

'Then on her lonely path the ship went forth,
And waves 'gan murmur to the gliding keel ;
While follows in her wake the voice of prayer,
As loving lips breathe blessings on her course.

How many were the thoughts of future weal
That each one cherished in his breast, and thus
Through hope secured what might be never his !
How oft a distant home, a loved one's face,
Was summoned forth in soul-sustaining vision !
So each was cheered amid his loneliness.
For who that having life, hath not withal,
Secreted in some corner of the mind,
A little hoard of happiness, which forth
To gaze upon in lonely hours he brings
With still-increasing joy and eagerness ?

But 't was in solitude, through night, at times
In which man's soul is turned upon itself,
That thoughts like these came in upon the mind,
Welcome as the pure-plumaged birds that wing
Themselves nigh to a labouring ship, then hover—
Until they choose some fitting spa., whercon