Jan. 1900

HALF-TIDE.

The listless winds blow toward the shore,
The grey seals bask upon the ledge;
The combers break with sullen roar
Upon the water's rocky edge.

Sun, sea, and sky,
And the breakers on the beach,
A lonely curlew's cry,
And the white-caps down the reach;
Sun, sea, and sky,
And a throb in the mid-day air,
The tide's half high,
And the reefs are showing bare.

ORIC BATES.