

THE FINAL QUEST.

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID.

On a day at last, when the sun is low,
And the shadow creeps from the wooden glen,
In the friendly mist of the shrouded glow,
I shall slip away from the haunts of men.

With the eager zest of a wond'ring child
That is told of the lovely land of Nod,
I shall enter upon the trackless wild
Of the outer vales of the realm of God,

On the final quest of a human soul
Thro' the mystic maze of eternity,
With an unmarked staff and a creedless scroll,
And a faith untaught of a sophistry.

I shall meet, perchance, in some flow'ry way,
With the friends I loved that are gone before,
In the heritage of a deathless day
With its joy unending forever more.

Or, perhaps, to find that the soul but clears
For its swift return to enrich some birth
With the spark of life to endow its years
For the cycled way in the mortal earth.

But if endless sleep be the goal at last,
In oblivion heav'n must be as sweet—
With the journey done, and the fretful past
Blotted out from Elysium's peace, 'twere meet.