

II. 8.

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
 And onward each rejoicing steer'd—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd !

15

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides.
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

20

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there.

25

✓ *pure*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings.
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

5

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,

10