

mind ill at ease, he decided to cross the ocean and let his dim light flicker out in the land of his birth. As he neared his native shores, he grew almost feverish with impatience to see once more the grave in which his idol was sleeping. On to the little village, he travelled, and, arrived there, he went to the old-fashioned inn, rested a little, then slowly walked to the church-yard. He found the little spot so often in his mind, and knelt beside the grave. Then once again he heard the voice from the other world calling to him as of yore. He looked around, the whole earth was filled with a glorious light, and angels were hovering near.

Overcome with the wondrous sight, he fell across the little mound of earth and wept.

The next morning, two workmen passing by saw the figure of a man stretched across a grave, they went to speak with him, but found him,—dead. His spirit had fled to be forever with the one he loved.

#### \*DURATE, ET VOSMET REBUS SERVATE SECUNDIS.

With many wanderings on the homeless sea,  
Toiling and watching by the swaying mast,  
The heirs of exile, and by stern decree,  
To dare the rock, the billow and the blast,  
We toil with joy and suffer hopefully  
Seeking the vanished who have gone before,  
And regions fairer than Italia's shore.

To-day the wind comes round us whispering peace,  
The smiling heavens propitious o'er us bow,  
We sail mid sunlit waves that never cease  
The music of their murmur round the prow.  
To-day is life replete with life's increase,  
Unmarked by shadow flies the winged hour,  
To-morrow storms arise and dangers lower.

The myriad perils of the treacherous deep  
That lurk unseen beneath the crystal wave,  
The circling waters that with eddying sweep  
Bear the doomed vessel to a yawning grave,  
The wrath of warring elements that keep  
Their revels where the pitiless surges roar  
Bursting in thunder on a rock-ribbed shore.

The past lives round us,—we may not forget  
The land far, far behind us, in our dreams  
It comes to us with all its beauty yet,  
A land of waving woods and laughing streams—

\*Virgil *Æn.* I. 207.

A land to which we turn with vague regret \*  
As to that fairer land with strong desire  
To which our wishes tend our hopes aspire.

Dear are the scenes mid which we first behold,  
God's love gaze on us, dear till life is fled  
The Autumn sunsets prodigal of gold,  
And deathless memories of those long dead,—  
We ask not to return a thousand fold  
More sweet does fancy paint those joys removed  
For time hath witten change on all we loved.

Nothing remains the same, not boyhood's brave  
And joyous heart, not childhood's happy face,—  
Life hath no friends to give like those it gave  
The brief companions of our earliest days  
Now severed by the wrath of wind and wave;  
Or those who rest in darkness and alone  
Above whose graves the sea makes ceaseless moan.

From year to year we wrestle with the woes  
That strong men steel their bosoms lest they feel,  
And, seeking tranquil skies and long repose,  
Furrow the trackless sea with wandering keel  
Till life one unrewarded effort grows;  
Alas that passing toils so great appear,  
And heaven so distant that should be so near.

And vague mysterious longings will arise  
On days divine with Summer's fervid glow  
Breathing a sacred sadness such as lies  
In memories fragrant of the long ago.  
When loveliest beams the glow of cloudless skies,  
When with a long sought issue life is blessed,  
Steals from the heart the whisper of unrest.

Unheard when o'er the level sea the gale  
Calls us aloud its gladness to partake,  
To chase the flying spray with curving sail,  
And watch the white foam widening in our wake.  
With joy the coming of the storm we hail  
If by its might our shattered barks may be  
Nearer that land whose shores we long to see.

Unheard amid the tumult when the waves,  
Blending the ocean with the sky rejoice,  
Opening the greedy depths of caverned graves,  
And mad with strength the floods lift up their voice.

Endeavor grasps the stern delight that saves  
The heart from gnawing care and manhood tried  
Grows strong to wrestle with the opposing tide.

But heard in peaceful hours when calm and bright  
The ocean slumbers in unbroken rest;  
Heard mid the stillness when the waning light  
Is slowly dying in the crimson west,  
Sated with joys that bring no true delight  
We feel what loss, regret and change have taught,  
All that life is and all that life is not.