

Of brutal wars; of how the sun
 Set not until a fight was done;
 And how the field of Marathon
 By valiant Greeks was nobly won.
 His hearers loved that tale of fame,
 To please them he'd repeat the same,
 Hence with them Mara was his name.
 Then oft with mellow voice he'd sing
 Some tender song of olden time,
 'Till tears into their eyes would spring,
 And send their thoughts off wandering.
 He felt, alas, that 'mong the rest
 He was a chattel slave at best—
 A slave! Why see, his cheeks are red,
 With auburn hair upon his head,
 With ringlets hanging round his brow,
 His eyes pure kindness did avow,
 His face intelligent and fair,
 But marked too soon with lines of care,
 For might it not be yet his fate,
 His sale by auction to await,
 If such necessity was great.
 His quadroon mother off was sold—
 Her beauty brought his father gold.
 He knew not whither she was sent,
 To find her was his full intent,
 To seek her and to get her free
 Was his desire continually.
 For her he'd freely sacrifice
 All that this world had to entice—
 All? No not all, for there was one,
 A pure, bright star for him still shone,
 Like one that from its orbit strayed,
 As if it came to cheer the earth,
 The light it brought would never fade—
 The radiant garment of its birth.
 And clouds, and gloom, and doubt, and
 fear,
 All disappeared when it was near.
 'Tis said angelic beings can change
 Their voice and form from time to time,
 When out on some exploring range,
 As if to suit each orb and clime
 Throughout the universe sublime.*
 Thus some may leave their native skies,
 And visit earth in woman's guise,
 To make this world a paradise.
 And one to him but lately came,
 Cleopa was the maiden's name.

'Twas Mara's choice when he could be
 Alone, to wander by the sea,
 And watch the coming of the waves
 As they rushed in ocean caves,
 Or how the gale with voice of doom

O'er wild waves did command assume,
 And then some monster billow spur
 To plunge into its sepulchre.
 And oft when moonbeams would appear
 As if to whisper, "Peace, be still,"
 Like passing seraphs drawing near,
 Some heavenly mission to fulfil,
 His heart would feel a wondrous change,
 The future would appear less black,
 And hope would have a wider range,
 It would of happiness bespeak.

While wand'ring thus with thoughtful
 pace,

One evening when the sun had set,
 As tender moonbeams took the place
 Of fading rays of violet,
 The sea was calm, and out afar
 Close to the waning horizon,
 Arose the beauteous evening star
 As if it wished to shine alone,
 And all around seemed as if Peace
 Had come at last to rule and reign
 And bid oppression ever cease
 Nor ever curse the world again.
 And often Mara wished some power
 Would free the earth from that dread
 woe—

The servitude which cursed each hour.

He thought thus as he went along,
 And presently he heard a voice
 Which soon became a plaintive song—
 No strain for one who would rejoice,
 Its pathos quickly touched his heart,
 Like solemn music in a dream,
 Sweet sounds of that celestial art—
 The harmony of heaven 'twould seem.
 'Twas said that many times before,
 As Mara had been often told,
 That Mermaids sang along the shore,
 Dressing their hair with combs of gold.
 There was a place which they might
 haunt,
 And now, as not a wave was seen,
 He thought some sea-nymph came to
 chant,
 Just at the witching hour serene.
 The song went thus, he listened till
 The voice grew sad, and faint, and still:

Hail, vesper star, the heavens are red,
 Thy lovely ray on earth is shed,
 The day is fled.
 Now shadows stretch across the deep,
 And darker hues o'er beauty creep,
 And flowers weep.

The lingering light and fading gloom

* See Rev. Dr. Dick.