

But even I must pity this poor wretch
Who thus had sold his life to fiends of hell,
And more still the young lad who shared his death,
Whom he had carried off while yet a boy
And taught him wickedness,—as others good.
What chance had *he*,—poor lad? I thought his eyes
Shone with a softer light as death drew near,
And seemed to hold a wistful depth of thought,
Brooding o'er wasted years and shipwrecked youth!
The others, wounded, tended by your hands,
And softened somewhat by your gentle care,
Have told me more than I could ever tell
To you,—or any,—of the fiendish deeds
Their master wrought, and of the mutiny,
When the down-trodden, goaded crew rebelled,
And drove them from the ship, and cut adrift
The boat in which we found them—to our cost.

CLARA.

In our dear Ernest's wounding?

PHILIP.

Yes; it was
His self-forgetting, ever trustful heart
That made him risk too much, in the vain hope
That he might save blood-shedding. I had fain
Sent *him* below until the fight was done—
It jarred his soul to see; but that base wretch,
In his malignant fury, shot at him.
That fired my blood,—and swift he was avenged!

CLARA.

But now his wound is healing fast; and here
The soft sweet air,—the calm surrounding peace,—
The love shown by those artless, childlike folk
That throng about him with such kindly cares,
Will soon restore him, I believe and hope,
To wonted health and that beloved work
In which his faithful heart finds all its joy.
So much awaits him here! How I rejoice