

The wind stole gently in and fanned my brow,
 Weaving, as 'twere, a garland fair and sweet,
 With fingers fairylike and mystical.
 The gentle voice of ocean, soft but stern,
 Silenced the growlings of the dogs of care
 That followed close my heels and crouched to stay,
 Driving them back from whence they followed me.
 While from my stooping shoulders slowly fell—
 Cut loose by hands invisible—the load of toil,
 Whose weight I did not fully comprehend
 Until removed and buried from my sight
 By shifting sands that whirled about and blew,
 Concealing e'en my wandering tracks from view.

Thus freed, I raised my head and found relief ;
 That very moment brought me back my youth.
 My chest heaved high and in there poured
 A stream of life that washed the channels free,
 And carried life and light to lungs grown old
 With impure air and close confinement's curse.
 But here the action stopped not ; through the veins
 And arteries of my being, with surprise,
 The life-blood coursed with sudden impetus ;
 As if rejoiced to find its former strength
 To turn the wheels of being swiftly round
 Still lying dormant, waiting for the hour
 To rouse itself and show once more its power.

Through my whole being ran a feeling strange,
 A quiver first that stirred, but soon increased
 As tho' a struggle shook my bodily frame
 'Twixt two combatants for the right to dwell
 Within the confines of these walls of flesh.
 It was a strange experience, new to me ;
 And I, though much concerned in the result,
 Seemed to stand idly by and allow the two
 To struggle for the mastery. When the thought
 Quick flashed that I must be the arbiter
 To decide 'tween worldly self and higher.
 The thought came quick ; the action quicker still,
 And triumph crowned the favorite of my will.

Then worldly self, with a convulsive shake,
 Loosed his firm grasp that years had made so strong,