

For ever at the morn she bent her steps  
Unto the ocean's marge, deeming that there  
She might be nearest *him*, who was by day  
The close companion of her thoughts,—but whom  
She saw and held sweet converse with, soon as  
Her weary eyelids closed in sleep. Alas!  
Day after day she homeward turned, uncheered,  
Unsatisfied ; and, straightway when she passed,  
The guilty and remorseful sea, all-trembling,  
Smoothed o'er her tracks with layers of golden silt.  
Clouds gathered in her atmosphere of Love ;  
Her little bark of Hope could not live through  
The storm of Doubt ; and dim uncertainty,  
Half-hiding all from view, rose like a mist ;  
And with Hope faintly seen, she gained a store  
Of sadness ; and with sadness came long hours  
Of bitter thought, and pale, tear-moistened checks.

It chanced one night a dream visits her sleep ;—  
A dream, laden with all the woeful tale  
Of shrieks and horrid sights out on the sea,  
Lays on her brain that fearful load, and flees.  
Oh, with what terror startled did she brush