

THE GOLDEN GATE.

In its red and golden glory, the sun sank in the west ;
And then the soft grey gloaming came o'er the
earth to rest ;

A maiden fair was ling'ring between the life and
death,

I, her lover, stood beside her, watching each fading
breath.

Ere long she roused her slowly and gazed upon my
face.

' Dear Ronald, I am going, they say, to leave this
place ;

Now will you tell me surely, that when I'm dead
and gone,

You will not trouble greatly, or feel indeed alone ?"

Sadly to her, I answered, " How can I say this,
love,

How can I spare you darling, e'en for the Heaven
above ?

Ever shall I be waiting, until the time shall come,