

as yet they may not find me save in dreams. And some dream of me as the highest Truth, and others as the highest Beauty, but none know of the dreams of others. And by night and by day thoughts of me are ever present with them, for, though they may not see me, yet to some is granted a glimpse of the Torch or of the Book. By some, even,—but alas! they are few—my voice may be heard, far, far above them. Once I did dwell on the earth, but the sons of men would have none of me, and forsook my ways, and the Eternal Wisdom took me and set me among the clouds, and they may see me only in dreams. Yet without their dreams of me would come despair, and life would be worthless."

And sadly I asked: "Will it never be permitted to men to see thy face?"

And the voice replied: "Yes;" and through the veil of cloud came a flash of light—the light of a glorious smile, "Yes. When by sorrow and suffering the world shall be purified from sin, then shall I dwell again among men."

And the Figure faded away in the distance, and I awoke.

M. T. W.

SIGURD THE VIKING.

(Continued).

Act IV.

SIGURD'S and HAROLD'S ships enter rowing towards one another. Men ready for battle.

HAROLD'S MEN:—

Where battle storm is ringing,
Where arrow-cloud is singing,
Harold stands there,
Of armor bare,
His deadly sword still swinging.
The foemen feel its bite,
His horsemen rush to fight,
Danger to share
With Harold there,
Where steel on steel is ringing.

HAROLD'S MEN:—

Advance, advance—
No helmets glance,
But blue swords play
In our array.
Advance, advance.
No mail-coat's glance,
But hearts are here
That ne'er knew fear. (Battle rages).

(SIGURD is victorious, and with other men in tow, his men row ashore, singing "Rule Britannia.")

SIGURD.—Good Dagobert, my trusty friend, another fight we've fought; and now we'll rest until our friends come up with fair Elfrida, whose presence is required, while we try this caitiff for his deeds of ill.

DAGOBERT.—Yes, we've got him this time, and we'll make him howl to beat the band. It would be better than cakes and ale to give him the Rista-orn. Well, old man, my eyes begin to water. Now the last obstacle is removed, I guess you'll be joined for better or worse to Frida dear, and give your old chum the slip?

SIGURD.—Nay, nay, my friend. The love I bear for my betrothed is something so grand, elevating and sublime, that it makes all other loves and friendships more lofty and ennobling. My heart is so full of its own happiness that I can scarce feel angry with old Harold here. 'Tis true I may no longer care for the rough sport of war, with Elfrida by my side, but thou, who hast been more than another in past years, shalt e'er have a special resting place in my heart.

DAGOBERT.—Thanks, old man. Don't say more or the briny tears will start to flow. Perhaps I'll have to get married myself some of these days, but the girls are all so nice that I can't begin to choose.

SIGURD.—Wait for the breathing of the god. Hither comes Elfrida.

(Elfrida enters with attendants, old nurse, etc.).

Let me welcome thee, my beloved. (Embraces her.) 'Tis our wedding is celebrated, we must try Harold for piracy and murder. Sit thou here.

Good vassals all, I have to thank you for your aid in winning back my bride. Well have ye fought, and well the victory won. Now, 'tis our duty to try this prisoner here, and decide what shall be his fate.

OMNES.—Let him die.

SIGURD.—Hast thou, oh Harold! aught to say against this judgment? Thine has been a life of fearful deeds. Hast thou aught to say?

HAROLD.—I fear not death. Oft on the stormy sea and off the rocky shores of Bretland, when storms howled long and loud, I laughed at fear. When ship met ship with shuddering shock, and clash of steel rang high above the dying groans of wounded men, I've smiled at death. Thinkest thou, then, that now I'll cringe and beg my life of thee? No! Here in my bonds I curse thee for a prating imbecile and scorn thy petty triumph!

SIGURD.—Then shalt thou die!

ELFRIDA.—Nay, nay, my lord. Let clemency rest with thy victorious hand. Hast thou not won enough? This man is old, and was a king. He used me well, and only wanted me to wed his son. Now his son is slain, and he will live a lonely life. Spare him, and in old age thou too shalt find some pleasure in thy kindness.

NURSE.—Well speakest thou, Elfrida, for he is thy sire.

SIGURD.—What sayest thou?

ELFRIDA.—My sire?

HAROLD.—Can it be that she is indeed my long-lost child?

NURSE.—Aye! Thy daughter, King, who was carried off by that old robber Hakon, whom Sigurd's father overthrew. She then was taken to good Atholes' home, and there grew up. I had never known her had I not seen this scar upon her arm, that as an infant she got while playing on the hearth. Bitter were the tears I shed that day, little thinking it would be a remembrance in after time.

SIGURD.—Unbind the king! Oh sire, thy daughter I restore, and trust that thou wilt not deem me an unworthy suitor for her hand.

HAROLD.—(Embracing Elfrida) No, ne'er shall I see a braver nor more abler man than thou. I have been a relentless warrior in my day, and now I crave pardon for my crimes, and want but rest. Do thou take and protect her through life, and let me see in you the happiness that I have lost myself.

(Sigurd embraces Elfrida) and
CURTAIN.