

Heard when on moon lit waters floating free,
 What time the light looks out through silver bars
 Of drifting cloud, and all night long the sea,
 Holds up its molten mirror to the stars,
 And we are lost in dreams of what may be
 Until the first faint blush of eastern sky
 Tells the lone watcher that the dawn is nigh.

The dawn, the ruddy dawn that brings again
 To cheat the smiling promise of the morn
 The weary waste of the unchanging main,
 And sad familiar faces wan and worn,
 Weary of endless toil and hope in vain,—
 And effort fails and old enjoyments tire,
 And life grows weary of its long desire.

And yet be strong. Full many a bark before
 Tossed by the waves and driven by the blast
 Has reached that far off land where man no more
 Shall fear that tomb of mortal joys—the past,
 And omens not uncertain point us o'er
 To that fair home to which our wanderings tend;
 *And God himself will give to all an end.

We are not harshly, cruelly decreed
 To pile a monument of hopeless toil,
 Slaves of necessity, and only freed
 By that chill touch from which our hearts recoil;
 The doing is more noble than the deed,
 And future years shall render us again
 The long reward of labor and of pain.

Wanderers who lead a life of alien cares,
 Matching the future with the past in vain,
 †Perhaps it may delight in after years
 To count our long past wanderings o'er again,
 To smile a happy smile at all our fears,
 And read the acts of that unerring will
 That darkly naming we call good and ill.

There is a rest for us beyond the ring
 That bounds these curving seas, beyond the might
 Of wandering tempests, and where changes bring
 No winter's breath, no gathering gloom of night.
 There falls no shadow from despair's dark wing,
 But long content the tranquil bosom fills
 And beauty crowns the everlasting hills.

Not like these islands of desire that cheer,
 The heart with hopes of joys it may not feel,
 That as they fleet the distant wave, appear,
 Clad with all glories that our dreams reveal,
 But where the wanderer must forever hear
 The roar of sad waves on a lonely coast
 Strewn with the wrecks of ventures life had lost.

We seek a land the home of all things fair
 That too, too soon to leave us life bestows;
 A land where grief and suffering die, and where
 No voice of storm shall ever mar repose,
 No murmur as far off from waves of care,
 There shall be no more sea, no sea, no sea,
 No moaning, homeless, melancholy sea.

And that exemplar of a life sublime
 Strong aspiration for itself has wrought,
 But yielded not to search by sea or clime,—
 The purer, nobler self long vainly sought
 In the uncertain course of mazy time.
 Lingers to welcome us on yonder side.
 There we shall grasp it and be satisfied.

'Tis not alone that that new life shall keep
 No vexing memories of servile year,
 Nor that in immortality's broad sweep
 The long abuse of time shall disappear,
 There we shall know all mysteries, dark and deep,
 And learn how strangely seeming ills combine
 To work the counsels of a love divine.

This world God's hand hath formed upon it bears
 Unnumbered traces of the first impress
 Of beauty's signet, and the smile it wears
 Makes glad the heart with wondrous loveliness,
 The dwelling-place celestial he prepares
 In that bright realm has charms beyond compare,
 Eye hath not seen a vision half so fair.

Sweet voices float around us even here,
 Glad voices call us o'er the summer sea,
 Nature hath countless tones with power to cheer,
 The toiled-bowed heart with grateful melody,
 But never yet hath fallen on human ear
 Such strains as you triumphant choirs prolong
 In varying cadence of unending song.

Dream the bright dream of fancy, let the mind
 Portray the wonders of that blessed sphere
 Where hope at last its long sought good shall find,
 And life and act be joy not pain as here;
 Yet is the bliss of heaven undefined,
 Thought cannot sound its depths nor reach its
 heights,
 Wish cannot number its divine delights.

Look up,—the morning of a fairer day
 Breaks slowly dawning o'er these wastes of foam,
 Our night of exile passes swift away;
 The distance holds for us a tearless home
 Unseen but, yet not far, not far away;
 Such hopes are thine O man the sport of time,
 Such glories ripen in celestial prime.

*Debit Deus his quoque finem. Virgil Æ. I. 129.

†Forean et hæc olim meminisse juvabit. Virgil Æ. I. 203.

[The above poem was written by one of the old Students of the college, and delivered as his sophomore essay in the winter of 1865.—Eds.]