

The Voyager.

Many days have sunk to rest
On the bosom of the West,
Since with clasp of lighted hand
And the light of wedded eyes,
To the unknown mystic land
We set out 'neath sunny skies.

All the earth had voice to sing,
Joy and love knew no decay;
Breeze of dawn and breath of eve
Filled our firmly swaying sail.
Bearings us where flowers bear
Liquid odors on the gale.

So our fragile shallop bore
To that unknown mystic shore —
Staying not for ebb or flow,

By the length of hours and days,
Nor for change of shade and glow,
Nor for lures of mermaid's bays.

Helm nor oar we needed not,
Sime and grief were all forgot;
One bright beacon only burned
In the magic distance far,
And our prow was always turned
To that ever watching star.

But one day, a deep'ning shade
On your tender face was laid,
And your wistful eyes were filled
With a strange and mystic light,
And your pulses slowly stilled
In the silence of the night.

You have found the land we sought,
Found your soul the realm of thought
All unspeakable is spread;
Disenthralled from fading dreams,
Love hath found its fountain-head,
Life hath found its natal streams.

Still my shallow drifts along
While I leave the past to song:
And recall the vanished years

With their wealth of love and light;
Still your image reappears
In the visions of the night. -

Still the star you watched with me
Rays its mighty mystery;
Over the dreary waste it throws
Broken lights of prophecy, -
Heart of mine that loves, not knows,
Follows it across the sea.