

As swift as morning wind, the spirit flew,
 And to their friends of earth the tidings bore.
 They started ere the fade of morning's dew,
 To see the cherub on the spirit shore;
 And as the evening shadows softly fell
 Upon the island of the sleeping sea,
 The lonely trav'lers felt a mystic spell,
 And knew they neared the land they longed
 to see.

Full happy were their greetings when they met,
 And many were their tears of welling joy—
 Ah, never could their hearts the scene forget—
 And yet, their bliss was not without alloy;
 For when the granddame asked to see the child,
 That sleeping lay, upon its cushioned bed,

The granddame hourly longed to see the child,
 Forbid to look, her longings grew the more,
 Her curious mind could not be reconciled,
 Unless she see the babe, and it adore.

As one bewitched, she, longing, lingers near,
 And oft is tempted with her eyes to sin—
 "What harm to lift a little corner here,
 And just a moment, only, peer within?"
 Her curiosity prevails, at last,
 She lifts the veil, and sees the baby fair,
 Then drops the cloth, and trembling, hurries
 past.

But soon, her soul is frozen with despair,
 That stolen look, with sorrow heaven filled,
 For soon the sleeping lily gasped and died;



"AND KNEW THEY NEARED THE LAND THEY LONGED TO SEE."

"Thou must not look upon it yet a while,"
 Its father, to the wond'ring granddame, said.
 "A babe so wonderful and pure as this,
 Was never seen in earth or heav'n before;
 No incense-laden breeze will ever kiss
 An infant born of flesh and spirit pure;
 The angels all, with you, would celebrate
 The day when it is seen by mortal eyes;
 Their preparations ye must patient wait,
 And this event great joy shall equalize.
 "For ten full days, ye friends of earth must
 wait,
 And none must lift the veil, the babe to see,
 And heaven's will, no one should violate,
 For who can tell what might the sequence
 be?"

Though sad, 'twas thus that fate had willed,
 To punish those who dared her laws deride;
 The babe in dath's dumb, lay slumbers slept,
 Serene and beautiful its placid smile,
 While, o'er its form, the angels wept,
 That heav'n should lose a life so free from guile.

Thus died the only babe of heavenly birth;
 The spirits, in their anger, made certain
 That for the woman's sin, the dead of earth
 Should ne'er come back to live with men
 again;
 The lovers' friends returned in grief and shame,
 Nor tidings from the lovers ever heard;
 The Indians' dead, from deathland never came,
 For heaven's unchanging laws have never
 erred. G. B. KUYKOWALL.