

OUT OF THE PAST.

A tiny picture hangs on the wall
 Where the silver moon-beams across it fall;
 A bit of rock and a wave or two,
 A fleck of white upon the blue,
 And the song of the sea comes back to me,
 And its din is sweet in my memory.

The long green rollers sweep the shore,
 And pound the sands with thundering roar,
 Glide backward, hissing in anger vain,
 Then gather, and swift crash in again.
 Thus the song of the sea comes back to me,
 With a grand and fearful harmony.

The winking wavelets fall asleep,
 Darkness smothers the face of the deep,
 But the restless breakers o'er and o'er
 Pound and pound with rhythmic roar.
 So the song of the sea comes back to me,
 The night-surf's sombre melody.

The song of the sea as it used to be
 In the days when I, too, was wild and free,
 And the wind-lashed, wave-lashed rock was my home
 And my cheek was wet with flecks of foam.
 The song of the sea comes back to me,
 And the tears to my eyes at the memory.

—*Brown Magazine.*

SONNET

Oh gracious Eventide, oh Twilight gray,
 That from the gloomy mansion of the night
 On silvery pinions wing'st thy airy flight
 O'er earth; and spreadest, by the crimson ray
 Of sunset tinged, slow fading with the day,
 Thy mantle's dusky gauze, in token light
 That whatso human heart hath suffered blight
 May find relief 'neath thy protecting sway.

Hast not some message from the spirit land,
 From one but late departed to that shore,
 The fond caressing of whose withered hand
 Can soothe the sorrows of the breast no more?
 Ah, no! come then, yet faithful, sacred band
 Of mem'ries dear, thy secret blessings pour.

—*Bowdoin Quill.*