

TO MISS LOUISE SKEAD.

*As, in old time, the tempest-scorners set
Their ship's keen prow into the golden rain
Of eve, and ventured o'er the unkeeled main
To under lands, and myriad dangers met
From savage hordes and coasts the waves that
fret ;*

*That they might gold and sunborn gems obtain
For their beloved Queen, her smiles to gain,
And her thanks won, their hardships did forget :*

*So I have ventured over thought's vast seas
Into the land of visions, deeming sweet
Long hours of sunless toil, if I might reach,
And bring, as my love-tribute, to thy feet,
At last, the gold of thought and gems of
speech,*

Paid by thy thanks, Imperial Louise.