

disappointing world. We have all read (and who can read dry-eyed the poor wife's record ?) how suddenly the end came, how the cloud concealed that fatal pleasure boat, and he who had gone from her so bright and hopeful, returned no more. And yet it was a death that suited not ill with his genius. In storm and darkness the spirit of a great and good man fled from this world of sorrow ; the last earthly sound that fell upon his ear was the thunder, and the rushing of the mighty ocean waters which in life he loved so well.

P. M.

 ORA PRO ME.

I.

Ora pro me ! The words are dear,
They were the last I heard thee say ;
And now, when thou art far away,
I hear them as if thou art near.

II.

Ora pro me ! When morning's light
Opens my eyes to worldly cares,
These words, like parting angels' prayers,
Mix with my visions of the night.

III.

Ora pro me ! When heart and brain
Grow weak with unavailing strife,
I feel a touch of sudden life
If these sweet words come back again.

IV.

Ora pro me ! When tender lids
Are closing o'er the eyes of day,
My memory whispers "She said pray ;"
My spirit does as memory bids.

V.

Ora pro me ! O strongest test
Of love that is by Heaven fed !
He wisely spoke the truth who said
* "He prayeth best who loveth best."

J. READE.