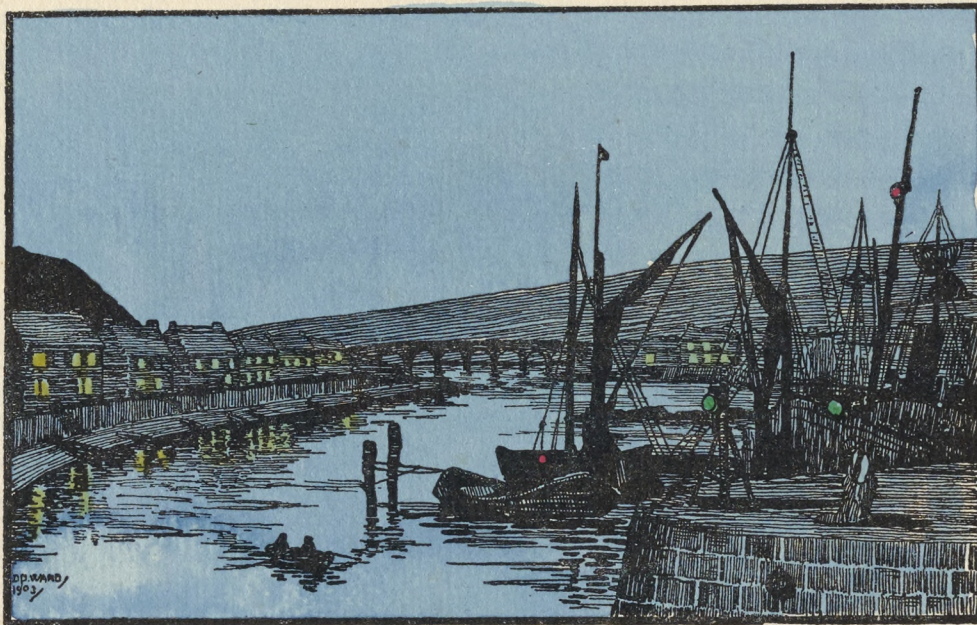


The Green Sheaf



THE TIDAL RIVER.

UNDER the bridge can you hear the water swirling ?

Can you feel it drift the boat along, as we rest upon our oars ?
Beyond the shadow of the piers, do you see the wavelets curling,
And the twinkling lights move backward, as we slip between the shores ?

Against the harbour lamps, do you see the ships loom sable,
As we thread our way between them to the green light on the quay ?
Can you hear their timbers creaking, as they strain upon the cable,
While the hurrying tide speeds past them on its mad race to the sea ?

Beneath the farther bank where the water shows no motion,
Can you see the dim reflection from every silver star ?
And from beyond the sandhills, in the darkness of the ocean,
Feel the throbbing of the waves as they break upon the bar ?

Dorothy Ward.