



The Token.*

I.



WE had sat by the sea together, and heard from its mystic waves
 A hint that the morrow's parting might mean for evermore:
 Yet gather'd withal an earnest of *meeting* the fond heart craves—
 When the voyage of life shall be over, and gain'd the
 eternal shore.

The farewell had come with morning, and you had gone back
 to the sea.

The long, slow day had worn itself thro'—to a calm, fresh
 night.

A day of sorrow for you, and of weary travel for me;
 But it closed with a tender token of love from Our Lord's
 own light.

II.

I had preach'd in the Brother's chapel; and the final rite was
 ending

(How well "Benediction" we name it—so full of a peace
 divine!):

The "Deus qui nobis" sung, and the fragrant cloud ascending,
 Like mingled aspirations of many a soul with mine.

I knelt to adore for a moment, ere lifting the Host on high,
 When *you* came between it and me—on the altar
 resting your head!

Your whole form droop'd at His feet; and I ask'd the King,
 with a sigh,

To bless and comfort and keep you—"As Thou alone canst,"
 I said.

III.

And now your letter has told me that you, at the self-same
 hour,

With eyes on the pitiless ocean, which seem'd but to mock
 your grief,

* A Fact.