

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 . ”