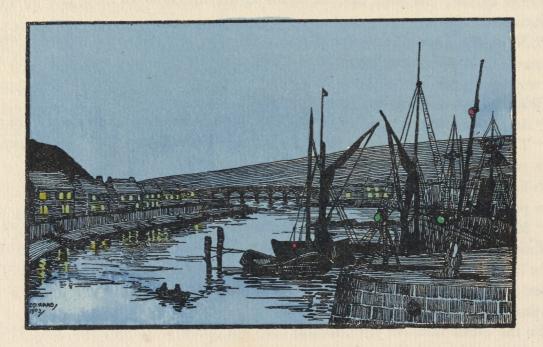
The Green Sheaf



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.