

VII.

The uncouth winds stole kisses from your cheek,
 Then, wild with exultation, hurried on,
 And boasting bade their laggard comrades seek
 The momentary bliss themselves had won,

VIII.

Who, following, filled our prosperous sails until
 We reached eternal winter's drear domain,
 Where suns of June but frozen light distil,
 And, baffled, quickly abdicate their reign.

IX.

Yet even here your gracious beauty shed
 Deep calm ; old Ocean slumbered 'neath its spell :
 And Summer seemed to follow where you led,
 As loth to bid your kindred smile farewell.

X.

The ominous shapes of drifting ice that pack
 The desolate channels of the polar flood,
 Clustered like wolves around our Northward track,
 Till swayed by that sweet power to altered mood,

XI.

They covered, and ranged themselves on either side,
 Like vassal ranks who watch some passing Queen
 Through her white columned halls in silence glide,
 Nor mingling meet till she no more is seen.

XII.

And we with confident souls still followed you,
 Where stern those serried files of icebergs rose,—
 As James of Douglas followed,—staunch and true,
 The honoured heart he flung amongst his foes :

XIII.

Till in my sailor's child-like hearts there grew
 A vague, half sportive reverence for that Form,—
 Which, like commissioned angel, onward flew,
 And with a halcyon spell conjured the storm !

XIV.

What marvel then, if—when our wearied hull
 In some lone haven found a brief repose,
 Rude hands, by love made delicate, would cull
 A grateful garland for your Goddess brows ?