have risen,—and their deeds will be
Brighter, than those engraven on the scroll—
Of parted centuries. Even now, the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves,
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.