

So, by yon glance, the white-haired watcher knew these youthful
lives

Were not for him, the leper, redolent of gaol and gyves.

What place had he, a branded man, in such a scene as this?
Can the lost spirits doom'd from hope, dwell in the realms of bliss?

How *could* he blast this fair young life, *he*—with his tarnish'd
fame?

What could his coming lend to her, save the bitter sense of shame?

Ah! *now* he knew his treasured dream had faded from his sight,
As the last beam of eve is lost in shadows of the night.

Though filial love be beautiful, though filial love should last,
Come weal! come woe! *she* should not share, nor know his dark-
ened past.

And with one stricken cry that demons might have wept to hear,
The outcast pass'd into the night from the hope he held most dear.

Like some poor wounded animal the homeless wand'rer crept
For shelter 'neath a fallen tree, whilst the whole village slept.

(Oh ye! safe in your haven-homes, where the tempter woos in
vain,

Have ye no tears for this poor heart, curs'd with the brand of
Cain!)

When peacefully the morrow dawned—the morrow of that night—
Lo! Heaven had cloth'd the landscape in a garb of spotless white.

And 'neath its canopy lay one whose soul had pass'd away
From the dark night of tears and woe, to the light of endless day.

For in that hour of early morn, men call "the Hour of Fate"—
His pilgrimage was done. Safe with his God was "Ninety-eight."