

There's a weary voice in the soul of man
 That cries for the great "to be,"
 Like the moan of the worlds when time began,
 Or the wail of the wind by the sea :
 And only the fall of the faded leaf
 And the sigh of the night in the trees,
 Can utter the spirit's lonely grief
 And the sorrow that no one sees.

1882.

TOO LATE.

THE DYING MAGDALEN.

Hope? What ! Hope ! you say there is hope for the long-lost
 one !
 Hope ! when the light is out ; Hope ! when the oil is done ;
 Hope ! no, no, good lady, no hope for me at least ;
 No home for me but the clammy grave when life has ceased.
 Hope ! well, there might have been hope had my mother lived,
 but then
 God struck her dead, and I was left alone among men ;
 God knows how I loved her, and shall I never see her again !
 Is there no glimpse of heaven for those who are doomed to
 pain !
 Oh, cannot she come and kiss me ? Oh, cannot she pray by my
 side ?
 As she did long ago on that terrible evening before she died ;
 If *she* prayed God would hear her, and perhaps—but no,
 I'm too old a sinner for mercy, there is nothing for me but woe.