

And safely crosses on triumphant wings
The gulf before which Reason shrinking stands,
Scarce daring farther.—

CLARA.

Ah ! how well I know
Our souls must needs have heavenly wings to reach
That pure empyrean of light Divine,
Which our poor human eyes can scarcely bear !
And yet,—how steadfast Ernest ever walks
By faith, with powers unseen ! I notice oft
It seems an effort for him to inweave
Our small concerns into the inner life
That lightly moves within a higher sphere.

PHILIP.

Yes ; it is well that he has gained the power
To realize the life invisible,
Which holds so much for him—his Saviour Friend,
And her who lives in Christ for evermore !
I often mark with anxious, troubled heart,
His face, that daily grows more pure and sweet——
But here he comes, and that rare smile of his
Transfigured in the moonlight splendour seems.

CLARA.

Oh, how like our dear Gertrude, as she looked
At home, one night that I remember well !

ERNEST.

How fair a night, my friends ! Does it not seem
That heaven has come to earth to rest awhile—
So radiant is the scene, so full of peace ?
And soon I hope we shall behold again
Our palm-crowned islands, with their silver fringe,
Like emeralds set in sapphire, touched with light.
But see that tiny bark that crosses now
Yon bar of rippling silver on the sea ;
Strange that so small a craft should venture out
So far from land ! The captain on the bridge