

Saying to neighbors or friends in distress, "Our boy is dead, sir,
 Else he would write!" But the mother and sister along cape-heads or
 Loftier ridges, full often inquiringly look'd o'er the wide sea
 Thinking of him who had gone as a lad from the near Zuyder Zee
 Into the distance beyond—in his perilous venturesomeness
 Seeking the greater commotions o' freedom which Denmark's dullness,
 Harass'd by Heligoland's jurisdiction ne'er gave. And if now
 Wishing or praying would bring him they yearningly sought as a gift how
 He might be given to them, and returning again be near them
 Soon. But the boy did not come. Was he dead? Or, in doubt, did fear them?
 Lo! from the mails a remarkable letter arriv'd one ev'ning
 Bearing the stamp-head of Britain's great queen, and the post's engraving,
 Showing the mark of one "Stellarton, Canada," from far across seas—
 Came to the mother. Then joys indescribable, healing loss, seize
 Each of the three, as the winsome young maiden o'er mother's shoulder
 Helps in the reading and, listening keenly, the father, some older,
 Opens the judgment, embolden'd by rougher experiences,
 Seated recliningly. Into their eyes (as in Nature's defences)
 Strangely that luminous light from the lines that read "Our boy alive"
 Shot up as beacons of joy in a city beleaguerr'd make survive,
 Safe and invincible, all that are living within. And seldom
 Letters did offer forgiveness more hearty full laden with welcome.

SAVING FOR HOME

Soon in the town ev'ry man and the others did learn how Svensen
 Letters had got from his home, and in time would be willing—toils on
 Homeward to turn, and in truth was already anticipating
 Thitherward sailing for Christmas festivity, often debating
 What he might save from his scanty week's wages, to social comrades
 Often entrusting his heart's saturation, tho' certainly some lads
 Thoughtless became and forgetful of others' concerns completely.
 Swede tho' he was and a seaman but lately, to act discreetly
 Never occur'd to him. Seemingly each of the townsmen honest
 Sympathy gave him, encouraging each of his hopes and his fondest
 Dreamiest glimmerings, blithesomely heightening expectation,
 Guiding his gloomiest gropings with gleamings of delectation.

Vainly are set all aspiring desires in human thinking
 If in the quicksands is nought to succeed in preventing sinking:
 Vainly each hope is securely implanted in human bosoms
 If in expansion and growth there is nothing but blighted blossoms.
 Brightly the gleamings of lights in the home do illumine friendships,
 Barring the entrance to gloom till some tragical break in kinships
 Cuts off the light-giving current abruptly. For perils e'er follow
 Quick upon gloom. Therefore, seldom extinguish'd tho' burning hollow
 Luminous lives could become. Oft before the effulgent hearth-light