

THE SPIRIT EMIGRANT.

I.

He saw from far along the tide the evening splendour thrown,—
It leads towards home, that westward path, with gold and purple strewn ;
He watched the colours fade and die while o'er the waters lone
Into the sudden deepening night the stately ship sailed on,
And his thoughts were carried back to the old familiar hill,
Where he whispered to his love in the summer evening still ;
And the moon like a white veiled angel came slowly up the hill.

II.

His eyes grew bright, what sudden change steals o'er him by degrees ?
Not fever now, not now the flush of pain and slow disease,
As he cried aloud, my darling, I can see you sitting there
In the golden setting sunlight—with the sunshine on your hair,—
You're like a saint my darling, with the sunshine on your hair.

III.

To feel your hand close clasped in mine, your kiss upon my brow,
To hear your voice but once again is all I ask for now ;
And when your last kind word was said your last fond blessing given
The music of that voice should be my angel guide to Heaven,—
That sorrowful sweet melody could have no home but Heaven.

IV.

The glory faded—as it died, his spirit passed away,
And soon committed to the deep far fathoms down he lay ;
But his spirit crossed the wave to the old familiar Hill
And whispered to his love in the summer evening still,—
Wild grew her eyes with sorrow in the summer evening still.

C. P. M.