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## BY THE SEA.

BY ENYLLA ALLYNE.

Through the still night I lay  
On a gray cliff that overlooked the Sea,  
Whose breast no ripple stirred;  
And there, as wore away  
The night, discoursed to me  
In tones of melody,  
A Voice before unheard.

“ Dreamer of idle dreams!  
Their lessons still rehearse,  
The stars that shone when good alone  
Did fill the universe;  
And still the Sea doth speak  
As in the ages old  
She to the sages spake:  
Over yon mountain peak,  
Behold, the moon doth break—  
The moon that they beheld!

Doth the Sea moan?  
’Tis not that virtue dies;  
’Tis not for right o’erthrown  
That darkness veils the skies!  
By laws inscrutable,  
All evil perisheth:  
Good is immutable.  
And knoweth naught of death.”

Then my heart stirred within me, and I cried  
“ O Voice, O Voice, the grave is deep and wide—  
My soul for its beloved dead upon the rack had died!”

Answered the Voice, “ Behold the tender flower,  
Carefully guarded from the wintry blast;  
The reaper reapeth only at the hour  
Appointed by the master.” *Then the night was past.*