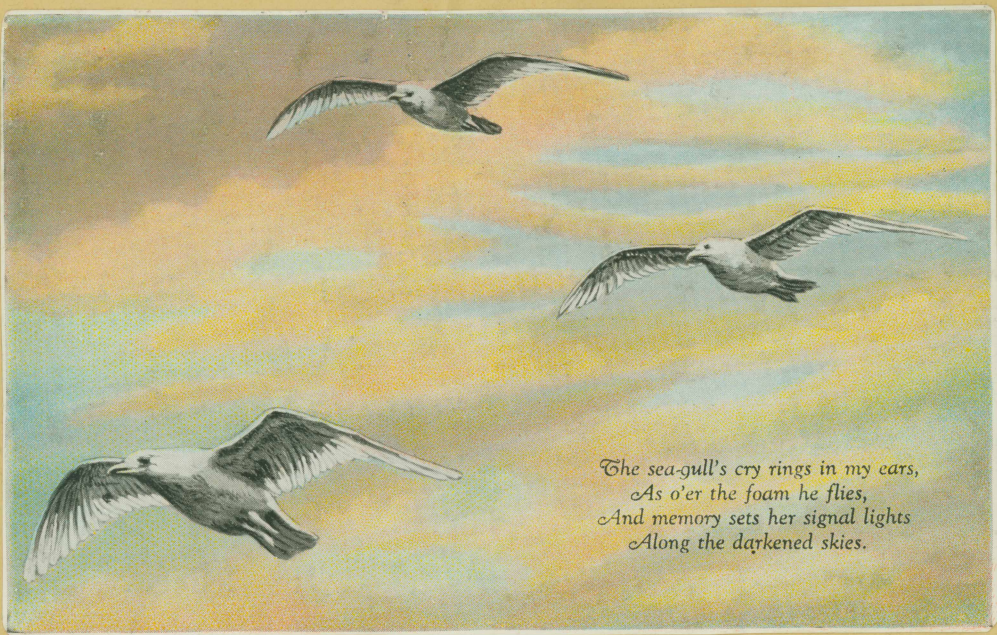


1894



The sea-gull's cry rings in my ears,
As o'er the foam he flies,
And memory sets her signal lights
Along the darkened skies.

