

## APPENDIX.

## 20.—HOME: IN WAR-TIME.

She turned the fair page with her fairer hand—  
More fair and frail than it was wont to be ;  
O'er each remember'd thing he loved to see  
She lingered, and as with a fairy's wand  
Enchanted it to order.      Oft she fanned      5  
New motes into the sun ; and as a bee  
Sings through a brake of bells, so murmured she,  
And so her patient love did understand  
The reliquary room.    Upon the sill  
She fed his favourite bird.    “ Ah, Robin, sing !      10  
He loves thee.” Then she touches a sweet string  
Of soft recall, and towards the Eastern hill  
Smiles all her soul—

for him who cannot hear

The raven croaking at his carrion ear.      15

—*Sydney Dobell.*

## 21.—ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST.

In vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,  
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire ;  
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;  
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire ;  
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,  
A different object do these eyes require ;  
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;  
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.  
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;  
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;  
To warm their little loves the birds complain ;  
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

—T. Gray.