

The Seeker After Peace.

"Ah, where are the islands of infinite peace?
And where are the isles of the blest?"
Said a Soul, as it longed for life's battle to cease,
And sighed for the haven of rest;
"Come! come!" said the Sea, with his cavernous lips,
"I will bear thee across to thy home
Far over my plains, where the white-winged ships
Like sheep all unshepherded roam."

So away to the South to a coral-ringed isle,
With the bosom of ocean like gold,
Where the summer eternally verdant did smile,
And the halcyon seasons unrolled;
Where life was aflame with its color and stir,
With its purity, vigor, and glow;
But the smoke of an altar rose high in the air,—
"Not here," said the Soul, "I must go."

Then away to the North, till aflash through the spray
An aurora gleamed vivid and white,
Flooding glittering fields, where in terrible sway
Ruled winter's immutable might;
Where mountainous high, to a star-studded sky,
Great bergs shouldered up through the snow;
But a skeleton told of starvation hard by,—
"Not here," said the Soul, "I must go."