

But still his plaintive grief for her was given ;  
The seeming myth she pondered in dismay,  
Believed in part, but doubted still his word.  
Her answer was, "The dead alone do stay  
In that lone place of which my ears have  
heard ;"

"And who of earth could cross the gulf so wide,  
Which parts the living from the silent ghosts ?  
Where is the light, the wandering to guide  
Across the inky waves of those dark waters  
lost ?  
This world I see ; I know I live and feel ;  
The mountains rearing to the vaulted skies,  
The plains, the lakes, the rocks I know are real,  
But deathland—who can know before he  
dies ?"

The spirit vanished, then she, troubled, woke,  
And of the vision and the message thought ;  
When morning came, she to her mother spoke  
About the dream which so her soul distraught ;  
Through all the camp is noised the strange  
event,  
The maiden's story, mute the listeners hear,  
And wonder if the omen be of good portent,  
Or if misfortunes, dire, will soon appear.

The spirits thrice to her the message brought,  
The lover, still, her coming did implore ;  
Less timorous grew her heart, the more she  
thought,  
And she resolved to see the spirit shore ;  
Her friends, to aid the girl, their efforts lent,  
For they, with dark and troubled bodings,  
dread

To spurn the message that the lover sent,  
And disobey the warnings of the dead.

The lonely voyage they prepare to make,  
Across the unexplored and silent sea,  
A few loved friends the girl, in sorrow, take,  
To bear her to the land where spirits be ;  
Their boat, in silence, skims the inky tide,  
No hov'ring sea bird circles o'er their way,  
No fish in all the charnel waters glide,  
Nor pearl its caverns light with gleaming ray.

A strange and horrid sense pervades the air,  
A weird and ghastly glooming fills the sky ;  
While on, and on, for deathland, still they bear,  
No landmark greets the lonely wand'rer's eye ;  
The wings of night and death o'erspread the  
deep,  
Beneath their hov'ring pinions, darkness falls,  
Black, still, and spirit-like, the waters sleep,  
And all is mournful as a funeral.

With horrid dread, they fear that they are lost  
To aimless, hopeless drift upon the sea.

As like some ever fleeing, outcast ghost,  
Who, mist-like, wanders through eternity ;  
Then came a light, as from a distant shore,  
And softly did its bright, resplendent ray  
Lay silver paths, the gloomy waters o'er,  
To light the soul-sick boatmen on their way.

Sounds of music's soft pulsations sweet  
Came floating over, lightly, on the sea ;  
They heard the drums of Indian heaven beat  
To dancing feet, a spirit revelle ;  
The changing waters now are crystal clear,  
Ten thousand gems its sparkling bed display,  
More soft and balmy grown, the atmosphere  
Comes, sweet as heaven's incense, o'er the  
way.

They met—such bliss before was never known—  
The beat of heart with heart, there by the sea,  
Was like the blend of rich and sensuous tones,  
In one voluptuous, swelling symphony ;  
The lovers haste to meet the joyous throng,  
Where none are old, deformed, or sick or sad,  
But all are beautiful and gay and strong,  
Where sorrow never comes, but all are glad.

Enrapt, she sees the splendors of the place,  
A thousand dazzling lights with radiance  
gleam,  
And gild, with joy, each beauteous face,  
While every sparkling eye with pleasure  
beams ;  
Each beautiful and fairy form is clad  
In splendors bright, of which she never  
dreamed,

Such gorgeous dress, no princess ever had,  
However bright her gems and jewels gleamed.

In lustre bright, is blent carnation's flame,  
And emerald green, or deep ethereal blue,  
And gorgeous tints that only spirits name,  
With pearls which in the sea of heaven grew ;  
About their necks and waists are chains of gold,  
While bracelets bright and jeweled rings or-  
nate  
Their soft and fairy arms and hands enfold,  
And round their throats bright wreaths of  
pearls are laid.

There, softly, met the happy lovers' eyes,  
Sweet love they looked into each other's souls,  
In many bliss, she heaves her breast and sighs,  
As gently round her form his arms he folds ;  
All night they dance and sing, or talk and  
laugh,

And feast on viands rich, of luscious taste,  
Or sweet, ambrosial perfumes joyous quaff,  
While swelling tones of music fill the place.  
When gleams the dewy dawn of breaking day,