

Rect.—What sayst?

Ott.—The truth this morning I proclaimed,
Words you, my darling Faust, must heed in turn—
HEARTS ONLY LIVE IN GIVING LIFE TO LOVE!

(From the French.)

W. S.

JOHN.

JOHN?

WELL, his name in my ears,
Has been ringing for years,
Although in this desolate room it seldom is spoken, ah me!
For John was a sailor, and he
Was one of the crew
Of the "Trusty and True,"
That was lost in the year 'forty-three.

LOST?

Lost! What her fate was I've questioned in vain,
At high tide, at low tide, again and again:
And for John, when the storms came,
Through all these long years,
I have prayed, though I knew him dead—
Pardon these tears!

DEAD?

Oh, treacherous, treacherous sea!
So cruel to mine and to me!
I crouch by the fireside,
Decrepit and old;
While my warm-hearted boy in mid-ocean
Is sleeping, a-cold, a-cold!

JOHN?

I declare John,
How strange you have grown!
So manly you are John,
I ne'er could have known
The boy that went sailing away, yet I see,
You've the heart that I lost in the year 'forty-three.