

280 TO OLIVL SHREINER, CAPETOWN, AFRICA.

Yours be the mission to impeach
And interdict the clinging leach.
Though sight and touch should fail to teach
What he has cost her,
She'll know the difference in the speech
And spurn the impostor.

TO OLIVE SCHREINER, CAPETOWN, AFRICA.

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM."

CAPE Sable joins hands with the Cape of Hope,
Though ocean, desert and the torrid line
All interpose ; they shall no more confine
Eternal thought, free-winged for boundless scope.

But first, like Waldo, it must cry and grope.
That period is past with yours and mine ;
For they have found, before their day's decline,
The white plume wafted from the azure cope.

But there was darkness over all our land ;
We felt the triple agony that rent
The inner sanctuary's veil in twain :

The world still rolls in dim and dizzy pain—
Make then yon kopje* and this ridge of sand
An Olivet for each dark continent.

* Kopje, a little hill, a name used on the Karroo, in South Africa.