

VICTOR ROY.



Victor's Soliloquy.

HEAVILY rolleth the wintry clouds,
And the ceaseless snow is falling, falling,
As the frost king's troops in their icy shrouds,
Whistle and howl, like lōst spirits calling.

But a warm luxuriantly furnished room,
Is an antidote to the wild night storm,
Lamplight and firelight banish the gloom,
No poverty stalks there with cold gaunt form.

Yet there seems a shadow, yes even there,
Where all is so peacefully grand and still,
No fair young face with its shining hair,
No voice of love with its musical thrill.

One reigneth alone in that mansion grand,
And his day of life has long past its noon,
The wanderer of many a foreign land,
Rests, calmly waiting Heaven's final boon.