

Undoubtedly his heart was sore.
I should have spoken long before :
“ Could I but mould one phrase of cheer,
Or suit it to thy cultured ear,
But—meagrely do words reveal
The joy or sorrow mortals feel.”
“ Ah! well,” said he, with cheerful smile,
“ The mind is sure the burning pile,
The word is but a smouldering brand
Swift carried by an Unseen Hand
To tinderred soul, where'er they lie,
To rouse them 'most to realms on high.”
My feeble words, as scant and dim,
Had touched the tinderred chord in him,
And broke that painful grieving spell,
The product of self-caused farewell.
To him my every thought seemed known.
“ And now that we are quite alone,
You wish to know where spirits are
Who from the orbs are flown afar.
Where from its cell the soul doth fly,
When spotted, too, it soars on high ;
As man believes, do pure ones say
‘ Depart from us ?’ No, no, not they ;
But rather do they draw them near
With hands outstretched, eyes moist with tear,
With heads slight back and slight aside,
Chins raised, and lips with Cupid's vied,
Their graceful forms all forward sent,
With foremost knee so slightly bent,
Then all, with voices soft and low,