

Of some loved object, present to her mind,
But shut forever from her longing view.

The sun went down. She slowly left her seat
And cast one long sad look upon the way;
Then poured the anguish of her breaking heart
In a low plaintive strain of melody,
That rose and died away upon the breeze,
The mournful requiem of her perished hopes:—

Hark! the restless spirits of ocean sigh;
I can hear them speak as the wind sweeps by.
See, the ivy has heard their mystic call,
And shivering ellings to the broken wall,
The dark green leaves take a sadder shade,
And the flowers turn pale and begin to fade;
The landscape grows dim in the deepening gloom,
And the dead awake in the silent tomb.

I have watched the return of my true-love's bark,
From the sun's up-rising till midnight dark;
I have watched and wept through the weary day,
But his ship on the deep is far away;
I have gazed for hours on the whitening track
Of the pathless waters, and called him back,
But my voice returned on the moaning blast,
And the vessel I sought still glided past.

We parted on just such a lovely night:
The billows were tossing in cloudless light,
And the full bright moon on the waters slept,
And the stars above us their vigils kept,
And the surges whispered a lullaby,
As low and as sweet as a lover's sigh—
And he promised, as gently he pressed my hand,
He would soon return to his native land.

But long months have fled, and this burning brain
Is seared with weeping and watching in vain.
A dark, dark shade on my bosom lies,
And nights of sorrow have dimmed these eyes:
The roses have fled from my pallid cheek,
And the grief that I feel no words can speak;
I have made my home with the graves of the dead,
And the cold earth pillows my aching head!

He will come!—he will come!—I know it now;
The waves are dancing before his prow;
He comes to speak peace to my aching heart,
To tell me we never again shall part;
I can hear his voice in the freshening breeze,
As his bark glides o'er the rippling seas,
And my heart will break forth into laughter and song
When I lead him back through the gazing throng.

Ah, no—where you shade on the water lies
The slow-rising moon deceives my eyes,
And the tide of sorrow within my breast
Rolls on like the billows that never rest;
I will look no more on the heaving deep,
But return to my lowly bed and weep:
He will come to my dreams in the darksome night,
And his bark will be here with the dawn of light!

When the song ceased, she turned her heavy eyes
With such a heavy glance upon my face,
It pierced my heart, and fast the gathering tears
Blinded my sight. Alas! poor maniac;
For thee no hope shall dawn—no tender thought
Wake in thy blighted heart a thrill of joy.
The immortal mind is devilled with the dust,
Ere the tenuous cords of life give way.

Hers was a common tale—she early owned
The ardent love that youthful spirits feel,
And gave her soul in blind idolatry
To one dear object; and his ship was lost
In sight of port—lost on the very morn
That should have smiled upon their bridal rite.
She saw the dreadful accident like one
Who saw it not; and from that fatal hour
All memory of it faded from her mind,
And still she watches for the distant sail
Of him, who never, never can return.

Poor stricken mind! thy best affections,
Thy hopes, thy wishes, centred all in earth—
Earth has repaid thee with a broken heart!
Love to thy God had known no rash excess,
For in his service there is joy and peace;
A light which on thy troubled mind had shed,
Its holy influence, and those tearful eyes
Had then been raised in gratitude to heaven,
Nor chased delusive phantoms o'er the deep!

LOVE.

BY E. J. D.

I wandered through a church-yard—dark
The cypress shade above,
And wild and rank, and long and dank
Grew weeds o'er those we love.

The willow with its drooping arms,
Stood like a mourner there,
And winds breathed cold, o'er the damp mould,
A requiem for the fair.

Yet even here, had Love essayed
To chase Earth's gathering gloom,
And garlands bright, like stars at night,
Hung smiling o'er the tomb.

And here had Love brought Poesy,
Bright Memories to keep,
And taught her voice the words "Rejoice!
Our loved ones do but sleep."

And here was many a sculptured form
Placed by the hand of Love—
Pale, weeping forms, bent by the storm,
Yet pointing still above.

And many a lowly cross was there,
Love's holiest emblem still,
That to the prayer of wild despair,
Soft murmured "Peace, be still!"

And thus around that dreary spot
Were sweet memorials spread;
O'er all the ground, mid gloom profound,
Love's radiant lights were shed.

Oh! Love, that e'en upon the grave
Beauty and peace bestow—
How could we bear Earth's heavy care,
And thou not gild its woe?

We thank thee, God, for all thy gifts,
On earth—in heaven above—
But more than all, our hearts recall
The perfect gift of Love.