

VOLUME VI



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## THE DEATH ANGEL

## By FRANCIS HARD

We struggled in the waves, and I was ware Of a strange presence moving by my side, More beautiful than dawn, and dreamy-eyed, Who half enmesht me with her falling hair, Blacker than night, yet thousandfold more fair; And with the siren-voice of dreams she cried: "Forbear to struggle more, but gently slide Into my arms: new rapture waits thee there."

To that soft plea I would have yielded then, But tender voices cried into my ear, And then the sobs of loved ones I could hear; And so I turned, and fought the waves again. My comrade from my side she reft away: I entered into night, he into day.