

THE LURE OF THE HEAVENS.

And often to its radiant gates  
There comes a maiden fair,  
Peering adown earth's dusty streets,  
Through nameless leagues of air,  
With homesick eyes watching she waits  
If haply, here or there,

From her high outlook she may see  
Some tired wayfarer coming,  
Some loved one of the group that she  
Flew forth from in her homing.  
Wait on, dear one, as patiently  
As here, for surely some there be  
Whose day draws to its gloaming.