

SONGS OF A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

2.

RETURNED FROM SEA.

Awake, awake my bonny Kate,
 And once again be blythe and gay,
 I'm waiting by your garden gate,
 As in the years long past away.

Awake! there is so much to tell
 Since last we two have talked together,
 So many a tale of what befel
 In wreck, and fight, and stormy weather.

An English girl will care to hear
 A sailor's life—at best and worst—
 I've dreamed of this for many a year,
 But scarce knew what to tell you first.

Then waken quick my own sweet Kate,
 Upon this happy morn in May.
 These roses by your garden gate
 Make years past seem like yesterday.

Far—far away—'mid groves of balm
 I've watched the giant stream glide by.
 There floats the lotus grandly calm—
 There towers the stately palm on high.

Soft breathes the wind from that blue heaven,
 Still droop rich blooms of fruit and flower
 And there, through many a lonely even,
 I've dreamed of home and this glad hour.

Then come to me my sweetheart Kate,
 No sorrow shall be ours to-day.
 The good God sends at last, though late,
 The happy hours for which we pray.

The happy hours! How well I know
 That she whose name I call in vain,
 Within that house, a year ago,
 Has sung her last light hearted strain.

The song—the walk—the holiday—
 The talk—long since have past from mind,
 Yet back upon my heart come they,
 Lost voices on the mournful wind.

Yet build I dreams of vain delight,
 And for her presence idly yearn—
 Who passed that gate—once—robed in white,
 Through which she will no more return.

3.

A COLLEGE IDYL.

So through the fields he came that happy eve in
 the summer,
 The sunshine aslant on the boughs had checkered
 the light on his pathway—
 And from the shrubbery round, and the border,
 ing trees of her garden,
 Heard the humming of bees and the bird's blythe
 chirp in the hedges—
 So that his heart beat quick, and he leaned on the
 gate for a moment.
 Leaned on the well known gate they had passed
 so often together.

There, by the porch she sat, and above her the
 clambering roses
 Clustered their flowers around her dark brown
 hair like a halo,
 And as he gazed he thought that the blessed even-
 ing sunshine
 Ne'er shone on ought so fair, so perfect in youth-
 hood and beauty,
 Marvelling if one such as her, a goddess in satins
 and muslin,
 Yet could by chance become his. And, as he en-
 tered the garden,
 Calm and smiling she rose and said she was happy
 to see him;

Was he not tired with his walk? had he come by
 the road or the meadow?
 Yes! 'twas a pretty place, with a charming view
 from the windows—
 Her book? oh yes, 'twas the last new volume of
 poems,
 Songs of a feverish band who doubts both Love
 and Religion.

All most morbid and wild and yet they somehow
 amused her.

This, and more, poor fellow, full many a night he
 has told me,
 In the old time, as we talked by the fire in College
 together,
 Each with his flagon and pipe, cloud-wrapt in rich
 Latakia.

C. P. M.