

XII.

Since then, a greater hero fought and perished,
 Within a silent room ;
 And, as our Goethe felt that all he cherished
 Was sinking into gloom—
 As, o'er his features stole the fatal pallor,
 He looked above and cried—
 In echo of that prayer of Grecian valor—
 " More light, O Lord ! " and died ! †

XIII.

That cry is mine, my friend ! but uttered vainly—
 The ear of Heav'n is deaf !
 And I may persevere in prayer, insanely,
 And win no true relief !
 Close up the books—for grim and ghastly darkness
 Has settled over all—
 My soul is wrapped for evermore in starkness,
 Within this funeral pall !

XIV.

Farewell, once more, spice-islands of my childhood
 Where I have lingered long !
 Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood—
 The laughter and the song !
 Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit—
 For I am drifting forth :
 My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
 My prow unto the North !

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

New Orleans, October 6th.



"WE WERE TOO POOR TO PAY."

Yes, it was a lovely spot—that village graveyard ! such a one,
 I fancy, as inspired the "Elegy in a country church-yard."
 There was less pomp and show than in our city burial places, but
 what of that—as Jeremy Taylor says, " We cannot deceive God
 and nature, for a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a
 sumptuous pall." So a grave is a grave, though it be piled over
 with sculptured marble.

Then that little girl ! How her image comes up before me—

† The dying words of Goethe were—" More light ! More light !"—the sublimest death-utterance I am acquainted with.