

A SOUL'S QUESTION

“Those white and foamy billows,
That span yon darksome dome,
Must surely be the highway
To that elysian home.
Come, tell me, where is Heaven,
Is that the road I see?
Come, tell me, where is Heaven,
O Night! where can it be?”
But Night, with eyes a-shimmering,
Peered outward from the haze,
And seemed to wail with mourning,
“When I’ve numbered my days,
Then may ye know,
And there’ll be light.”