

Eloïse ! Eloïse !

It is eve ; and the trees  
With the gold of the sunset are glowing ;  
And our low, grassy seat,  
With the brook at its feet  
Ever singing, and rippling, and flowing,  
Is here—just here :  
But I miss thee, dear !  
And the sunset is over me glowing.  
O seat, by the brooklet free,  
O seat, that she shared with me,  
Thou art all unfilled to-day !  
And the brook, to me alone,  
Hath a tender, grieving tone,  
That it had not yesterday.

Eloïse ! Eloïse !

It is night on the seas,  
And the winds and the waters are sleeping ;  
And the seat where we prayed,  
'Neath our home's blessed shade,  
With the soft shadows over us creeping,  
Is here—just here :  
But I miss thee, dear !  
And the drear night around me is sleeping.  
O seat, where she prayed of yore,  
O seat, where she prays no more,  
I am kneeling alone to-night !  
And the stern, unyielding grave  
Will restore not the gift I gave  
To its bosom yesternight.

TORONTO.

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