

CLARA.

Yes, let us cheer him with our happiness ;
'Twill lighten somewhat the deep sense of loss
To hear of our united earnest hope,
To be to him what we conjoined can be,
And no one else beside ! Our reverent love
Shall make *her* memory a blessing still
To cheer and strengthen all his life to come.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A moonlight night at sea. PHILIP and CLARA
pacing the deck of PHILIP'S yacht, the 'Winged
Victory.'*

CLARA.

Oh, what a glorious night ! I marvel not
At all the rapturous praises I have heard
Of nights in Southern climes ; for pale and dim
Seems our most lovely moonlight, when compared
With this effulgent splendour on the sea,
And all about us,—almost too intense,
Too great a glory for our mortal sight !
Through the enchanted air we seem to float
On these great snowy wings that bear us on—
The *Winged Victory* ! How aptly named
Our vessel seems, a symbol of the faith
That is the inward life and moving power
Of Ernest's course, and ours—I hope—as well.

PHILIP.

Yes ; as I think I've said to you before,
That grand old figure, born of noble dreams,
Which, struggling through the dimness of the dawn,
Has ever seemed to me to shadow forth
The victory of faith that soars aloft,
Where straining, panting Thought can never climb,