

SHORE LIFE  
IN SONG



WILLIAM HALE



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# SHORE LIFE

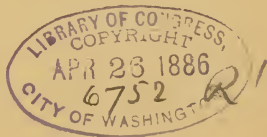
IN SONG.



BY

WILLIAM HALE.

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1886.

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TO MY  
HANDFUL AND HEARTFUL  
OF  
DEAR SHORE FRIENDS,  
WHOSE LIVES ARE AS HEALTHFUL,  
AND HEARTY, AND OPEN, AND GENEROUS,  
AND AS PURE AND SWEET AS THE SEA,  
BESIDE WHICH, AND ON WHICH,  
AND BY WHICH, THEY LIVE,  
THIS LITTLE BOOK  
IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

WILLIAM HALE.

Ogunquit-on-the-Sea.  
1886.

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## PROEM.



Go, little book! Go forth!

Fearless

Go out into the world upon  
Thy mission sweet of sympathy,  
And love, and cheer.

Seek every place.

Shun no heart calling in the night  
For brother's thought, and deed, and voice;  
But seek thou most earth's quiet spots—  
The wind-blown spaces of the shore;  
The dwellings clustered close of them  
That love, and live, and die, upon  
The sea.

There fetch thy sunniest cheer.

Enter those homes where great hearts be,  
That bravely breast the baffling waves  
Of care and trial that each day  
Beat ceaseless on the shores of time.  
Such homes for thine abiding choose—  
Those sea-side homes fixed firm upon  
Gray ledges, a-top brown-red cliffs  
That call and answer to the sea.

Go, little book! Go forth unto  
All lowly places; unto homes  
Low, brown, where a few roses cling,  
And holly-hocks stand guard beside  
The porch, and sun-flowers wreathed in smiles  
Follow the day:

Where, close below,  
The great sea chants its song for aye,  
Bestowing its immensity  
Upon a little town—thus doth  
Companionship with greatness, make  
The small seem great, by greatness shared.

When day is done, and toil forgot  
Before the brightly glowing hearth,  
Then speak thy little word of cheer,  
And sing thy little gift of song,  
And breathe thy little thought to bless.  
Whisper sweet comfort unto all  
Brave brother hearts that share with thee  
The gift of life, one in its hope,  
One in its love, and scope, and goal,  
One in its common lot, and fate—  
And, finally, one common home.

Unto all hearts, O little book,  
That look up to the light and trust,  
And daily strive with faith renewed,  
Be brother thou! be steadfast friend!  
Be thou the sun, to light their days;  
The moon, to cheer their nights.



## OGUNQUIT FISHING FLEET.

I see the fishing boats put out  
Each morn upon the sea,  
And from my early window watch  
Them floating far and free.

Ere the first flush of day appears,  
While stars are in the sky,  
Out steal the boats all silently,  
And to their moorings hie.

While rest their wives and little ones,  
And all the world 's asleep,  
These hardy fishers launch their boats  
And sail forth on the deep.

To feed the little hungry mouths,  
To cover little feet,  
Each day, when wind and wave allow,  
Toils hard the fishing fleet.

To keep their wives and little ones,  
And their snug homes maintain,  
They draw a well-earned livelihood  
From the begrudging main.

A league or more out from the shore,  
They fish with trawl and line ;  
With cunning hand draw deftly in  
The trophies of the brine.

I see them stealing here and there  
In distance small and slow,  
And with my glass I find each one  
As in and out they go.

I know each boat, I find them all,  
And count them one by one,  
Dark spots upon the waters bright  
Like motes upon the sun.

By heart and rote I know each boat,  
Name each familiar friend,  
And out to each in earnest speech  
A hearty God-speed send.



To each familiar form I turn  
A-bending o'er the bay,  
And ask of Him who made the sea  
To guide them in His way.

O friends of mine! O fishers free!  
Sail on, and nobly on!  
Until the voyage of life be o'er,  
And the safe harbor won!

Sail on! and learn to prize full well  
The joys of simple life;  
Let not the great world beat for you  
Her noisy wings of strife.

Sail on, and ever fearless on!  
The billows bravely breast;  
Nor let the hollow world entice  
You from your port of rest.

Sail on, and lean your trusting hearts  
Upon God's ocean wide;  
And learn to prize His love more than  
The great round world beside.

O friends of mine ! O sailors strong !  
O hearts that beat so true !  
Ye cannot know these earnest thoughts  
That go out after you.

Good friends, ye cannot hear this song,  
Nor feel this heart of mine,  
That warm and loving beats for you  
Far out upon the brine.

But heart shall read each heart one day  
And friend with friend shall meet,  
Peace be with ye, O sailors of  
Ogunquit fishing fleet !



## UPON THE SANDS.

I walked the shining sands one day  
To watch the little waves at play.

I followed down the ebbing tide,  
Free as the beach birds at my side ;

My life, bird-like, knew no alloy,  
I sang aloud for very joy.

To Him who loves the birds and me  
Alike, I cried : "Thus let it be :

Thus, gracious Father, lead along  
Life's shore, hearing alway Thy song ;

Thy child, ever to hear and see,  
The sound and shimmer of life's sea ;

Ever, although the storm be high,  
To hear the low sweet voices nigh ;

Prepared to rise and fly to thee,  
As these dear birds wing o'er the sea ;

Content—Thou holding fast my hand—  
To walk along life's golden sand ;

Content to work and sing for thee  
Hearing the murmur of thy sea ;

Ready to go, content to wait  
Upon the strand, till, soon or late,

The holy, happy summons heard,  
I joyful rise, like a wee bird,

Above the sad waves' restless beat,  
Above the rush of hurrying feet,

Beyond the striving of the shore,  
Unto my home forevermore.



“WHERE THE OCEAN SINGETH FREE.”

Upon the gray and solemn sand  
Alone at eve I cried ;  
“Here, Father, in thy hollowed hand  
Ever let me abide.

Here, where the ocean singeth free  
Its glad, eternal song,  
Grant me in peace and use to be  
Living, cheery and strong ;

Grant me, upon thy lowly shore,  
More true and brave to grow,  
My song of faith a-singing o'er  
As I pass to and fro.

Until, at last, or soon or late,  
I hear the summons mild,  
‘Come to thy spirit’s high estate,  
Come unto me, O child.’”

## THE EMPTY BOAT.

If I should go out in my little boat,  
    Out on the deep, deep sea,  
If I should go out one day, my love,  
    And never return to thee ;

If I should sail forth, O love of mine,  
    Never to be brought back,  
If the deep, deep sea closed over me,  
    And the little boat a wrack ;

What would you do, O precious one?  
    What would you do, sweet soul,  
With me at anchor in Heaven's safe port,  
    And you far, far from your goal?

Would you not think of the well-loved one  
    Who gazed with yearning eyes,  
Back, back to the distant shore for you  
    When came the wild surprise?

Would you not think of the true, tried one,  
Who feared no earthly thing,  
Who met his fate with a faith so firm  
That took from death its sting?

Would you not feel that the little boat  
That he shall guide no more,—  
Found a-floating, a sad wrecked thing—  
Left him on a fairer shore?

Would you not feel and know, O love,  
That the angry waves that day  
Did drown the body, but not the soul  
From that little boat in the bay?

Would you not see that those brave, bright eyes  
That looked and yearned for you,  
Out of the beyond, are shining yet  
With light, tender and true?

Would you not live in this sweet trust,  
That you shall one day float  
Safe out of the open sea of life,  
Into some port remote?

Where you shall find, O happy shore !  
Amid a radiant band,  
Your beloved one, waiting eagerly,  
With joyous, out-stretched hand?

\* \* \* \* \*

So let the little empty boat  
Ride out the noisy swell  
Of ebb and flood, moored off the shore  
That he has loved so well.

So let the frail, dismantled craft  
Mark off life's ebb and flow,  
Through all the dreary restless hours,  
Through tides that come and go.

So let the tiny, crippled bark,  
Breasting the ocean's strife,  
Speak to you of a peaceful port,  
The port of rest and life.



## SEA INFLUENCE.

The sweet sea-scents float in  
My window as I read,  
All rich and sweet and pure  
With the golden-brown sea-weed.

And the sweet, familiar rote,  
Singing the olden song,  
Chants deep and free, so dear to me,  
The eternal music strong.

O sea, O shore, ye are so near  
To this glad soul of mine ;  
And thankfully my life away  
I live beside the brine.



## A SEA-TURN.

Up through the salt and sea-blown spaces  
Floweth the evening wind ;  
Over the long, low, marshy places,  
Far, faint and soft outlined,

The gray fog floweth over all,  
And wrapped in silver mist,  
All human cares ebb with the tide,  
And all the world says "Hist !"

The ocean in its peace-robcs folds  
My heart, its trusting child ;  
And bids me steadfast onward press,  
And breast life's billows wild.



## MY WEE SEA-GARDEN.

At my sea-window long I sit,  
    When evening shadows fall,  
And watch the darkness o'er the land  
    And o'er the ocean fall.

I close upon the casement lean  
    To catch before I go,  
The dainty scents that float up from  
    My wee garden below.

I smell the garden heliotrope,  
    The tender mignonette  
And little winsome violets  
    All sweet, and rich, and wet.

I bend low o'er th' ambrosia bed,  
    The lavender and balm,  
And kiss the thoughtful pansies that  
    Look up to smile and charm.

The dainty, dewy, lily-bells  
Lean on the air a-faint,  
The sweet-brier nestles low upon  
The rock-heap, gray and quaint.

O tiny sea garden of mine,  
Hard by the yellow sands,  
Where white gulls wheel and strong tides rush  
Far up and down the lands ;

Kissed by the sea-blown, sweet salt scents,  
Enfringed by pinks and shells,  
And cradled in the ocean's peace  
That o'er me sinks and swells ;

O wee sea garden sweet of mine,  
Begirt with hawthorn flowers,  
I thank thee from my heart to-night  
For many restful hours !

## THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

At day-break Donald rose, and said  
    "Good by, O Annie dear!  
My little boat will bring me back  
    And you must never fear."

He pressed me closely to his breast,  
    He kissed our little boy,  
And passed out to the chilly morn,  
    His good face full of joy.

I saw him leave the road and take  
    The path below the hill,  
That runs across the valley, to  
    The wharves and old black mill.

He looked across the broad gray sands  
    And scanned with knowing eyes,  
The clouds that from the skyline, seemed  
    Like hungry gulls to rise ;

He looked off to the harbor-bar  
Where white caps rose and fell,  
And great waves dashed upon the rocks  
He knew and feared so well.

I watched him with his strong brown hands.  
From out the narrow slip  
Shove down his dory, till she felt  
The waters rise and dip.

I saw him store his trawls aboard,  
Then pull with steady oar,  
Down past the rocks, the beach, the bar,  
And head straight off the shore.

My frightened heart stood still, as twice  
Upon the foaming bar  
The little boat was lost to sight,  
And twice rose like a star.

And thus the boat pushed bravely out  
Grew smaller, and so small,  
A wee black speck, a floating fleck,  
I could not see at all.

And then I left my window-watch  
And bowed me down, and cried :—  
“Teach us to trust thy love, O God,  
Whatever may betide !

Bless all who live upon the deep !  
Was't not for such as we  
Thou calmedst the angry rolling wave  
On stormy Galilee ?

Then all who dwell beside the sea  
And earn bread from the wave  
O cover with Thy watchful eye,  
And with Thy mercy save.

Help us, O Father, so to live,  
On ocean or on shore,  
That we Thy love may always feel,  
And trust Thee more and more.

Help us to trust our days to Thee,  
Our lives, and all we be,  
And feel—safe in Thy wondrous love—  
At home on land or sea.”

## DAY-BREAK ON THE MARSHES.

The dawn is pierced with curlew cries—  
    Swift whistling through the air,  
Lo, countless gleaming wings arise  
    Above, around me, here and there.

I tread light o'er the oozy turf,  
    I pause to listen oft  
The plover calling to his mate  
    In signals low and soft.

And in the hush of dawning day,  
    Upon the sweet, salt grass,  
I watch the birth of a new day  
    In glory come to pass.

I mark the crimson lights that flash  
    Across the glowing sea,  
And bathe the marshes, broad and fair,  
    In hues of rare beauty.



I bow in reverence before  
The flush of a new day,  
A tender hush steals o'er my heart  
That shall not pass away.

I catch the glow, I feel the spell ;  
Caught from the brightening skies  
Thoughts fairer than earth tintings rare  
Within my spirit rise.

I grasp the holy mysteries ;  
Firm fixed my faith is set :—  
What wonder that in scenes like these  
Mine eyes with tears be wet !



## BOON ISLAND.

O lonely island of the lonely deep,  
Whose tower tall with steadfast eye doth keep  
Lone vigil over wind and wave and land,  
A guiding star of hope on every hand,  
I breathe upon thee words thou canst not hear,  
I give the greetings warm and full of cheer ;  
And over weary miles of wailing sea  
My heartfelt benedictè send to thee.  
Fondly each morn I turn my wistful eye  
To see thee looming tall against the sky ;  
And fonder yet, I gaze night after night,  
Watch for, and welcome, thy glad, cheery light.  
O cherished neighbor, island of the sea  
Out of my heart I claim kinship with thee !  
Steadfast companion of my nights and days,  
And radiant friend in all my busy ways,

Let my full tide of friendship toward thee set,  
Help thee to days of dreariness forget ;  
Let my warm heart lean o'er the sea and meet  
Thy loneliness with loneliness as sweet ;  
And let our close companionship reveal  
What words can ill express, but friendship feel.



“I DWELL BESIDE THE SEA.”

I dwell beside the sea, fed by its lips,  
Thankful for the society of ships.  
Hard by the calling, crying kelpy caves,  
In sight and sound of restless, rushing waves ;  
Cheered by the wild, wierd music of the beach,  
As sweet and clear and deep as human speech.  
And often at the silent close of day  
I hie me to the shore and softly say—  
Thankful that thus my restless life should be  
Led on and on beside the singing sea—  
“O peaceful, thoughtful and eternal sea,  
Give me thy peace ! O make me more like thee !

## MOON RISE AT SEA.

The moon appears in queenly state  
And smiles upon the sea ;  
Night opens wide her pearly gate  
With white stars gleaming free.

The silver waters kiss the sky ;  
The soft waves lap to rest  
The brooding hours, that listless lie  
Upon the ocean's breast.

Lo ! In the holy hush of night  
Life's cares do seeming cease ;  
The spirit takes its loftiest flight,  
And drinks its deepest peace.



## SUNRISE AT SEA.

Out in my boat away I float  
A-down the dappled dawn,  
And, from the mouthy shore remote,  
Watch close the birth of morn.

The twilight gray steals on apace,  
The pale stars glimmer yet,  
Night hastes to hide her sad, dark face,  
The wan-cheeked moon is set.

The angel of the dawn appears  
And shakes his wings of gold,  
His rosy face triumphant cheers  
The waters still and cold.

Then angels seize the shafts of light,  
And hurl them here and there ;  
O'er waves that ripple with delight  
Comes young day blithe and fair.

The sun uprises graciously,—  
And from his throne is rolled,  
Dancing upon the waters free,  
A lane of molten gold.

## THE LITTLE GRAVE BESIDE THE SEA.

Unmindful of the sunshine warm,  
Unmindful of the sea,  
A little weary child doth sleep  
Upon the hill-side lea.

He heareth not the birds that sing,  
Nor heeds the ocean wild,  
He marketh not the wheeling gulls,  
This little tired child.

The winsome mouth is hushed and calm,  
The little eyes asleep, —  
The grave is silent! And the dead  
Their still, lone vigils keep.

The wearied pilgrim seeth not  
How the fond father still  
Puts off to-sea each morn from out  
The port below the hill.

Nor heeds the little boat that fares  
At evening to the bay,  
Nor how the father's loving heart  
To him doth call and pray.

The sweet sea-air doth softly sweep  
Above him calm and still,  
The father's brimming eyes watch oft  
The grave upon the hill.

And so, O little, lonely mound,  
O grave beside the sea!  
Thou art the very sweetest spot  
In all the world to me!

For thou art the abiding place—  
Tho' to the world unknown—  
Of many hallowed, holy thoughts,  
O grave unsought and lone.

Only a few devoted feet  
Find their soft way to thee  
And pray, and mourn, and praise, above  
The grave beside the sea.

Sweet are the thoughts that friendship sows,  
And sweet thoughts rise in me,  
When oft I visit all alone  
The grave beside the sea.

How soundly must he sleep, I say,  
How sweet and trustful rest,  
Lulled to soft slumber by the sea,  
And pillowed on its breast.

And so, O little, lonely boy,  
Fair child upon the lea,  
At morn, at night, in shade or shine,  
Watched by the faithful sea.

Fair shall the promised dawn awake,  
When thy sweet sleep shall cease,  
And softly unto thee and me,  
May angels whisper "Peace."



## DAYS OF GROWTH.

Methinks these days of waiting come,  
    These days when waters moan,  
And earth, and sea, and sounding shore  
    With whistling winds are blown ;

Methinks they come direct from Him  
    Who ruleth sea and land,  
And holds the ocean's tides within  
    The hollow of His hand.

Methinks they come aright from Him  
    Who guides these lives of ours,  
And keeps us when we know it not,  
    Through the unconscious hours.

Methinks they come, these days of peace,  
    From One who knoweth best  
When His weak children bravely strive,  
    And when they need His rest.

I feel He loves His children so  
His care can never fail,  
And so I welcome thankfully  
These days of storm and gale.

I know these dreary, cloudy days,  
Are just the days I need,  
And thus I rest upon God's breast.  
And on His mercy feed.

These days of storm are days of growth ;  
They lift us from our ease ;  
They bid us launch our boats away  
And sail with God the seas.

These tempest-days are growing days  
On which we rise in song ;  
They bid us bravely breast life's waves,  
And teach us to be strong.

However dark and drear the day,  
Or wild the tempest's din,  
Naught can disturb my soul's deep calm  
For all is peace within.

These days of storm and striving are  
To me but days of rest,  
With light and peace, and faith and love,  
Deep locked within my breast.

And so the stormy, darksome days  
Bring only peace to me :  
Thankful I wait, and rest, and grow  
Strong by the mighty sea.



## MY SEA-DOVE.

Be my fair sea-dove, in yon window sit  
And brood upon the sea with tender eye,  
While in my little boat the waves I skim,  
And watch thy signal in the tower high.

While like a swallow o'er the sea I wing  
Happy and blithe beneath my gleaming sail,  
Watching the token of that love, dear heart,  
That for me shineth ever without fail.

Watching to catch the glint of snowy scarf  
From out the little window on the height,  
To catch the gleaming of a white arm there,  
Or find the fairness of thy robe's pure white.

I look thro' eyes a-brimming with love's flood  
To the familiar watch-tower on the hill,  
So happy in the thought that my fair dove  
Waits true and patient, calm and steadfast still.

So glide I eager to the shining shore,  
And lift my voice unto the sea's sweet speech,  
And feel that life is such a joyous thing,  
That hath the sea and love its way to teach.

And so I sing : "O tender sea-dove mine,  
Make we beside the sea our wee snug nest,  
Where as sea-children we can safe abide,  
And in each other's arms find peace and rest."

I see the soft white flutter and go down,  
And, as I make the bay, is seen no more ;  
I know my love in youthful radiance fair  
Will wait to bid me welcome on the shore.



## NIGHT-FALL.

The wearied day sank slow to rest  
Upon the ocean's billowy breast ;

Black bars of cloud in grim array  
In sombre fetters bore away

The beauteous one whose presence fair  
Still lingered down the glowing air.

O'er the gray sea there stole a sense  
Of meek, devoutest penitence ;

Like some adoring sweet-faced nun  
Lost in her prayers at set of sun.

The darkness came on more and more  
And brooded closer than before.

I could not see the purple wave  
But heard it lap the shore and lave ;

I only heard the slumbering deep  
Where lonely birds their watchings keep.

I only touched the cool, wet sand,  
And in the hollow of my hand

Held a few drops from ocean's cup,  
And felt my spirit lifted up.

I felt that wondrous spirit-peace  
That comes as the pure soul's increase,  
When faith and love their pinions shake,  
And into hallowed song awake.



## TO MOTHER ON THE SHORE.

Sweet mother, sitting on the shore,  
    Beneath the bold cliff's frown  
Where mighty waves like war-steeds foam,  
    And trample up and down ;

Sweet mother, on the golden sands  
    Resting by ocean's side,  
Come, let me hold thee in these hands,  
    Come, with thy child abide.

Sweet mother, let the ocean's peace  
    Enfold thee close to-day,  
And all of sorrow, all of pain  
    Drive from thy heart away.

Dwell, glad and free, hard by the sea,  
    Its healthy influence feel,  
Let thro' the sea my love for thee  
    It's brimming cup reveal.



Sweet mother, trust thy heart with mine,  
    Make my fond heart thy home,  
And let it be a rest so sweet  
    Thou canst not from it roam.

Sweet mother, trust thyself to me,  
    Make my fond heart thine own ;  
And feel, far mightier than the sea,  
    My love around thee thrown.

In storm or calm, in shade or shine,  
    Find shelter on my breast,  
Let this unfathomed love of mine,  
    Afford thee peace and rest.

Let this unfathomed love of mine,  
    Far vaster than the sea,  
Chant its eternal rhyme to all  
    The world,—but most to thee.

## A WALK UPON THE SHORE.

I walked upon the shore one dreary day,  
The solemn sands were cold and gray and wet ;  
And wailed the sea in mournful discontent,  
Like some low, tender, and sad-voiced, regret.

Afar, from o'er the steel blue waters came  
The uncertain glinting of a filmy sail,  
And, chafed there yonder by the low, black  
rocks,  
The sullen sea gave back its hollow wail.

Near me, the little beach-birds, fearless, brave,  
Ran, piping softly, up and down the sand,  
Seeming with me to feel the love of God,  
And dwell, like me, within his hollowed hand.

I wandered on, by rocks and kelpy cairns,  
Nigh to the sea's great heart—the dear sweet  
rote  
Making familiar music—till I came  
At last unto my little bight remote.

Unto, beyond the bar, the little cove  
Sheltered and sandy, close begirt with ledge  
That guards and keeps and holds it sweet for me,  
And runs into the ocean life a wedge.

I softly said: "Here let us stay, dear heart,  
Within this sheltered, sunny, sea-kept spot,  
Where God's deep peace flows in full on the tide,  
And the great, weary world distracteth not.

Here let us stay, dear heart, yes, thou and I,  
Here in this quiet cranny let us dwell  
Hard by the sea, and fed by its deep peace,  
And watch the wondrous waters flow and swell.

In such companionship let us remain,  
Such sweetness for our habitation choose,  
Nor wander far and vainly forth to gain  
Ill-satisfying wealth, we find to lose.

This is the favored spot, our chosen home:  
At anchor in this port we'll snugly ride  
Upon the singing tide, that like God's love,  
Rushes and swells and floweth free and wide.

Here is our home!—I love the sweet, sweet  
name!—

Our simple little home beside the sea ;  
The rocks, the birds, the waves our nearest  
friends,

The sea and God both here so close and free.”



“I LIE UPON THE GREAT SAND-DUNES.”

I lie upon the great sand-dunes  
To see the stars arise,  
And listen to the far off songs  
O'er sea and land that rise.

The weary day is dead and gone,  
And night is on the deep ;  
Angels of thought in tenderness  
Their pinions o'er me sweep.

And in the silence and the hush  
I catch faint songs divine ;  
Out on the trembling stilly night  
Beats loud this heart of mine.

And mid the ecstasy of song,  
The anthems of the stars,  
Nebulous gates are folded back  
Held fast by gleaming bars.

What wonder, lost in infinite,  
This finite life doth cease ;  
And that, fed by eternal love,  
Doth human love increase !

## GOD'S MARINER.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO S. H.

One of God's mariners am I  
Upon His ocean vast,  
And tho' I see not now my port  
I know 'tis sure at last.

One of God's mariners am I  
Breasting the sea of life,  
Only a weary seaman I,  
Swept by the billows strife.

Only a trembling mariner  
Afloat upon God's sea,  
Yet knowing only what is good  
His love can bring to me.

Only an humble sea-farer,  
A singing sailor I ;  
Tho' swift the storm sweep o'er my course  
I know that by and by

Awaits me sure the harbor safe  
Where storms can enter not,  
Where, anchored in the bay of peace,  
Past dangers are forgot.

Riding at anchor in the port  
I'll laugh at ocean's strife,  
At all those weary, anxious days  
I, struggling, prayed for life ;

When, spent from battling with the storms,  
And from the course blown wide,  
I called on him who rules the sea  
His ship-wrecked child to guide.

Following thus the pilot true,  
And trusting Him always,  
Patient I slowly fare, and gain  
A little day by day.

One of God's earnest mariners  
I sail on through the night,  
Trusting his love to keep my way  
Until the course grows light.

Trusting his beacon lights to guide,  
The safe way to reveal,  
I steer with closely tended sail,  
And bend firm at the wheel.

Bright o'er the troubled sea of night  
Shines on me from afar  
God's glorious orb of love, His own  
Refulgent guiding star.

And so I press on through the night,  
Knowing he holds my way  
To guide, and lead me up at last,  
Unto His perfect day.

Only God's mariner am I,  
His child forevermore,  
Or out upon His open sea,  
Or on His sheltered shore.

Surely God's mariner am I,  
Wher-e'er my bark may float!  
Tho' swift or slow the voyage may be,  
Sure is the port remote.



## THE ARCTIC OWL.

Perched out there yonder on the bleak, bare  
head,

The great, white owl his lonely vigil keeps ;  
Erect and stately on the rocks and snow  
He clasps the icy crags with firm-set feet,  
And blinks serenely at the pelting storm,  
And mid the fury of the elements  
Unmoved contemplates with his purblind eyes  
The mournful waste of waters neath him spread.

The sad relentless wailing of the sea  
Touches with kindred thrill his lone brave heart,  
And speaks to him of frosty Labrador,  
His far off home of ice and snow and cold,  
The splendid paradise of fearless birds.

Fiercely the salt sea-spray sweeps o'er the head,  
Blown from the wild north-easter's savage  
throat :

Majestic rouses the brave bird, and shakes  
His ample plumage ruffled by the blast,

And with consummate haughtiness and state  
Within his ermine robes himself close folds,  
Withdraws unto himself, and learns to lean  
Upon his own unaided powers.

And thus  
Teaching the lesson all brave hearts must learn,  
To look, not outward, but first, most, within ;  
To hold the great world off ; not to permit  
Its entrance to those holy peaceful crypts  
Sacred to self, where deep browed thought en-  
throned,  
Sits to bestow her rapt companionship.



## A SONG.

I take a warm heart for my queen,  
A sweet face for my song,  
A loving heart to beat so true,  
Full lips that part in song.

A generous form, a shapely head,  
A bosom full and wide,  
And rich brown hair that bursts its bonds  
And ripples like the tide.

Eyes that know only how to look  
All kind, all sweet, all true,  
Dear, steadfast, shining pilot-lights,  
My love's deep eyes of blue.

A sweeter life than hers I weiss  
Was never, never known,  
A life unselfish pure and sweet,  
And great through sorrow grown.

A nobler truer heart than hers  
Was never, never seen,  
Beating forever true and warm,  
The great heart of my queen.

## LITTLE THINGS.

What gifts, O God, are ours from thee—  
    These friends, this shore, this sea !  
Where e'er we turn thy comforts cling,  
    The days all sing of thee.

The very air, the night, the day,  
    The senses, sound and sight,  
These precious rills of comfort thrill  
    Our being with delight.

These little things, so near and dear  
    They almost common seem ;  
God's little unregarded gifts,  
    That with sweet comfort teem ;

These little things so oft o'er looked,  
    Too often thrown away,  
Are richest blessings that are given  
    To make sweet life's steep way.

Only by trusting all to Him  
    Our feet with light are shod :  
Sweetest thro' sorrow's tear-dimmed night  
    Shine the fair stars of God.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

With brimming heart I lay to-night  
The lost dead year away ;  
The onward path I can not see,  
The time with mist is gray.

Tis step by step, and day by day,  
Our little lives we lead ;  
The past is gone, the future God's,  
The present is our heed.

What lot is mine I can not tell ;  
What draught my cup shall fill—  
Bitter or sweet ; my life I know  
Is ordered by God's will.

Whatever in its time befalls,  
This thing I surely know ;  
It must be right and good, because  
My Father willed it so.

I will not turn all weak to Him  
When beelling storm-clouds rise.  
But struggling upward, peak on peak,  
Slow from the valley rise.

I will not fear the future dim,  
Nor brood o'er days long passed;  
Knowing that living true each day  
I shall reach home at last.

I fold the weary days away,  
And kiss the dying year,  
And happy enter on the new  
In trust, and not in fear.

Upon the Lord I trustful wait,  
Thankful for what He sends,  
And give unto His love to keep,  
Myself, and all my friends.

I ask not now my path to see,  
But patient, onward plod  
O'er vale and hill, o'er crag and brake,  
Up to the gates of God.

I know He'll not despise His own,  
His children weak forget,  
But help them when the flint is hard,  
And tears the sandals wet.

I know that all I am and have  
Are His, and His alone ;  
And what He kindly loans me here  
Is His and not my own.

I give my life with its results,  
I give Him all my friends,  
I trust His strength to lift me up  
When my poor weakness ends.

I trust His love for everything,  
Through all my nights and days,  
Trust it to guide and give me grace  
In all my human ways.

I trust it in the shadowy night,  
I trust it in the dawn,  
I trust it when the dead shall wake  
Unto the perfect morn.

## HEART-CALM.

The low white sail in the far offing faint  
Gleams like a pearl dropped in the sapphire sea ;  
All here and there the joyous Kittiwakes  
    In merry revel skim the slumbering sea.

Deep is the soft blue air ; deep is the sea ;  
Sweet are the songs blown from yon boisterous  
    caves ;  
Rich is the air with ocean's peaceful kiss ;  
Sweet are my thoughts that rise from life's deep  
    caves ;  
Rich is my heart, made glad by scenes like this.

The white sail melts within the sea's deep cup ;  
The happy birds utter their brave wild cries ;  
My heart, too, melting on a sea of love,  
    With joy doth fill the over-brooding skies.



## NATURE'S SONG.

I go down to the lonely beach  
And hold out both my hands,  
Listening for nature's kindly speech  
With ear close on the sands.

Full on her all-sufficing breast  
My trusting self I throw,  
And cleave the closer to her rest  
Wherever life may flow.

I watch the blue sea flowing in,  
The waves their white crests spill,  
And joy too great to be held in  
Doth my glad eyes o'er-fill.

The ocean with its clapping hands,  
The sail out on the deep,  
The beach with myriad mellow sands,  
With me accord all keep.

We all do chant the self-same praise,  
In one our voices blend,  
One power keeps our myriad ways,  
One influence shapes our end.

We all do sing the same glad song,  
One cry from many a tongue,  
For nature's anthem grand and strong  
By all her host is sung.



## ON SEA-CLIFFS HIGH AND LONE.

Upon the craggy shore I dwell,  
On sea-cliffs high and lone ;  
Below, the sea its voice uplifts  
In hoarse and hollow moan.

The screaming gull curls here her flight,  
Swift skims the tossing waves :  
And beach and bar, and rock and scar,  
The great sea fondly laves.

Down on yon black and foaming ledge  
The barnacles up-rear  
In lives of patient striving, slow  
Their wee homes year by year.

The canny lobster by the point  
Plies in and out his caves,  
And rare pink star-fish float about  
Upon the strong-armed waves.

There lie the muscles closely packed,  
There crawls the laggard snail,  
The wary cunner darts about,  
There floats the sun-fish pale.

There lives the sea-anemone  
There waves the kelp's brown hair,  
Dulse and sea-urchins oft I draw  
From many a shingly lair.

The hideous gape-mouthed sculpins wield  
Like scavengers ashore,  
To seize and bolt all floating things  
Ply swift the finny oar.

Here glad I dwell so near the sea  
I feel against my face  
The light-winged spray blown high and free  
O'er my high dwelling place.

Here dwell I close upon the shore,  
Upon the very sea,  
And feel that deep companionship  
So much, so much to me.

Here live I happy, day by day,  
And in the sea I trace  
God's love, and when the day is dead,  
I hear the waves say "grace."

Companioned by the ocean gray,  
Fed by its beauty vast,  
No lone nor hungry heart is mine,  
All lack, all want, is past.

I eat out of the ocean's hand,  
I drink from out its cup,  
And listening to its voice sublime  
My soul is lifted up.



## SKIPPER CHARLIE.

His boat, full fared, has long been in,  
For Skipper Charlie's trip is done ;  
The kids are full, the trawls are coiled,  
His day's brief voyage is run.

There in his sunny cottage-door,  
While the sun lingering sets,  
Sits Skipper Charlie bending low  
Mending his broken nets.

He works and sings in a low, rich voice  
Some legend of the town,  
Some tale of wreck in a fearful gale,  
When vessel and crew went down.

Some harrowing ocean-tale of woe,  
Some quaint and sad sea-song,  
Now swelling high, now dying low,  
Comes from his deep chest strong.

The long bone needle swiftly plies  
The meshes in and out,  
And the parted nets under his hand  
Again grow whole and stout.

Three children are playing about the door,  
He watches each wee girl,—  
Here's Gertie and Olie on the step,  
And yonder's little Pearl.

The children play about the door,  
And in and out the stoop,  
Or climb his shoulders broad to ride  
With merry childish whoop.

The skipper stops in the midst of his task  
The round of work forgets,  
As he stoops to kiss the cunning ones  
All tangled in his nets.

All tangled and caught like so many fish  
In the folds and meshes fast,  
Till father with his great brown hands  
Sets them all free at last.

He works away on the low gray step,  
And up the evening sky,  
A weather-prophet sure and true,  
He casts his knowing eye.

He thinks of the well-known grounds far out  
Where cod and haddock are ;  
And wonders what chance the morn may give  
To get outside the bar.

To-day is sure, to-morrow is not ;  
What a day may bring, who knows ?  
He knows that the full boat just come in  
Is richer than one that goes.

The sails that slant far down the bay  
And dot his strip of sea,  
To-morrow may proudly enter port,  
Or helpless sunk wrecks be.

So wind and cloud, and sky and sea,  
With half' shut eyes he scans,  
And working hearty all the while,  
Makes many wise-laid plans.



The low, broad door is open wide—  
A voice within he hears  
Sweet toned, forgetting toil in song  
His listening heart that cheers.

'Tis a song of love and peace and trust,  
A song from the Bible old,  
That tells that the warm heart singing it  
Is bright and pure as gold.

The happy voice of a happy heart  
That is the world to him ;  
His eyes that look up from their work  
With joyful tears are dim.

And the skipper listens and works away,  
His face is full of peace ;  
Not till the nets are meshed and corked  
Do the busy fingers cease.

The mellow sun-beams lingering slant  
Athwart the open door ;  
The blinking cat sleeps purring on  
A sun-spot on the floor.

He works till he hears a welcome voice  
    Sound the welcome supper-call,  
Then in the house his brawny arms  
    Carry the children small.

And seated at his humble board  
    He thanks the Lord for bread,  
And from each tiny lisping mouth  
    A tender grace is said.

Happy with wife and little ones  
    As evening shadows grow,  
O skipper, brave good friend of mine,  
    Thus ever may you go.

Thus always may you pass through life,  
    Nor know no grievous ill ;  
Thus may good health, our truest wealth,  
    Your snug home's coffers fill.

Happy in wife and little ones,  
    When the boat goes out no more,  
Long may you rest in God's embrace  
    Upon his peaceful shore.

Long may the sun shine brightly down,  
As it has shone to-day,  
And on the sea or on the land  
Make clear and bright your way.

Long will the memory of this day,  
This scene of home-delight,  
Dwell in the heart that came to you  
Homeless and lone to-night.

Long will the happy memory  
Of pictures such as these  
Bless on its way a heart that fares  
Alone wide o'er life's seas.

And for the hearty good you do  
Unconsciously to-night,  
Affording thus the picture sweet  
Of home with glad hearts bright,

This glimpse into home's Eden fair,  
Our earthly paradise,  
Wherein no wily serpent lurks  
To tempt us to be wise,

I give you blessings full and free,  
—Though you may never know—  
Blessings that warmly pour from out  
A heart that loves you so.



## THE HOME-COMING.

O patient hands that toil all day,  
O patient feet that run,  
O patient heart that waits at home  
Alone till day is done :

O patient eyes that steadfast burn  
Fed by love's holy oil,  
O eyes that burn and glow and yearn,  
Forgetting care and toil ;

That wistful follow him who goes  
Each day out on the sea,  
And with stout heart braves storm and wave  
To feed his babes and thee,

Know that the open gleaming sea  
Is but God's safe high way,  
And that the bread cast on the wave  
Shall sure return one day.

Be sure the sweet home-coming shall  
Thy empty day well fill,  
That after hurried, anxious day,  
Comes even, happy, still.

Be sure the sweet home-coming shall  
Make glad the snug home-nest,  
And drive those croaking cares away  
That lurk within thy breast.

Be sure this home-coming each day  
In from the treacherous sea,  
The greatest of all blessings is  
Unto thy babes and thee.



## WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

“WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.”

O the tide goes out, and the tide comes in—  
And up and down the strand  
I go, waiting if I may see  
My good ship make the land.

O the tide comes in, and the tide goes out—  
When the long days begin  
I hie me out upon the cliffs  
To watch my ship come in.

O the tide goes out, and the tide comes in—  
But I watch on each day,  
Hoping at last to see my ship  
Come sailing up the bay.

O the tide comes in, and the tide goes out—  
But never a craft of mine,  
Of all yon sail that dot the blue,  
Sweeps grandly up the brine.

O the tide goes out, and the tide comes in —  
    Yet never do I see  
In all yon fleet that gaily rides,  
    The brave good ship for me.

O the tide comes in, and the tide goes out —  
    Yet patient every day  
To see my good ship coming in  
    I trustful watch and pray.

O the tide goes out, and the tide comes in—  
    And I amid the din  
Of wave and rock, wait long and late  
    Until my ship comes in.

O the tide comes in, and the tide goes out—  
    When I am stronger grown,  
Then from the land and from the strand,  
    I'll put to sea alone.

O the tide goes out, and the tide comes in—  
    I know that soon or late,  
Out of the deep my pilot's voice  
    Will call me as I wait.



O the tide comes in, and the tide goes out—  
And yet, to life more vast,  
To deeper seas, diviner airs,  
I shall be called at last.

O the tide goes out, and the tide comes in—  
And so at peace within,  
I trustful, patient, watch and wait  
To see my ship come in.

O the tide comes in, and the tide goes out—  
When I descry her sail  
How gladly will I welcome her,  
How gladly hear the hail.

O the tide goes out, and the tide comes in—  
But from life's narrow shore,  
To deeper sea, to vaster life,  
I sail forevermore.

O the tide comes in, and the tide goes out—  
Upon the deep I sail:  
Tides ebb and flow, winds come and go,  
My pilot can not fail.

O the tide goes out, and the tide comes in—  
And down the sea afar,  
I'll make at last my port of peace  
Where God's blest islands are.

O the tide comes in, and the tide goes out—  
But soon at home I'll be,  
Where right is best, and life is rest,  
And there is no more sea.



## MY BOAT.

My boat puts bravely out each morn  
In fair or stormy weather,  
And out upon the sea far plies,  
Its finny fare to gather.

All in the silence of the night,  
Or flush of morning's glory,  
I hear the steady oars beat time,  
And tell the same old story.

And as the sunshine's radiance breaks  
In splendor o'er the river  
A manly heart to fresh life wakes,  
And thanks its gracious giver.

I cannot keep my boat's full course,  
Nor trace out all its turning ;  
But this I know, where e'er it go,  
Its master's heart is yearning,—

Yearning and watching all the while,  
Kissed by the gray sea tender,  
For something greater than it hath,  
A life more full of splendor.

So while the little boat each morn  
Hies to its daily mooring,  
The heart that mans it roams beyond  
In brave and earnest soaring.

And while the busy fingers stout  
Swift under-run the trawling,  
A manly heart is heaving high,  
And manly tears are falling.

And while the deft hands take the fish  
From out the brown net's measure,  
The happy, healthy heart exults  
In a far richer treasure.

Long as the wee boat patient fares  
Each morning from the harbor,  
So long the heart will all its cares,  
With all a hero's ardor.

Cast full upon a Father's love  
And from His bounty borrow  
Those blessings that forever bless  
The past, to-day, to-morrow.

While thus my boat its curving course  
From day to day is steering,  
I know that heart to broader life  
Is steady, surely, nearing.

I know at last with all made fast,  
And riding snug at anchor,  
The brave heart free shall happy be,  
Held by some heavenly anchor.

That by and by, when it and I  
The sails of faith are bending  
Neath bluer skies, through calmer seas,  
We'll find the rough voyage ending.

And safely moored on other shores  
We shall have done our fishing,  
And find more than fulfilment there  
Of all our poor life's wishing.

## A CHILD OF THE SEA.

“Father is dead, kind sir,” at last  
The sad eyed maiden said ;  
“And brother Paul has gone away  
To earn our daily bread.

Two years ago last summer gone,  
Father was lost at sea ;  
And, Paul away, mother is left  
Alone with children three.

Where is our home? We live up there  
In yonder little cot  
Thankful and tender each to each,  
And happy in our lot.

When mother dear sits down to knit,  
And all the chores are done,  
I take Gracie and baby Fred  
To play out in the sun.

I take them down upon the sands  
Just here before our door  
To watch the birds run up and down,  
The surf beat on the shore.

My name is Alice, and I'll be  
Eleven come next June;  
And mother says I am so smart  
I'll be a woman soon.

I watch the sea, and in my arms  
Sing baby Fred to sleep;  
Then gather drift-wood far and near,  
And pile it in a heap.

While Gracie's playing in the sand  
I hear the sea's sad rote,  
And careful sew the buttons on  
Her little faded coat.

O yes sir, we so snugly dwell  
Upon this seaside lea,  
And do not lack for anything,—  
Though father's lost at sea.

For mother trusts the widow's God,  
And says, out of the deep  
God's star of love forever shines,  
His trusting ones to keep.

Within our little home we are  
So cosey, as you see,  
I cannot, dear sir, understand  
How we could happier be.

Good by, kind sir, for I must go ;  
There's mother in the door ;  
She always comes and calls us when  
The table's in the floor.

So I shall take the children in  
And fill their little bowls,  
And tie the baby in his chair,  
Although he cries and scolds.

Then when we've had our porridge hot,  
And cleared away each thing,  
Mother, with baby in her lap,  
Will read a Psalm and sing.



And we do have such pleasant times—

But I must haste away—

Our life is full of shine and cheer—

Thank you kind sir!—Good day.



## A HAPPY HOME.

### A BENEDICTION.

O happy house, O blessed home,  
God's kingdom upon earth,  
Where hope and faith and love abide,  
And peace broods o'er the hearth.

O happy home, O dwelling fair,  
Where man and wife are one  
In hopes and aspirations, life,  
And deeds, done and undone.

O happy roof to cover close  
Such happiness, such peace :  
O happy house to shelter safe  
A love that shall not cease.

No ampler hospitality  
E'er spread for me its board ;  
No grand hall gave so rich a fare  
As doth this cot afford.

Never found I more lordly hosts,  
More regal welcome had,  
Than this which greets me warm to-night,  
And makes my heart so glad.

Never two hearts more royal warm  
Their loyal welcome gave  
Than these that for their grateful guest  
Their utmost bounty save.

Never more broadly entertained,  
Better companioned, I  
Than in this cottage by the sea,  
With only true friends nigh.

Nor ever seemed I more at home  
Then where, where good friends be,  
The heart grows warm and strong and pure,  
Beside the steadfast sea.

Honor be thine, O happy roof,  
Honor and joy and peace ;  
Long may the hearts that call thee home  
Beat glad with love's increase.

Deep peace be thine, O cottage small  
Sure as the ocean's flow,  
To find thy warm hearts filled with love,  
And always keep them so.

## O GRAY SEA.

O gray sea, from thy hidden treasure vast,  
Give me thy strength against the rising blast ;  
Give me thy depth where rare pearls hidden are,  
Give me thy faith to follow me afar ;  
Give me thy hope, my drifting heart to keep  
Safe anchored ever on God's ocean deep ;  
Give me a love that like thy boundless tide  
Rolls unrestrained—its crumbling bounds defied ;  
Give me sweet peace, my heart within to float,  
Like yonder bird, pruning her snowy coat ;  
Give me a heart, whose great love, like the wind,  
Knoweth no check, but ever unconfined  
Floweth abroad wherever life hath found  
A dwelling-place—in sky, or sea, or ground ;  
And, like the music from thy wave that swings,  
Its ceaseless anthem ever joyous sings.

## FAREWELL THOU SEA !

From these dear scenes I soon shall pass,  
Pass to return no more ;  
But always will the billows beat  
On my beloved shore.

Forever will the rush and roar  
Of the unceasing tide,  
Whatever comes, whatever goes,  
Sweep up these cliffs beside.

Forever will the sink and swell,  
The restless ebb and flow,  
Over these lonely golden sands  
Unfailing come and go.

But never upon cliff or scar  
Shall happier mortal be  
Than he who comes alone to-day  
To worship sun and sea.

Yet never by the rocks and caves,  
Or by the shining sand,  
Shall come a fonder child than he  
Who walks to-day the strand.

Never shall truer lover come,  
O holy, peaceful sea,  
Than he who comes to-day and throws  
His trusting heart on thee.

A love more free could never be  
In human heart from thine,  
Never a fonder child could come  
To dwell beside the brine.

Never a fuller heart could dwell  
More peacefully with thee,  
More thankful breathe the sweet, salt air,  
And feed upon the sea.

Far greater lives than mine will come  
To dwell upon thy shore ;  
But none will ever come I know,  
O sea, to love thee more.

So farewell ocean, vast and gray !  
Farewell ye countless waves !  
Good-bye, ye echoing crags and cliffs !  
Good-bye ye deep, sad caves !

O yellow sands, that day and night  
The wilful tide plays o'er,  
Your friend, sad-hearted, goes to-day,  
Goes to return no more.

O sand-birds bravely pipe and run,  
Listen, and say good-bye ;  
Your hermit-friend must turn and go  
Before you rich clouds die.

O sea-birds on the billows there,  
Preening your snowy wings,  
Your firm, fond friend says sad "Good-bye."  
To all sea-loving things.

O beach and bar, and foaming point,  
Let your soft, white-winged spray,  
As with an angel's peace-drooped wing,  
Enfold me where I stray.

O waste of waters infinite,  
Thou ocean, best of friends,  
Let thy sweet influence follow close  
Where e'er this short life tends.

Let me, wherever duty's low  
Firm voice doth summon me,  
Feel when alone and weary oft  
Thy presence sweet, O sea.

Whenever memory fondly yearns,  
And wistful turns to thee,  
Bless thou thy trusting child again,  
O faithful, steadfast sea.





## A SONG OF THE HEART.

My little life is full of song,—  
What joy is mine,  
Led on by God from day to day  
Beside His brine!

And deep-set tides of joy arise  
And flow abroad,  
And swelling, fill these brimming eyes  
That spill their hoard.

I only know, that, like the sea,  
The Lord's am I;  
And thankful by it live out His  
Good plan for aye.

Held in the scheme divine, my life  
Is sweet and sure,  
And like an endless song flows on  
Serene and pure.

A child of sun and sea and shore,  
Little I heed  
The world, knowing within I have  
All to my need.

And so upon the sea-kissed cliffs  
I happy stray,  
On the warm breast of nature oft  
My full heart lay.

I lay me down and listen what  
She hath to tell  
Unto the trusting child she keeps  
And loves so well.

O joyous, happy heart, always  
Let it be so!  
Let the sweet tide of song within  
Thee rise and flow.

The little instrument played on  
By God's good ways,  
Be glad, content, O feeble reed,  
To pipe His praise.

Dear happy heart, trust on, and keep  
Thy wondrous peace,  
That, like the sea's sweet song to God,  
Shall never cease.

## PASSING ON.

I do not mourn for those who go,  
And leave me here ;  
But "God-speed" wish them on their way  
Without a tear.

I know that when earth's race is run,  
Father will call,  
And to the dear home-country will  
Gather us all.

And so I grieve not, though a friend  
Should pass before ;  
Because I know the less of earth,  
Of heaven the more ;

Because I know that what God wills  
Is wholly right ;  
And, tho' I see not here, above  
All will be light.

Because I know and trust the love  
That each and all  
Enfolds and comprehends for aye,  
Or great or small.

And so while friends are passing on  
Unto our home,  
I only say "good-bye," and wait  
Where billows foam

Upon life's sounding sea-beat shore,  
Content to be  
Doing God's will, safe in His love  
Eternally.

And so I live and toil and trust,  
Knowing at last  
—All trusts fulfilled and duties done—  
Each bright goal passed—

I shall pass on, my life rounded  
And made complete,  
To sit and sing forever at  
My Saviour's feet.

“O TENDER, INFINITE, GRAY SEA.”

Could life beside the ocean e'er  
Be weak or small?  
Thou ocean vast keep me, and be  
Mine all in all.

Could one upon the ocean's shore  
E'er lack a home?  
Or, from its sheltered harbor snug,  
Wish far to roam?

Could one be sad who called the sea  
His very own?  
Or, with the sea's companionship  
E'er feel alone?

Could one beside the singing brine  
E'er songless be!  
Ah, into this glad life of mine,  
Blessed by the sea,

Never a darkening doubt shall come,  
Sorrow or pain;  
Nor aught evil within this heart  
An entrance gain.

For littleness there is no room  
    Within a life  
That takes its untamed grandeur from  
    The ocean's strife.

How could a heart fed by the sea  
    In everything,  
Be ever speechless, or how could  
    It choose but sing?

O gray sea, steadfast guardian of  
    This restless life,  
Keep thou this singing heart  
    In peace or strife.

O sea, be father, brother, friend,  
    Unto this heart  
That loves and feeds on thee with all  
    A lover's art.

O tender infinite gray sea!  
    O deep, deep breast!  
My chief delight in life, be thou  
    At last my rest!

## THEN, AND NOW.

I said :

I can not tell what waits for me  
Beyond that rim of curving sea :  
I know not what the fate in store  
When boldly I put out from shore ;  
What lands at last my bark may win,  
What threads for me the fates may spin,  
Nor what the coming days shall bring,  
Unto what port my bark shall wing.

I say :

But faith shall be my polar star  
To guide me sure o'er waters far,  
To where those unknown islands lie  
Whose shores are lapped in fadeless sky.  
Dear heart, be brave to meet the fate  
Halfway, never by accident  
Or chance to struggling mortals sent  
By angels from the Heavenly gate.  
Be brave in battle ! O heart, know  
If sorely pressed, God willed it so ;  
And thank Him for the strength and grace  
To stand in thine allotted place.

A LITTLE BROWN NEST BY THE SEA.

I have a nest, a snug little nest,  
As snug as any linnet,  
A little brown nest with roses dressed,  
And a sweet brave heart within it.

And I put out each favoring morn  
In my boat on the broad gray ocean.  
And my thoughts all day to that brown nest run,  
And the dear wife's sweet devotion.

I know the mother-bird carefully keeps  
That home-nest all sweet for me,  
And loving and tender all the day  
Tends our three babies bonnie.

And I am sure when the night comes down  
And my boat to the bay is bending,  
I shall see the light from my nest on the hill  
Its bright ray cheerily sending ;



That, when in the dark I make the land,  
Up the harbor still am sailing,  
I shall catch the gleam of a small lamp trimmed  
By a hand and heart unfailing.

I know that when up the hill-side steep  
My weary feet are pressing,  
A door will open to welcome me,  
And a heart, its love confessing.

And there with Heaven in her fond eyes  
My good sweet wife will meet me ;  
With her loyal eyes, and her loyal heart,  
In her own sweet way will greet me.



## THE SEA'S LESSON.

The sluggish tide crept up the yellow sand,  
And, lost in mist, the sun sank o'er the land :

Lonely and late, along the lonely beach  
There passed a youth whose mission was to  
teach

That beauty round about him every where,  
The beauty in the earth and sea and air ;

To show to all that rare and marvellous light,  
To them that had not his far reaching sight.

With eye and heart athirst for light and love  
He saw the sea look to the heavens above,

And mirror on its own deep, billowy breast  
The light of heaven, its peace and love and rest.

And then he caught the secret of the sea  
And cried, "O ocean, give thou unto me

To show in every drear and needy place  
The reflex light of heaven in my face!

Give me, like thee, to take and hold in store  
Unmeasured beauty flowing more and more;

Give me to scatter wisely, far and free,  
Blessings to all, as thou dost do, O sea!

Give me a heart divinely brave and strong  
To sing, like thee, its fair eternal song!"



## A PARTING HAIL.

O beauteous ships that stud the far off sky  
With looming mast and shapely tower of sail,  
'That drop away to other seas and lands  
With yards all slant wise to the favoring gale,

O bear on with ye, down yon distant brine,  
Thro' other seas, to other shores and men,  
These parting God-speeds from these hearts of  
ours,  
And stay not long, come swift to us again.

Sail grandly up the sea and enter port,  
—The harbor of our hearts, wide open thrown—  
Furl all your snowy sails, both anchors set,  
And rest ye in the port of home, sweet home.

For here among your own, true rest is found ;  
Here, howsoever wide your voyaging be,  
However long and free your roamings are,  
Here is your home, the haven sure for ye !

Here bring your golden bales, and precious  
freights,

The trophies rare from many a distant clime,  
Here will your cargoes fetch their truest worth,  
And life will beat to love's fair golden chime.



## THE "POOR JIM."

A year ago last April sailed  
The "Poor Jim" stiff and staunch ;  
A better boat was never seen,  
Nor man will ever launch.

At dawn the schooner wore away  
And stood off from the shore,  
Then laid her course straight for the banks,  
And to the southeast bore.

A trigger craft ne'er left the cape,  
Nor proudly sailed the bay,  
Than "Poor Jim" wearing off the land  
That fatal April day.

She made a quick run to the banks  
And joined the busy fleet,  
And soon the hold with a grand fare  
Her crew had filled complete.

One day with colors proudly set,  
Her finny mission done,  
She hailed the fleet "good-bye," and sailed  
Upon her homeward run.

But never since that day she left  
The banks with hopes elate  
Has sign or token ever come  
Of the poor schooner's fate.

No token ever reached the port  
From o'er the treacherous blue,  
No floating corpse, nor spar, to tell  
Of vessel or of crew.

No bottled message, at the last  
Dread hour cast over board ;  
No wreckage, floating far to bear  
One hope, one longed for word.

No bloated bodies drifting slow  
Upon the changeful swell  
To tell the piteous, awful tale,  
That dead men sometimes tell.

For never on the foaming sea,  
    Along the trackless main,  
Like some tired bird unto its nest,  
    Came the boat back again.

And so upon the lonely cape  
    Are weary hearts that wait  
For boat and crew, long over-due,  
    And roaming long and late.

Thro' anxious days, and sleepless nights,  
    Thro' months that come and go,  
Upon that bleak and sea-swept cape  
    Wait sad hearts sunk in woe.

O hearts that wait so long and late  
    To welcome thro' your tears  
The "Poor Jim" into port again,  
    Moored safe beside the piers—

O bleeding hearts that call and cry  
    Unto the cruel waves  
To give your dear ones back again,  
    The dead from out their graves—



Be patient ! For, tho' ne'er again  
    May come loved boat and crew  
Sailing all proudly up the shore  
    To hearts that wait so true,

At last upon a calmer sea,  
    Upon a fairer day,  
Ye glad shall stand upon the strand  
    And welcome up the bay

The dear old boat, the gallant crew,  
    Your dear ones welcome home,  
And all safe anchored in one port  
    Never again to roam.

So wait, and murmur not, O hearts !  
    God's love is o'er ye spread.  
Peace ! And be still, O hearts, until  
    The sea gives up its dead !

## THE SAILING OF THE "LILY."

The ship slow wound the river down  
    Along the rocky shore ;  
At last she reached the harbor's mouth,  
    At last the bar passed o'er.

I hastened to the head to watch  
    Thro' misty, tear-dimmed glass,  
Bearing my valued friend away,  
    The graceful "Lily" pass.

Outside the bar she briefly paused  
    To shake out all her sail,  
Then like a white gull skimmed along  
    Before the freshening gale.

I saw the skipper at the wheel  
    Look backward to the land,  
And brush the falling tears away  
    Upon his horny hand.

I watched him through the faithful glass,  
I watched, and saw him gaze  
Once, long and earnest to the hill,  
The home of happy days,

And then with sweetness in his face,  
The hero in his eyes,  
Collect himself, and bear hard down  
Upon the wheel that flies.

O brave firm friend, go on and on,  
To work across the wave,  
And earn the utmost that thou canst,  
'Tis little thou canst save.

O brave and earnest manly heart,  
O sailor friend of mine,  
Who for the dear ones all at home  
Sailest upon the brine ;

Who now to keep thy precious ones,  
Who now for love's sweet sake,  
Leav'st happy home and loving ones  
Tho' heart should sigh and break,

Be brave! And keep thy trustful heart,  
And teach it not to fear,  
—Nor space nor time can separate—  
Our loved are always near,

Be patient, brother mariner,  
Sail thou in trust the deep!  
And know the unerring pilot will  
Thy lonely course safe keep.

Know thou that heavy hearts at home  
For thee will call and yearn,  
And that a light, love-tended, fed,  
For thee will steadfast burn.

Be patient, brother mariner,  
Sail steadfast o'er the sea!  
After the weary voyage is run,  
Home's harbor waits for thee.

Sail on, and breast whatever waves  
God in His love sends thee!  
Fear not, like Peter weak in faith,  
To walk upon the sea.

Sail on, toil on, press on, O friend,  
Thro' Spring, Summer and Fall,  
God walks with thee the weary days,  
And keeps thy moments all.

I can not shout cheery good-byes,  
But sad low tones must use,  
My too-full heart can only beat  
Its muffled "God bless yous."

O patience, brother mariner!  
Firm grasp the laboring oar!  
One day the voyage shall ended be,  
When thou shalt toil no more!



## MY PRAYER.

Each day to grow more sweet and tender,  
A nobler, purer man,  
Each day repay life's holy lender,  
And work out God's great plan ;

Each day to sail life's wondrous ocean  
And ever onward steer ;  
To live and toil in brave devotion  
Until the port draw near ;

Each day to trust God's holy orders,  
Sailing with Him the seas,  
With angel pilots, angel warders—  
Secure with such as these ;

Each day toward the unknown haven  
To sail with orders sealed,  
Trusting all in the light of Heaven  
At last shall be revealed ;

Trusting for chart and compass steady  
The guidance of God's hand,  
His love all-reaching, ever ready,  
To waft me to the land ;

Each day to sail and cast my anchor  
A little nearer home,  
Until at last I shall drop anchor  
Beyond the billow's foam,

Inside the line of restless breakers  
Upon the harbor's calm,  
Within the wall of breaking billows  
That shall no more alarm ;

Each day to fearless on be pressing  
Over an unknown sea—  
Thus is my steadfast heart confessing,  
This, this my prayer shall be.

To where the harbor lights of Heaven  
Bright o'er the waters glow,  
And I sail in upon my haven  
Because God wills it so ;

Thus on with faith's devout assistance  
Until, her voyage past,  
My soul her humble poor existence  
On God's great love shall cast ;

To sail with hope and love unbounded  
Upon God's holy sea,  
Until my life by Him is finished, rounded, —  
This, this my prayer shall be.





## TO AN OUT-BOUND SHIP.

I stand and watch them from the shore,  
The white ships steal away  
Silently down into the blue,  
All at the close of day.

And from the cliffs bold brow I watch  
Thro' eyes made dim with tears  
One ship closer than all the rest,  
As sea-ward swift she veers.

For yon white sail in offing faint  
Than others fairer seems,  
And proudly, amid all the fleet,  
Her snowy canvass gleams.

For there upon her wind-swept deck,  
Upon her sea-worn floor,  
Stands one I love to name as friend  
Fast falling from the shore.

And so, more than the others all,  
I watch this faithful ship  
Grow far and faint, and drop below  
The ocean's curving lip.

More beauteous ships my eyes descry,  
A-dancing o'er the foam ;  
But this one dearer holds my heart,  
Wherever she may roam.

An hundred sail glide swiftly by ;  
But one I call my own ;  
And lean toward with joyous shout,  
'Tis she I watch alone.

And so I stand and watch my ship  
With eye and heart abrim,  
Till hull and sail fade into fleck,  
And all the world grows dim.

And when the night draws darkly down  
I follow her unseen,  
And love to think her sailing on  
Beneath a sky serene.

I follow her with earnest thought,  
Follow to every port ;  
Wherever my brave friend shall roam,  
There shall he find my heart.

And so at home I wait and watch  
The days, like ships, go by ;  
And swift, with rosy canvass spread,  
Sail down the evening sky.

And love to think of my good friend  
Beyond the distant sea,  
And wonder where his vessel fares,  
And where her port may be.

I love to think each closing day  
Those steadfast eyes of blue  
Are gazing back to home and me,  
All earnest, fond, and true.

I love to think how this dear heart,  
Loving, tender, and brave,  
Will fearless sail for love's sweet meed,  
And patient breast the wave

Until with patience he hath brought  
To end the voyages all,  
And eager, happy, home returns  
Unto his cottage small.

I love to trustful give him thus  
Into the dear Lord's care,  
With a full heart and misty eye,  
And just a little prayer.

And thus I love to sit, and think,  
And in the dear Lord's hand  
Leave all my dear ones, far or near,  
Upon the sea or land.



## OGUNQUIT CHURCH.

I love a little church that stands  
Hard by the sea-swept shore,  
Where swift the tidal waters rush,  
And ocean billows roar.

O little church, O little church,  
Uprising from the sea,  
Thou art in all the wide, wide world  
The dearest church to me.

Thou givest peace and quietude  
Deep running as the sea,  
And blessings by the sea kept sweet  
Are always mine from thee.

O little church, O little church,  
Upon thy porch I wait  
For odorous. sea-blown messages  
That throng thy narrow gate.

I enter glad thy lowly hall,  
    Choosing the sea-board side,  
Near the sea-window, always in  
    The summer open wide.

Like a good child I calmly sit  
    Within my windowed pew,  
Feast eyes and soul with visions of  
    Yon briny ocean blue.

And while the earnest parson tries  
    In meagre, half-clad speech  
The tales oft told, yet never old,  
    My hungering soul to teach,

My mind is roaming with my heart  
    Out yonder to the beach,  
Where best for me the great waves speak,  
    And life's deep lessons teach.

O little church, O little church,  
    I love thy peaceful ways,  
I love thy preacher's honest face,  
    I love his homely phrase,

That tells the olden story o'er  
    In words of living fire ;  
I listen gladly to the hymns  
    Raised by thy full-voiced choir ;

I love thy whole-souled worship, that  
    Is more of heart than mind ;  
I love the manly friends that sit  
    Before me and behind.

I love thy weather-beaten spire,  
    Thy vane with sea-ward slant,  
To which the sea-men, weather-wise,  
    Their knowing eyes oft cant.

Dear is thy presence oft to me,  
    The sabbath of thy smiles,  
And dear the old familiar rote  
    Swept up thy sea-blown aisles.

Dear as thou art, O little church,  
    Unto this heart of mine,  
I love thee more because thou art,  
    Like me, blessed by the brine.

For more to me than minster pile  
    These teachings of the wave,  
And more than sect or church or creed,  
    The thought that God can save.

And closest do I feel that might  
    That keeps me hour by hour,  
When in the sea I find revealed  
    God's boundless love and power.

Dear art thou to my heart, O church!  
    Aye, doubly dear to me!  
Since, Lo! Through thee I look and find  
    Christ walking on the sea.





## THE HIDDEN SEA.

I love to go when bright the day  
Breaks o'er the summer sea  
Out on the cliffs alone, and sweep  
Th' horizon, far and free.

And there to watch the far off ships  
'Gainst sky and water clear,  
All like some costly cameo,  
For dainty beauty dear.

But most, and best of all, I love  
The dim and misty days,  
When sea and shore are wrapped in fog,  
And lapped in silver haze.

Those days sweet-breathed and tender, by  
The white fog softly kissed,  
When earth and sea and sky are veiled,  
And life is lost in mist.

Yon waves, that in their noisy caves  
I hear, but can not see,  
Teach me, tho' blind, to trust alway  
In God's great mystery.

Teach me with voices that command,  
And wondrous eloquent,  
To take God at His word, and to  
Accept what He hath sent ;

To take life as He gives it, all  
Mysterious, unseen,  
And on life's page of rugged lines  
His goodness read between ;

To Him who gives these paths revealed  
To trust for hidden ways,  
To look up to that love eterne  
Whose mercy never strays.

So gladly on these misty days  
I hie me to the shore,  
And take life's story up again,  
And read it o'er and o'er.

Devout I listen to the waves  
I hear, yet can not see,  
And marvel at the love of God  
That reaches unto me.

I trust the wisdom that from us  
All future-knowledge holds,  
And human weakness, human sin,  
Forgives, and close enfolds.

I let the mighty hidden sea  
Speak to my listening heart—  
Too blind and weak to read God's plan  
I, trusting, act my part.

Too short to fathom God's deep love  
My human plummet line,  
Too weak for aught but to Him cling  
Is this poor heart of mine.

I hear the misty, unseen sea  
This precious truth confide,  
That God, tho' blinded eyes see not,  
Follows our roamings wide.

I hear the waters rise and sing,  
In all yon noisy caves ;—  
There is one power that life sustains,  
There is one love that saves.

And so I love to listen lone  
Just at the dawn of day  
To God's love, hid, mysterious,  
Told by the ocean gray.

I love to thank Him for the light  
By life's dim day revealed ;  
For love, that like the mist-bound sea,  
Can not be all concealed ;

And pray that He will lead me on,  
And in His love enfold  
A life that withers as the grass—  
A tale that soon is told.

The mighty pæans of God's love  
Ring in yon hidden seas—  
What wonder that this life is glad,  
With blessings such as these !

How well yon waves their story tell!

How sweet the ocean sings!

Lo! Thro' yon mist my eyes descry

The rush of golden wings!



LINES TO A HUMAN BONE.

FOUND WASHED ASHORE UNDER ISRAEL'S HEAD.

O white bone in the great deep lost,  
Long by relentless waters tossed ;

Washed by the deep-set tides, and cast  
Upon this rocky shore at last,

Scoured by the sands, to dry and bleach  
Above the tide-mark's highest reach,

Amid the shingle and the drift  
That great tides winnow out and sift :

Cast on the rocks to grimly greet  
The coming of my lonely feet :

Cast on the shore to rest, and say  
To him that findeth thee to-day ;—

“O good, my brother, take thou heed,  
Live as becomes thine utmost need !

And know that not till life shall cease  
Shall come to thee the perfect peace."

Washed high ashore to tell the tale  
Of piteous wreck, of awful gale,  
Of frenzied curse, and shriek and prayer,  
Commingled on the shuddering air ;

How in the hungry water's flow  
Went down the good bark, settling slow  
Into the sea's engulfing arms,  
To realms of watery alarms.

How short the struggle, brief the fight,  
The weakness vain of human might !

O relic of some brother's end,  
O trophy sad of sailor friend,

Speak to me ! Be not silent now !  
'Tis all I ask of thee that how,—

Since never, never from the main  
Awake the dead to life again—

To live thou'lt teach me, and to die ;  
How best to act with peril nigh ;

How, well to die, but most to live,  
So that, a steward, I may give  
Unto the Master good account,  
A flowing measure, fair amount ;  
That, heeding not what end may come,  
I patient wait the welcome "Come !"





## THE GULL ROCK.

Down at the winding river's mouth  
When the tide has ebb'd far out,  
A long, black rock, from out the sands  
Raises its smutty snout.

And there, by hundreds in the sun  
When the low tide faintly sings,  
Come the laughing, chattering, screaming gulls  
To preen their silv'ry wings.

Squatting so closely each to each,  
That the ledge can not be seen,  
They perch and gossip cosily,  
And eat the mussels green.

So thickly perches the snowy clan  
The ledge is a thing of life,  
And would almost seem to rise and soar  
Above the billow's strife.

Hour after hour they sit asleep  
    With head beneath the wing,  
Or else disturb their neighbors all,  
    And scream, and laugh, and sing.

They perch in peace, and sun themselves,  
    A gay, harmonious band,  
Till the laggard tide comes crawling up  
    Across the broad, flat sand,

And reaches in its sure advance  
    The ramparts of the rock,  
And white-tipped, thundering volleys belch  
    And smite with shivering shock,

And serried lines of waves charge up  
    Like soldiers at a fort,  
While many a glistening phalanx sweeps,  
    White-plumed, to give support,

And reach, and clutch, and flow around,  
    And deluge in their spite,  
The fortress strong they can not shake  
    With all their skill and might.

Then rise the gulls—a snowy cloud—  
On tireless wings to soar,  
And sail like phantoms in delight  
Along the sounding shore.

How swift they rush! How high they fly!  
Then sweep with pinions set  
High over all the leaping spray,  
Above the gray sands wet.

For well they know in a few hours  
Again the rock will be  
Triumphant, left all dry by the  
Vanquished, retreating sea.

And so they rise and soar away—  
What grace, what ease, what might!  
In wondrous, airy, gleaming curves,  
And graceful lines of flight.

Screaming and laughing at their wild  
Mad revels in the air,  
Until again the ledge shall be  
Left for them fresh and bare.

## MY FRIENDS THE SHIPS.

See! To and fro, and bending low  
Where yonder beacon dips,  
Lean the tall masts and gleam the sails  
Of my good friends the ships.

Swift east and west they silent hie,  
Hugging the rocky shore,  
Nor seem to fear the sunken reefs,  
Nor hear the surf's low roar.

Around the frowning bald high cliff,  
This way and that they slant;  
Out from the cliff's deep shade they run  
Heeled down with graceful cant.

Against the cliffs in bold relief  
How beautiful they stand!  
White wings athwart the bold dun rocks,  
Like gulls upon the strand.

Steadfast the trusty messengers  
Of love and commerce ply ;  
Steadfast in calm or tempest, there  
Are brave hearts beating high.

I love to watch my noble ships  
—They all, all, all are mine !—  
And tenderly I follow them  
Afar upon the brine.

I fond and wistful watch them all  
As in and out they veer,  
In purple distance, low and faint,  
Or in the offing clear.

All day I follow earnestly,  
Mark how each course is run,  
All day their brother-heart looks out  
Until the set of sun,

And yonder stately watch towers tall  
Lift their great patient eyes  
That burn to guide, to comfort, and  
To guard against surprise.

E'en then I brood upon the ships  
Tho' eye and ear do fail,—  
Tho' perish all the weaker sense,  
The strong heart will prevail.

So in fair dreams I see my ships  
A-tacking off the shore,  
And watch the ghostly caravan  
Sweep o'er the ocean-floor ;

And love to think the same great law  
That guides yon bonny fleet,  
Guides and protects my life as well,  
Me too keeps pure and sweet.



## AARON AND LEANDER.

Two staunch, sea-faring friends have I  
    Dwelling upon the shore,  
Whose names upon the salt sea-air  
    Come to me o'er and o'er—  
Two jolly, jovial friends have I  
    In Aaron and Leander.

Two fearless, strong, free-hearted souls  
    Who dwell hard by the sea,  
Whose friendship on the ocean wind  
    Flows strong and sure to me—  
Two sturdy, manly friends indeed  
    Are Aaron and Leander.

Content and happy they abide  
    Each in his sea-side lot,  
And walk with patience thro' those cares  
    That fill each lowly lot—  
Strong, staunch and true, always true-blue,  
    Are Aaron and Leander.

Their cosey homes are on the shore,  
But most their lives are spent  
Upon the sea with trawl and line,  
At weary oars long bent—  
For fearless, hardy fishermen  
Are Aaron and Leander.

All that they have is from the sea,  
Their snug homes and their health,  
All their possessions come from it,  
And therein lies the wealth  
That in the future days shall keep  
Brave Aaron and Leander.

With cunning craft they trim the sail,  
And man the trembling oar,  
And skillful sink their lobster-pots  
Just off the rocky shore—  
Two rosy, roisterous lobster-men  
Are Aaron and Leander.

How stealthy creep they to the ledge,  
Cat-like along the rocks,  
To smite with fire the startled fowl



Bedded in clamorous flocks—  
For dauntless, peerless sportsmen sure  
Are Aaron and Leander.

Gaily each morn, blow high, blow low,  
They launch their boats away,  
And sing while dancing o'er the waves,  
Tho' fiercely flies the spray—  
For ruddy, deep voiced sailor lads  
Are Aaron and Leander.

Thro' short years filled with busy days  
My life rolls swift away,  
But oft I pause to listen when  
The wind is from the bay,  
For songs and shouts I love to hear  
Of Aaron and Leander.

For when the wind is east I seem  
My sea-brothers to meet,  
And feel that by the sea is kept  
Our friendship strong and sweet—  
That friendship always yours and mine  
O Aaron and Leander.

And so, in this world and the next,  
We, pressing heart and hand  
Will oft sea pearls of friendship trace  
Strewn o'er life's ocean strand,  
That mark a friendship always ours  
O Aaron and Leander.

Yes, two brave, brawny friends have I  
Fast by the salt sea's tide ;  
Beneath their rugged strength I know  
Two tender warm hearts hide :—  
Yes, two staunch, loyal friends have I  
In Aaron and Leander.



LINES WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF  
"IMITATIO DE CHRISTI."

GIVEN TO A SAILOR FRIEND, C. F. P.

Know that each day I softly say  
O dear friend, "God bless you!"  
And ask God in His own good way  
Your life to keep so true.

I ask Him every morn that dawns,  
I ask Him every eve,  
With His own hand your bark to steer,  
And into port receive

At last, when its short course is run—  
And firm my faith, O friend,  
That God my prayer will kindly heed,  
And keep you to the end.

Your course is mine, and mine is yours,  
For always true friends sail  
So close with God, life's broad deep seas,  
They're never out of hail.

Trusting one common pilot they  
Unto the same port steer ;  
While oft from neighboring decks ring out  
The mutual hails of cheer.

So tenderly God guides His own  
Thro' life, in calm or gale,  
His children, drawing nigh to port,  
Are always within hail.

My course is yours, and yours is mine—  
And like a song of cheer,  
Your voice, deep ringing in my heart,  
O friend, I thankful hear.



## GOD'S LOVE AND MINE.

God's love is like a light-house tower,  
My love is like the sea ;  
By day by night, that faithful tower  
Looks patient down on me.

By day the stately shaft looms high,  
By night its strong lights burn  
To warn, to comfort, and to tell  
The way that I should turn.

God's love is like a light-house tower,  
My love is like the sea :  
He strong, unshaken as the rock—  
I, chafing restlessly.

God's love and my love—O how sweet  
That such should be my joy !  
God's love and mine are one to-day !  
No longer doubts annoy.

By day or night he gazes on  
My bitter, brackish sea ;  
Forever tends it with His grace,  
Tho' smooth or rough it be.

So singing at its base, it rolls  
And leaps toward that tower  
That all my life illuminates,  
And brightens every hour.

God's love is like a light-house tower,  
My love is like the sea ;  
I, peevish, changeful, moaning much,  
Steadfast, eternal, He.



## UNCLE HIRAM'S STORY.

“Se’ down on that trawl-tub, Doctor,  
While I shock the rest o’ these clams,  
An’ I’ll spin ye a yarn like ye never heard  
In this nor forron lan’s.”

“One night of a wild November,”  
Said the skipper, speaking slow,  
“The hail and the sleet come a-stingin’ down,  
The wind no’theast did blow.

I’d jest turned in for the night yer see,  
In my cottage snug an’ warm,  
Thankful that my old hulk was moored  
In port, safe from the storm.

I hadn’t more’n jest ketched asleep  
When the boomin’ of a gun  
Brought me right back to life agin,  
An’ my night’s rest was done.

Come a second boom over the water—

“There’s a vessel ashore,” I said ;  
An’ I jumped up an’ fetched a marster spring,  
An’ leaped right out o’ bed.

“Great God, there’s a schooner ashore !” says I ;  
’Twarnt fur off, neither, I knew,  
An’ that solum gun a-boomin loud,  
Seemed nigh’s I be to you.

It froze the blood in my veins, Doctor,  
An’ my heart it weighed a ton  
As I thought of that schooner on the rocks,  
An’ the men whose voyage was run.

In my oil-skins an’ ole sou-wester  
I run ri daown t’er the heade,  
An’ all along on the foamin’ bar  
Them ragin’ combers made.

There on her beam-ends was a schooner  
Hard a-fast on that breakin’ bar ;  
I could hear the thumpin’ of her hull,  
An’ the gratin’ of a spar.



I see thet she was a fisherman  
By the bait-mill washed ashore,  
An' the trawls an' seines ketched on the rocks,  
An' spread along the shore.

An, lashed onto her fore-riggin,  
Now wha' der yer think I see,  
But two poor helpless freezin' men  
Prayin' an' cryin' ter me!

My heart stood still as I listened,  
An' I thought I should a flew—  
But God! I could only stan' an' watch!—  
'There warnt nothing thet I could do.

How I prayed that I might save em,  
How I longed to help em out—  
But that sea! God! All thet I could do  
Was ter stan' an' wave an' shout.

I hollered, tho' I knowed they couldn't hear,  
—The wind was blowin' from them to me—  
An' that vessel a-groanin', sinkin', there,  
Seemed a human thing to be.

Jest when I thought she was a-goin'  
Come an awful suit o' seas  
That ketched an' riz 'er right over the bar  
On the rocks quick as yer please.

There she laid on the leadges broad-side  
Like a helpless, stranded whale,  
An' over her shattered, tremblin' side  
Fluttered the shroud-like sail.

She'd skercely struck 'fore I hove a "road"  
I'd picked up coiled on the sand, —  
'Twarnt more'n six fathom from where she was  
Right on ter solid land.

An' the lads who'd ben driftin' an' dyin',  
An' a prayin' all the time,  
Ketched it an' made it fast, while I  
Watched my chance an' run up thet line

Han' overhand, an' cut their lashins clear,  
For they was too fur gone yer see,  
Dyin' from cold an' hunger, an'  
All covered with frozen sea.

I got them poor lads ashore at last,  
Carried 'em home, an' put 'em to bed  
Tender as mother tucks my babies up  
When their little prayers is said.—

Happy? Lan's-men don't know nothing about it ;  
Only him who takes life in his hand  
An' all weather an' water fearless braves,  
Knows how to enjoy the land.

Thankful? O Doctor, you'd feel it I knowed !  
The thankfulest mortals to see,"  
—Uncle Hiram's blue eyes were brimming with  
tears—  
“Was them ship-wrecked men and me !”



## EIGHT BELLS!—ALL'S WELL!

The sturdy ship her ocean furrow cleaves,  
And far at sea her sure way forges on.  
'Tis mid-night. From the lonely deck  
I hear the faithful pilot cry,

    'Eight bells! All's well!

    Eight bells, and all is well!

Thro' the mid-ocean waters fares she on  
Undaunted, night or day, tempest or calm,—  
At mid-night from the dreary deck  
Cometh the ringing, cheery call—

    Eight bells! All's well!

    Eight bells! All's well! All's well!

From out the darkness leap the giant waves  
And buffet her with dangerous caress;  
Yet from the clanking engine-room  
Beats true the ships great tireless heart—

    Eight bells! All's well!

    Eight bells! All's well! All's well!

The night is drear, but from the sea-swept deck  
Cometh the sleepless watchman's ringing cry—  
And I, within my state room snug,  
Take heart, look up, and soft repeat—  
    Eight bells! All's well!  
    Eight bells, and all is well!

Trusting the one great Pilot of the deep  
To be for aye my tender, low-voiced guide,  
I look aloft to Him, and say—  
Tho' tossed upon life's ocean wide—  
    O yes, all's well!  
    Within, all's well! All's well!

Thus shall it be, O Lord, from this hence forth,  
So thou lean close, and hold my wav'ring helm,  
Trusting that one who never fails  
Will walk the seas with me, I sing :—  
    All's well! All's well!  
    By day or night, all's well!

I catch myself repeating o'er and o'er  
The glad, cheery refrain—"All's well! All's  
    well!"

And thro' long watches, lone and still  
Hear it deep ringing in my soul —  
    All's well! All's well!  
    By night or day, all's well!

And from deep sleep I often start to hear—  
Blown thro' the echoing chambers of my heart—  
My Pilot's voice—the dear sweet call  
Ringing so soft and tender close above—  
    All's well! All's well!  
    Forever more, all's well!



## THE PLOVER'S NEST.

Way out on the broad, brown marshes  
As the sun sank to its rest,  
Hid low among waving grasses  
I found a plover's nest.

Undaunted at my rude coming  
She neither cried nor stirred,  
She silent and fearless sat on,  
The patient mother-bird.

But looked with eye askance, and seemed  
To wonder what I would do ;  
Yet seeming to trust and know me as  
One tender, tried and true.

Close down at the edge of the water  
Was this bonnie brown nest laid,  
On the sweet-breathed spongy islets,  
Of withered grasses made.

Only a few stray grasses,  
And a small dried twig or two,  
Formed the little simple paradise  
Of these wee lovers true.

Yet never was greater treasure  
Than that of this wee brown nest ;  
And the home was big and brave enough  
To give its owners rest.

And never happier lovers  
Mine eyes have ever seen  
Than these two mottled plovers—  
This King and his little Queen.

And I hear the plaintive piping  
Of her fond mate down there,  
Sending his sweet message over  
The odorous twilight air.

He knows that the patient sitter  
Between her slender legs  
Nurses and tends all carefully  
Their treasure of speckled eggs.



And they call unto each other  
This father and mother bird,  
And tenderer, sweeter music  
Mine ears have never heard.

I leave them there on the marshes  
In the sweet salt-meadows wet,  
In the peace and joy of their brave home,  
With a feeling of regret.

And I seem to hear them calling  
In tones mellow and soft,  
In the flush of morn, and glow of eve,  
O many a time and oft.

And I know that sweetness dwelleth  
With the lowly and the small,  
And believe in the love that heedeth  
Even the sparrow's fall.

And I find that the richest liver,  
And the gladdest heart that sings,  
Is the one that is true to its mission,  
Tho' it be but with little things.

## ON THE RIVER.

EVENING TWILIGHT.

Over Maxwell's meadows the sun sinks low  
And bathes the marsh in a tender glow ;

And the dark dank flats, and salt grass lush  
In slumber wrapped, seem to whisper "Hush !"

And I in my wherry upon the stream  
Am but part of the golden dream.

And on and on in my little boat  
Along the winding river float

That far away up the marshes flows  
In and out and ever smaller grows,

Till finally so small it seems  
Like a silver thread that faintly gleams.

And I in my wherry silent float  
On a dream-tide full to shores remote.

Rare is the beauty of yonder sands,  
And the tumult of myriad white wave-hands.

And my glad heart listens and tends in peace  
A voiceful silence, a sweet release.

O brimming river, O singing sea,  
My heart to-night is at one with ye !

For like the river, full and still,  
Her flood of joy doth brim and fill.

And like the ocean's endless song  
Her happiness is rolling long ;

And her sweetest hymns my heart doth cry  
When only the sea and God are nigh.



## SEA-SCENTS AND SOUNDS.

This sea air wafted 'gainst my face  
Is but the kiss divine  
With which God tenderly uplifts  
This human heart of mine.

Softly these salt sea-scents are blown  
Upon my burning face,  
Refreshing me, and following me  
In every weary place.

Thro' lonely spaces of my heart,  
And echoing faintly o'er,  
The chimes of ocean sweetly borne  
Are ringing evermore.

I hear them in the crowded mart,  
Beside the country way,  
I hear them softly pealing out  
Wherever I may stray.

But deepest on the ocean, and  
Upon the seething strand,  
The throng of voices rolls and blends,  
Like waves, far up the land.

And best in lone rock-crannies, and  
Beside the ocean gray,  
A-listening to this music sweet  
I love to muse and stray.



## OGUNQUIT RIVER.

The fair and sunny river  
    Windeth the marshes down  
Unto the solemn ocean  
    Before the little town.

It rises far to northward  
    Amid the crisp salt grass,  
And after softest flowing  
    Findeth the harbor harsh.

After peaceful miles of motion  
    Where still its waters are,  
It reaches wild commotion  
    Beside the harbor-bar.

O golden, glowing river,  
    Where weary sea-fowl hide  
And feed amid thy grasses  
    Upon the gentle tide,

Happy thy home, O river,  
By sea and sounding shore  
Where all day long is singing  
The sea its story o'er.

Westward, the golden meadows ;  
Eastward, the long-armed beach ;  
And just beyond, the sea,  
With its eternal speech ;

Where the great surging ocean  
In weird and reedy runes  
Blows far its endless chanting  
Around yon yellow dunes.

From thy heights the little village  
—A handful of homes and men—  
Stretches o'er fields of tillage  
To yonder misty fen.

Brave are the hearts that love thee,  
O river winding down ;  
And home of peace and happiness  
Thy little sea-girt town.

The lowly homes of fishermen  
Lie on thy bank, O stream,  
And o'er the clustered band of roofs  
The sea-gulls wheel and scream.

And many an heart, O river,  
Afloat upon thy tide  
Fares with thy rushing current  
Forth to the ocean wide.

But many an heart at morning  
When first day's fair lamps burn,  
Has gone out on that deep wide sea,  
And never to return.

For few the hearts, O river,  
Come back from the cold gray sea ;  
But far faint voices ever  
The wind blows unto me.

They come and go for a little,  
And are happy and blithe and gay,  
But the clouds sweep over their sunshine,  
Breaks soon a sad dark day.



The sea gives them back to their loved ones  
For a few more happy to-days—  
Yet each day a chill creeps over  
The heart of each wife that prays :

A chill, and a nameless terror,  
That will not be gain-said ;  
And the dream in the night of an awful fate  
But yet a little delayed.

And they start and scream at visions  
They dare not tell their men,  
Praying each night all vainly  
They may not come again.

But the sea is a stern old master,  
And holds the lives in fee  
Of all who trespass upon it,  
O'er its threatening boundary.

They may come and go for a little,  
Life is but short at the best,  
However swift, however slow,  
Ever too soon comes its rest.

They may come and go for a little  
—The longest life soon is passed—  
They are merry and blithe for a little,  
But the sea holds them all at last.

And I hear the low sad singing  
Of brave hearts lost at sea  
Borne up the little harbor  
On soft salt winds to me.

It is ringing, ringing ever,  
Thro' the chambers of my heart  
In sweet tones low and lonely  
I know will ne'er depart.

It is like the mingled music  
Of river and of sea,  
The sweetest, saddest music  
In all the world to me.

O salt and sea-born river  
To thy home hurrying down,  
Sing thy glad song forever  
Unto the little town ;

And cherish it, and keep it,  
And feed it from thy breast  
Till it within the ocean,  
Like thee, shalt find its rest.

O salt and sea-born river,  
O quiet fishing town,  
O stout hearts brave and manly,  
O snug homes low and brown,

Dwell on in peace forever  
Upon this shore I love,  
Where night and day the ocean lifts  
Its pæans grand of love!

O hearts, O town, O river,  
O friends that true friends be,  
Be ours the rest eternal  
Beside the shoreless sea!

## THE FISHING BOAT.

T'was but a little fishing boat  
That to the sea went down,  
But well I know sad hearts are left  
Within the little town.

Only a common fishing smack,  
Unpainted and unclean,  
Yet for it wait and watch, thro' tears,  
Four heavy hearts, I ween.

Out to the sea in early morn  
Under the stars she sailed,  
While down upon the old brown piers  
Four women's warm hearts failed.

They knew not that the craft was plain,  
Nor thought that she was small ;  
To them, both beautiful and great,  
She was their all in all.

And wistfully these fisher-wives  
From windows small gaze far,  
And wonder where upon the deep  
Their manly loved ones are.

They heed not that the ship is small—  
The hearts that man her be  
Full great enough and good enough,  
And make her grand to see.

They oft with little children go  
Out on the windy hill  
To see if, east or west, there be  
A white sail far and still.

And when the dreaded darkness comes,  
All through the anxious night  
From out four lonely cottages  
There shines a small lamp bright.

The mothers often stop to list,  
And oft the children cry—  
“Mama, why don’t he come ashore?  
Can’t papa hear us cry?”

“O he will in the morning come,”  
    Patting each curly head—  
“But now, dear children, he has gone  
    To earn our daily bread.

Yes, he will in the morning come,  
When the long night is past ;  
To feed his hungry little ones  
    Father will come at last.”

Thus speaks each lonely fisher-wife  
    Within these small homes four,  
—The tender babes have dropped asleep—  
    But yet its vigil sore

Each fond, brave heart, will faithful keep,  
    Until with morning's tide  
The little homely craft makes in  
    Upon the harbor wide.

The little boat is old and worn,  
    Its sails are patched and brown,  
But stout hearts in it put to sea  
    From out the fishing town.

The smack is neither tight nor trig,  
Its fare of fish is small,  
But great the hearts that wait for it,  
And great faith feeds them all.

And well I know their very want  
Will bounteous plenty seem  
When glad within each cot again  
The father's face is seen.

O Thou who in the days of old  
The loaves and fishes brake,  
Bless Thou this bread, these fishes few,  
For Thy dear children's sake!

Bless Thou this firm, unwavering faith,  
The lowly make Thou great,  
And with Thine untold riches bless  
All hearts that on Thee wait!

## MY INHERITANCE.

A narrow strip of yellow sand,  
A boundless stretch of sea,  
A curving, boisterous, shingly reach  
Murmuring constantly.

Beyond the ragged, sand-swept dunes,  
An olive-tinted marsh,  
Where long the wary bittern lurks  
And sounds his signals harsh.

And yonder where the river flows  
Beside the tall, salt grass,  
The happy plovers call and pipe,  
And circle high and pass.

And yellow stacks of gathered thatch  
Upon the moor-lands brown,  
Like dwellings in a village, skirt  
The river up and down.



A glorious, golden, island-beach,  
An ever singing shore,  
I rule in undisputed sway—  
Ah me, what could I more!

Only a narrow patch of land  
Beside an endless sea,  
And sand and waves and sun and shore—  
These are enough for me.



“O SEA, O SHORE, O WAN-CHEEKED  
MOON.”

The cold gray sands are pale and wet  
Under the midnight moon,  
And soft and low the silver sea  
Singeth its olden rune.

Softly it rocks, and rocking sings  
Its tender lullaby  
To all the gentle, trustful things  
That to its heart are nigh.

O sea, O shore, O wan-cheeked moon,  
Tho' brim these eyes with tears  
At parting, take this loving heart,  
And thro' its sea-less years

Attend and kindly heed its way,  
And keep it brave and free,  
And strengthen it and bless it oft  
With holy thoughts of ye.

## RETROSPECTION.

Tho' fate unread its law decreed,  
    And far away I be,  
I never, never can forget  
    My home beside the sea.

I hear the same sweet story told  
    By restless waters o'er,  
I catch the gleam of distant sails,  
    I see the glorious shore.

I hear again the welcome tones  
    Of lost friends calling me,  
And ever to my sad heart sings  
    The infinite deep sea.

Its sights, its sounds, its sweet salt scents  
    To me are sweetly blown,  
Forever sounds the dear old rote —  
    Its moaning seems my own.

I see the wondrous glow and glint  
Of white sails far and near ;  
The ceaseless, ever flowing brine  
I see, and feel, and hear.

I feel the ocean's influence,  
I feel its sad sweet spell,—  
Would that this listening heart of mine  
Its whisperings could tell !

Then blow it hot, or blow it cold,  
Or blow it east or west,  
The ocean's benediction shall  
Upon my sea-heart rest.

But when the wind is easterly  
I chiefly turn and think  
Myself at rest once more O sea,  
At home upon thy brink.

And joyfully and yearningly  
I hold out both my hands,  
And seem to see and walk again  
The golden, singing sands.

And thankfully and tenderly  
My good friends at the shore  
I meet again, and warmly greet,  
And name them o'er and o'er.

And love to think how they and I,  
These firm, shore-friends of mine,  
Are tended, cherished, clothed and fed,  
By the all-loving brine.

That by the very selfsame power,  
I, and my friends as well,  
Are kept and blessed,—blessed by that power  
That guides the ocean's swell.

And that we one and all shall be  
Kept singing by the sea ;  
That hearts, made beautiful and strong,  
Shall beat, O God, to Thee.

O sweet and valued ocean-friends,  
O friends beside the shore,  
Come unto me, and stay with me,  
Abiding more and more !

This loving heart leans o'er ye all,  
This fond heart yearning waits,  
Till it shall hold its troop of friends  
Within its inner gates.

My heart is great, to hold ye all ;  
And warm, to love ye true ;  
And wide enough and deep enough  
To hold the ocean blue.



## CAPE NEDDICK HARBOR.

A fair green slope on either hand ;  
Between, a reach of silver sand,

That like a gleaming sickle bends  
Along the shore, and with it blends.

Northward, a grove of walnut trees  
Defies the might of wind and seas.

Southward, on Nubble-point, the light ;  
By day a sturdy shaft of white,

By night a glowing crimson eye,  
By which the coast-wise vessels hie

Unto the little harbor's peace,  
From wind and wave to find release.

And far away, broad off at sea,  
Lone vigil keeping constantly,

Rises the warning finger high  
Of lonely Boon against the sky,

Faithful unto its solemn trust,  
Mute monitor of wave and gust.

The waves across the harbor reach  
And sing upon the pebbly beach ;

And in the roads a schooner white  
Foldeth her great broad wings from flight,

And in the harbor deep and wide  
Her anchor drops in safety's tide.

And echoing faintly o'er and o'er  
The little waves reach up the shore,

And softly lap the old brown piers,  
The haunt of seamen spent in years,

Limping down to seaward gaze,  
And sadly dream of other days.

Who, like disabled vessels, rest  
Amid those scenes they love the best ;

Like yon black hulk upon the shore  
Whose days of usefulness are o'er,



Dismantled, worm-eaten, alone,  
Unnoticed, save by waves that moan

Thro' its poor bones a ruthless surge,  
A mournful, hollow funeral-dirge.

And landward now the little bight,  
Grown narrower, is lost to sight

Under a low bridge that combines  
Both towns in one, yet each defines ;

And thus unites, makes one again,  
What the river parted in twain.

O'er Agamenticus a star  
Sendeth its "good night" from afar,

And thro' the mellow sunset-sky  
The glowing hill-tops smile "good bye."



## SEA-BLOWN.

O friends upon yon island lone,  
Far island of the sea,  
Once more I hear your hearty shouts,  
That warmly welcome me.

Once more I hear the cheery calls,  
Hear sweet sea-songs ring out,  
And catch the far blown briny scents  
That flow your isle about.

Once more I see your faces brown,  
Once more your hands I clasp,  
And feel the warm "God bless you" in  
The hearty old-time grasp.

Once more to feed the faithful lamp  
I climb with you the stair  
And from our giddy height look down  
Upon the picture fair—

Thro' golden glowing sunset-air  
Ruddy as rare old wine  
I gaze out long and earnestly  
O'er endless leagues of brine.

With you again stand watch and watch  
All thro' the anxious night  
Until, relieving us from care,  
Breaks clear the day's sweet light.

How many a darksome night we've spun  
Sea-tales of mystery,  
Made long dark hours seem short and bright  
With yarns about the sea

Such as sailors delight to tell,  
Or one hears in a dream,  
So wild and weird, and quite unreal  
These ghostly sea-tales seem.

O friends, true ocean-friends and sure,  
To you again I turn,  
And joyfully your island-home  
My eager eyes discern.

To you to-day, tho' far away  
My tide of friendship sets,  
A tide forever sure and strong,  
That stops not, nor forgets.

With you again my heart would be  
Encircled by the sea,  
And lie at rest on ocean's breast,  
And grow strong ceaselessly.

My heart would trim once more that lamp  
For sailors far at sea,  
And pour its saving oil of love  
For all that storm-tossed be.

A little nearer yet this heart  
Would to the deep sea creep,  
And let the ocean winds and waves  
Thro' all my being sweep.

Once more, O ocean-friends, once more  
I happy dwell with ye,  
With ye enjoy life's fullest prime  
In days far out at sea.

## AN ORDER FOR A SONG.

You may sing me a song,  
But it must not be long,  
And I'll tell you what it must be—  
It must be of the ocean  
In endless commotion,  
It must be of my beautiful sea.

Yes, sing me your song ;  
And let it be strong  
And as pure and as sweet as the brine,  
And let the great surges,  
On life's timid dirges  
Make ever an anthem divine.

Then sing it to me,  
This song of the sea,  
That ever this sad heart of mine  
May leave its commotion  
For a life of devotion  
Beside the far-heaving brine.

Let me hear the sea's speech,  
Let me hear the loud beach,  
And, child-like, with ear upon shell,  
Hear the ocean's deep singing,  
Feel the sea within ringing—  
Forever its fall and its swell.

Let the sea's rime and rote  
Soft o'er my heart float  
Wherever here I may roam ;  
While its tender caresses,  
And the low voice that blesses,  
Are so gently calling me home.



## IN FROM SEA.

What bring ye in, O little ship,  
In from the sea, to-night?  
The sea behind, the port ahead,  
Ended the restless flight?

What bring ye in ashore then say?  
And what have ye to show,  
O little ship, full freighted, deep,  
Your rosy sails aglow?

“O this is what I bring ashore,  
Tho’ few the fish and small,  
Eight manly, eager, dauntless hearts—  
This is my cargo all.

Look! This is what I bring to port  
—Meagre all other fare—  
A dearth of wealth, a deal of health,  
And hearts that do and dare.

See! This is what I fetch to land,  
Into the hill-locked bay ;—  
Eight hearts! A glorious freight for those  
Who watched them sail away.

Great hearts, great love, a freight indeed  
To weigh a vessel deep,  
To fill the world with loveliness,  
And all life joyous keep!





## THE PRICE O' FISH.

“Look at them trawls in that basket,  
An' look at them fish in that tub,  
The water is drained from my flagon,  
My basket is empty of grub.

You fellers that's always ashore  
An' never sot foot on the sea  
Don't really know what hard work is—  
That's something you find out to sea.

You don't often find it on soundin's,  
It grows lighter when brought to land,  
And there's little left, I can tell ye  
When ye git on ter the strand, •

Yer can't know the time and the labor  
Them few little fishes hez cost ;  
Nor the long draggin' hours an' heavy,  
Nor the days an' the nights thus lost.

Yer can have them two for a quarter,  
An' that biggest cusk-fish to bake—  
Look down in that full kid, mister,  
Ain't them splendid haddick and hake!

I'll take this haddick an' split him—  
Do you want him to bile or to fry?  
Jest heft that cod on the thwarts, sir,  
How he made the water fly!"

"I know your time and trouble," I said,  
"So here, my friend, take this,  
I never dispute the weighing,  
Nor grudge the price of fish."

"Well, I declare, a dollar!  
You understan' fishin', I see;  
You're mighty kind, indeed, sir,  
To help my babes an' me—

Ain't yer never ben on the water?  
Say, I'll bet yer've ben ter sea!  
I rather guess ye're foolin'—  
Honest, I think yer be!"

## SUSPENSE.

At day-break to the high sea-cliffs  
A wan-cheeked woman bends her way ;  
Black storm-clouds hurtle down the sky,  
The sullen sea lifts high its spray.

She looks not at the roses wild  
That blush upon the cliff's bold height,  
She sees not e'en the fairy shells  
That vainly try to lure her sight.

But far to sea her dim eyes gaze,  
Fixed on yon airy film of sail ;  
That only notes she, with a faith  
That will not falter, will not fail.

Only one mote on the wide world  
Intent her true fond eyes behold ;  
And but one object, that alone,  
Within her loving heart doth fold.

Her life is centered in that ship :

Lo, on its deck her heart doth rest :  
Upheld by love's deep cable, strong,  
The ship is anchored on her breast ;

Unheeding nature's sights and sounds,  
The meadows and the lowing herds,  
Nor sun upon the glowing marsh,  
Nor leaping sea, nor call of birds ;

No eye for beauty, ear for sound,  
No heart to dwell this world within,  
Only the strength to stand and watch  
If it be his ship coming in ;

Only to wait upon the shore  
And welcome with a feeble cry  
The stately ship proud sailing in  
With fleecy clouds of canvas high

Straight on toward the harbor-buoy,  
And cry, "O is it, is it he?  
And yon ship his, and my good man  
A-coming home from sea?"

“And can it be that he who walks  
Yon deck, my brown-cheeked husband is?  
And that broad-winged and stately craft,  
That graceful vessel, really his?”

While stands she, mingling faith and fear,  
Hoping 'gainst hope, with straining eyes,  
And bloodless cheeks, and woman's tears,  
Behold! Up to the mast-head flies

The well known signal! And the wife,  
Her dread suspense, her trial o'er,  
With beating heart descends the cliff  
To meet her husband on the shore.



## SAILING ORDERS.

O white sail dropping far away,  
Dipping a-down the sea,  
Leave thou the harbor far behind,  
The land leave far a-lee.

And swiftly, swiftly seaward press,  
Glide down yon watery slope  
Unto those distant purple shores—  
The harbor-land of hope.

Straight for those unseen islands bear  
Bright blossomed in the sun ;  
Nor strike thy sail, nor know a fear,  
Until the voyage be run.

Then bravely to the harbor near  
With all thy canvas set ;  
Swerve not from chart, nor compass true,  
Tho' rough thy course, and wet.

Run in full sail on the flood tide,  
Let thy sheet-anchor go ;  
Lo, faith hath led thee o'er the seas,  
And love shall hold thee so.

## MY ARGOSY.

Just at eve, when twilight purples  
    Into sombre hues of night,  
And the wondrous sunset glories  
    Pass in ecstasies of light ;

Then, O then, to yonder headland  
    I betake my lonely way,  
And upon the ocean musing  
    Watch the white ships far away.

And my thoughts, like fair ships sailing,  
    Silent steal away to sea,  
Sail out on that solemn ocean  
    Whose deep moanings come to me.

And I watching, yearning, pray they  
    Be not wrecked upon life's strand ;  
Anxious, wistful, following, pray that  
    Not in vain they come to land ;

Hope and pray that all together,  
    Into some bright, glorious bay,  
Blessing, gladdening all the harbor,  
    They may come in some sweet day ;

Trust that it shall re-assemble,  
    This brave argosy of mine,  
Laden with a priceless cargo  
    Into brother-hearts to shine ;

Trusting thus that its far sailing  
    May not lost and fruitless be,  
That the voyage, not unavailing,  
    May some mortal happier see ;

That some brother I may gladden—  
    If it be but only one,  
I shall know my trusty vessels  
    Not in vain their voyage have run.

Bravely speed, dear fleet of wishes !  
    Let no ship-wreck be thy fate—  
Longing now to bid thee welcome  
    On the shore I watch and wait.



Let not vainly my fond wishes  
For all brothers wait and yearn ;  
Let these fair thoughts thronging round me  
Into richest blessings turn.

“Welcome home” is always waiting.  
When to port thou may'st draw near ;  
In some heart is always harbor ;  
Sail in bravely ! Never fear !

Welcome into port, O fair thoughts !  
Welcome, gentle argosy !  
Float in white-winged from th' immortal  
Full upon the mortal sea.



## AN OCEAN EDEN.

Out from the shore he bore his bride  
    Unto their ocean-home,  
Where only ocean-voices speak,  
    And waters toss and foam.

Right gaily danced the little boat  
    That bright October day ;  
Brave were the hearts that said "Good bye,"  
    And sea-ward bore away.

Broad off to sea they fearless put,  
    Where, dim and far away,  
Low nestled on the ocean's breast,  
    Their wave-washed island lay.

The great watch-tower looming high  
    Seemed calling them from land,  
And, nodding to the little boat,  
    To reach a welcoming hand.

Bravely they sailed,—and brave they dwell ;  
Life finding each in each.  
Their full, deep joy, soft echoed by  
The sea's harmonious speech.

“And thou hast left the world for me !  
What joy is mine,” he said,  
“Beloved, that thou could'st leave kin,  
And come to me instead !

And dost thou dare, O dear, dear heart,  
Braving the treacherous sea,  
Upon this rocky, sea-beat isle,  
To bide alone with me ?

And dwelling on this lonely isle,  
Rebuke the moaning brine,  
And, radiant as a star, live on,  
In my poor heart to shine ?”

“O heart, dear heart,” she soft replied,  
“Thou art my guiding star !  
Shed thou thy comfort on my heart,  
Tho' roam we wide and far.

One common wealth, this life of ours :  
Both owners : each a part—  
On sea or shore, my home henceforth  
Is only where thou art.

There is no gloomy solitude  
Where two fond hearts abide ;  
To me no loneliness can come  
When I am at thy side.

For home, sweet home, is always with  
Those hearts that we love best ;  
What sweeter resting place have I  
Than on thine own dear breast ?

For be it rough, or lone, or wild,  
Yet always home is home ;  
And ever proves the dearest spot,  
However far we roam.

Beloved, think not that the sea  
A thing of terror seems,  
To fill my brain with horror wild,  
And throngs of frightful dreams,

Ah no ! To me it is the best,  
The nearest, truest friend ;  
Our friendship, like the sea itself,  
Is one that hath no end.

I own the dear relationship,  
I claim the closest kin ;  
Ever the low, sweet voices chant  
My happy heart within.

And now this heart is fonder yet,  
And closer to the sea  
Since it has brought me to my best,  
Has given thee, love, to me.

Happy our true fond hearts shall dwell  
Upon our ocean-isle,  
And mingle with the ocean old,  
And know its every smile ;

With it our trusting hearts shall blend,  
Shall learn its every phase,  
And learn to love it more and more  
Thro' all our peaceful days ;

And come to know that on its power  
Our very lives depend ;  
That winnowed, washed sweet by the sea,  
Our blessings all descend ;

That, when expanded broad and deep,  
Our lives have nobler grown,  
Our joys deep as the sea shall be,  
Our sorrows as its foam.”

\* \* \* \* \*

And so upon the island dwell  
These two brave hearts and fond ;  
No gloomy hours have they to bid  
Their happy lives despond.

But drinking in the ocean's peace  
That flows about their isle,  
They only know God's wondrous love,  
And bask within His smile.

They only see His love and light,  
And far into the blue,  
Beyond the rolling clouds they look  
These loving hearts and true.

No fear is theirs, no sad complaint  
Against a too hard fate ;  
But sweet and uncomplaining still  
They, cheery, patient, wait.

And growing sweet and sweeter yet  
They live on day by day  
Rejoicing in each blessing small  
That seaward blows their way.

The tall gray watch-tower silent lifts  
Its stately head all day ;  
By night its beacon shines afar  
With comfort in its ray.

And ever sweetly onward still,  
Thro' day and night as well,  
The two brave hearts beat faithful on,  
And love's sweet story tell.

Unshaken as their sea-swept rock,  
And cheery as its light,  
Their faith grows stronger every day,  
And fairer and more bright,

To make the great world better yet,  
To keep their snug home sweet,  
The sea and shore to safer make,  
And life itself, complete.





## HOME'S ANCHORAGE.

“Tho’ all the boats put out to sea,  
This dark and threatening night,  
Yes dear, I’ll stay ashore,” he said,  
“And wait for morning’s light.”

And so, with Annie in the door  
He watched the boats go down  
The river seaward with the tide  
From out the fishing town.

But wistfully he followed them,  
And with a longing eye,  
As on they went over the bar  
Where waves were leaping high.

He watched them raise the close-reefed sail,  
And careful trim the sheet,  
And with one lingering gaze look back  
Upon home’s hill-side sweet.

Impatiently his great heart throbbed,  
He heaved a long drawn sigh,—  
For great hearts have no room for fear,  
Nor dream of danger nigh.

And eagerly toward the sea,  
He turned his manly head,  
For well he knew their board was bare,  
Knew well the need of bread.

But Annie saw his restless glance,  
And reading swift his thought,  
Upon his rugged eagerness  
Her sweet-lipped influence wrought.

So woman's weakness curbs and holds  
Man's might in easy sway,  
For love has never known defeat,  
But leads in its own way

All those who own allegiance to  
Its banners, victory-crowned,  
And leads its conquering armies swift  
This fair, broad world, around,—

She laid her hand in his great palms,  
Her fair head on his breast ;—  
“Husband, stay in ashore with me,  
Stay in to-night, and rest.

There's plenty in our little store  
To night, for thee and me,  
Wait! If the morrow dawneth fair,  
Then early put to sea.

Meanwhile, of this glad hour make sure,  
’Tis all we really own—  
To-morrow has not reached us yet,  
And yesterday has flown.

Let us abide in peace to-night,  
Tending our wee babes two,  
And watch to see the boats come in  
When day breaks clear and blue.

We'll wait to see if they come back,  
The little boats that dare,  
And all their crews safely return,  
And large or small their fare.”

But here the brave young sailor turned  
And kissed his little wife—  
“Yes, darling, I will stay with thee,  
For short and sweet is life !”

But tho' upon the morrow rose  
The sun bright o'er the bay,  
Only three little boats returned  
Of six that sailed away.

For in the night the freshening breeze  
Into a tempest grew,  
Alas for little boats that sailed !  
Alas for boats and crew !

For three brave fishing-boats went down,  
And six hearts met their doom,  
And unseen, unknown, drift about  
Within the sea's vast tomb.

When morning broke, wild on the air,  
Swifter than blind snow-squall,  
From lip to lip the fearful tale  
Rushed thro' the village small.

When flew the swift-winged, awful news  
    Into this safe, snug home,  
At first the silence was unbroke,  
    Save by the ocean's moan.

Speechless, they only gazed and looked  
    Unutterable thought,  
Aghast with horror at the woe  
    One awful night had wrought.

And then he turned, and clasped her close,  
    "O Annie, my sweet wife,  
Thou art my guardian-angel! God  
    Sent thee to save my life.

My sweet beloved, thou hast saved  
    This wayward life of mine;  
O keep it now, and tend it close!  
    Forever it is thine!"

Home is man's safest anchorage,  
    His harbor sure indeed,  
When fleet-winged peril sweepeth nigh,  
    And urgent is his need.

His true wife is the port-warder,  
And love the anchor deep  
To shield him from approaching storm,  
And safe from danger keep.



## DROWNED ON THE BAR.

“Nine years ago,” she sadly said,  
—“They long and weary are—  
My good man—O sir, pity me!  
Was drowned on 'Gunkit bar.

While rowing in ashore one day,  
In from the deep afar,  
His loaded boat capsized, and he  
Was drowned right on the bar.

The tide ebbed swift, the sea ran high,  
The boat with fish was full,  
And he against a strong head-wind  
Pulled hard as he could pull.

With labor spent, with hunger faint,  
Himself he could not save:  
No boat was nigh, no quick strong hands  
To pull him from his grave.

Scarce had his deep-set dory struck  
Upon the "round-rock's" crown,  
Than, stiff in oil-skins and big boots,  
Like ballast he went down.

The boat, the fish, the trawls, the gear,  
Came in on the flood-tide—  
O why were these things given up,  
And he kept from my side!

He was a real good man, and kind,  
Too good his life to lose—  
But there! The Lord so ordered it—  
And who their lot can choose?

He was real smart and quick to see,  
And quietish and kind;  
He wouldn't scold—some will, you know—  
If my work got behind.

A kind husband, and father too,  
As ever mortal see,  
Always so handy with the chores,  
Good to the babes and me.



O hearts are light that sail to-day  
Over these waters blue ;—  
The songs I hear in these waves, I hope  
Will never come to you.

And merry hearts with many a shout  
Sail out to sea afar ;  
And harmless now the little waves  
Ripple along the bar ;

But I can never view the place  
Without a hot, swift tear,  
Without a shudder and a pang,  
A nameless, clutching fear.

This dreary place, this moaning bar,  
Can never be to me  
Aught but the burial-place of one  
Whose requiem chants the sea.

O cruel waves to rush and roar  
Like wolves in hungry pack !  
To seize in foaming fangs my own,  
Never to give him back !

O cruel, heartless, wicked sea!  
Monster deep-mouthed and wide!  
To swallow that I held most dear,  
And in thy darkness hide!

Of all the solemn places that  
Upon this sad world are,  
The loneliest, awfulest, bitterest, is  
The cruel 'Gunkit-bar!'



## DAWN.

In from the sea the gray mists silent steal ;  
The bars of night roll back and swift reveal

Th' approaching splendor, rare and wondrous  
bright,

The pure, fresh glory of the day's sweet light ;

Out of the sea upon its glorious way  
Sweeps the resplendent, new-born, summer day.

The great cliff-ledges fret the murmuring waves  
That lap, and play about, the shingly caves.

Out on the bay, tall thro' the misty air,  
An anchored vessel looms a spectre fair.

Close at my feet the tide comes sweeping in  
With full broad-breasted stroke and rushing din ;

And lo, to me uprising from my dreams  
The waking thought of the new day bright  
gleams ;

And I, with heart uplifted, reverent fold  
Within my breast the sweet gifts on me rolled ;

With joy and thankfulness accept the thought  
That to my soul the new fair day hath brought.

## MARY.

Poor Mary runs alone each night  
To look far o'er the sea,  
And learn if from her missing ship,  
And man, there tidings be.

Poor Mary, weeping, lingers late  
Upon the high brown pier,  
Hoping some tidings of the staunch  
Schooner "Sea-King" to hear,

The stiffest vessel on the cape,  
The swiftest of the fleet,  
But ah! In vain she hopes and prays,  
And waits the message sweet.

The sailor working on the wharves  
Her piteous moaning hears,  
And down each swarthy sea-tanned cheek  
Trickle the great salt tears.

The noble-minded fishermen  
Pass with averted face ;  
They can not bear to see such woe,  
They shun the fated place.

Their great warm hearts with many a pang  
Her sorrow feel full well,  
But dare not face her standing there,  
With no good news to tell.

O Mary, Mary, long in vain  
For husband and for son  
Will wait upon the lonely piers—  
Wait till her life is done.

She hails each rugged fisherman,  
And cries, "Pray have you seen  
The schooner 'Sea-King' anywhere—  
Black hull, with rail of green?"

And have you seen my husband fond?  
My curly headed boy?  
Pray have you met them on the deep,  
And heard them shout 'Ahoy?' "

But the pitying fishers answer "No!"  
Unto her plaintive cry;  
And choking, touched by woman's tears,  
Go shuffling quickly by.

O Mary, Mary, turn thee now,  
Thy loved ones are not here;  
They nevermore shall fold thee close  
Upon the brown old pier.

Wait patiently!—'Twill not be long—  
Thy dear ones lost at sea  
Upon a fairer shore than this  
Are waiting now for thee!

For tho' thou callest to the deep,  
And watch in vain the sea,  
Know that thy loved ones, not in vain,  
Wait, Mary, now for thee.

Thy watch is vain, but their's is sure!  
Unto their new sweet life  
Thy loved wait now to welcome thee,  
O broken-hearted wife!

THE LOSS OF "THE BELLE OF THE  
BAY."

Have you heard how "The Belle of the Bay"  
went down,

The smartest boat out of Gloucester town?

The swiftest schooner and neatest rig,  
From top-mast to keelson neat and trig?

Standing in from the Banks, her fishing done,  
Bowling along on her homeward run?

The "City of Paris" running in,  
We sighted one morning, huge, deep, and thin,

Bound for New York, and a line of black  
Far down the sky, marked her smoky track.

Silent and smooth and swift she ran  
On her course like a great Leviathan ;

Straight down for us she wickedly bore,  
And never a point nor half point wore.

And never a signal the sky did fleck,  
And never a shout from bridge or deck ;

We heard not even a warning shout,  
Nor saw in his place the keen look-out.

Her Titan prow cut the flying spray,  
And we saw the rainbow around it play ;

Then on she came with an awful rush—  
Just a painful stillness, a moment's hush,

Then a moment's gleam, and a swift, proud dash,  
And then the terrible, fatal crash,

—The solemn trump of the angel of death,  
That took from each man his quickened breath ;—

With a mournful wail like a funeral note  
Our beautiful, helpless vessel smote,

And clove us through with a seam so wide,  
Like a knife through cheese, on the starboard  
side ;

Clove us thro' and thro', from waist to waist,  
While the sea rushed in with fearful haste.



And there, for a moment in two parts lay  
The wreck of the once staunch "Belle of the  
Bay."

Then down, down, down, with a giddy swirl  
Settled the wreck of our beautiful girl ;

Down, down, down, to the depths remote,  
Hull, cargo and spars, sank the fated boat ;

And the helpless crew, when the deed was done,  
Had scarce the time upon deck to run,

And leap over the rail into the sea,—  
Or stay on board and corpses be,

Those that lived :—but some were dead !  
With the fatal crash their lives had sped.

Yes, some were dead, and crushed below,  
Engulfed in the great sea's over flow ;

Crushed and bleeding, all sorrow passed,  
Ten mangled corpses in their bunks held fast,

Down with the gurgling vessel went,  
All to their doom by one stroke sent,—

And there they floated on boom and box,  
 Those ship-wrecked men, in sorry flocks ;  
 Till a good sister vessel came along  
 And saved what was left of the saddened throng.  
 But the cruel steamer !—O where was she ?  
 Little she cared that upon the sea  
 She had sunk a vessel, and wrecked a crew  
 Of men that were just as brave and true  
 As any she bore in her proud saloon ;  
 Little she cared that in broad high noon  
 She had sunk a vessel and taken lives,  
 Made children orphans, and widowed wives,  
 And ruined the hopes of many a man  
 Who was happy and gay when his voyage began !  
 O cruel steamer, now take on you  
 The curse of a heart-broke ruined crew !  
 Take them,—enough to sink you down—  
 The curses of sorrowing Gloucester town !  
 May the dying shrieks of those you drowned  
 Follow you close all the world around,

And haunt you forever, night and day,  
On dangerous seas or in land-locked bay ;  
For the pride of all of Gloucester town  
Was the vessel that you to her doom sent down !  
This is the tale, and this was the way  
That the vessel was lost,—“The Belle of the  
Bay.”

'Tis true as the Gospel !—For I was one  
Of the crew on the poor ship's fated run.



## STEP BY STEP.

Each day a little on I breast  
Toward some purer, nobler star ;  
And looking backward, wonder at  
My past, behind me stretched afar ;

With deep regret look back upon  
The graves of my dead yesterdays,  
And pray that sweeter thought and deed  
May glorify my future ways ;

Disheartened that the past has not  
A something better, grander, brought ;  
Remorseful that in days gone by  
I have not more of beauty wrought.

Yet always filling the to-days  
With use and cheer and fair sunshine,  
Hoping some goodness to achieve,  
Something akin to deeds divine :

To rise afresh each splendid morn  
    Unto the new day's noble quest,  
And far below to leave those peaks  
    Where yesterdays my feet have pressed.

Thus, step by step, o'er Alpine heights  
    Each day to careful mount and rise  
A little farther from the earth,  
    A little nearer to the skies.

And each to-morrow shall me find  
    Where weary feet have patient trod,  
A littler nobler, grander, grown,  
    A little nearer to my God.



## LITTLE SAILOR-DICK.

LOST AT SEA—SEPT. 10, 1879.

My heart is yearning, calling low,  
Is opened wide for thee  
O Sailor Dick, till thou at last  
Sail bravely in from sea.

I wonder if thou can'st not rise  
Above thy mighty grave,  
And sail back to thy own again,  
Death's cold dark shores to brave?

Dear Dick, I wonder if thou can'st  
Not look back o'er the sea,  
Across from thy fair port, and read  
This heart that bleeds for thee?

And, leaving thy safe anchorage,  
Sail in all unaware  
To earth, and, unseen, speechless, breathe  
A silent, holy prayer,

A benediction, full upon  
This heart that fondly waits  
To see thy ship come sailing out  
From Heaven's harbor-gates?

I wonder if thou wilt not come  
One blessed day at last  
And take me gently by the hand,  
And hold me safe and fast ;

And guide me tender all the way  
Till into port I sail,  
Upon some blessed, blessed day,  
And hear the welcome hail?

I wonder if thou wilt not come  
And sturdy man my wheel  
Until the harbor-lights of Heaven  
The safe course shall reveal,

As I sail on to port, dear heart,  
Out of the sea of night,  
Into the glorious port of day—  
From darkness, unto light?

O brother heart! O Dick, dear Dick,  
I know not where thou art;  
But this I know, O little Dick,  
We are not far apart.

For are we not God's children both?  
Both equally His own?  
And thou in Heaven, and I on earth,  
His love around us thrown?

Both in His glorious kingdom dwell,  
Alike feed on His grace;  
Yet thou a little nearer, in  
The radiance of His face.

And tho' to-day I see thee not,  
To-morrow I shall know,—  
And where thou art, dear brother heart,  
I do not fear to go.

O little Dick, O little Dick,  
Lost in the tropic seas,  
I feel thee closely, closely drawn,  
In moments such as these!



I feel that thou can'st read this pang,  
This fadeless, keen regret,  
These eyes, that all bedimmed with tears,  
Full toward thy face are set ;

That thou can'st feel this tender heart  
That muffled beats for thee,  
Dear little ship-mate, sailor-Dick,  
Lost in the tropic sea.

Then welcome, welcome in, dear heart !  
Ship-mate, give me thine hand !  
Fearless I ship with thee, and sail  
Out to the better land.



## BALD HEAD CLIFF.

An ancient, wrinkled, time-scarred crag  
    Upon the wild shore stands,  
Scowling, and boding ill to all,  
    Clenching its crooked hands.

A mighty, storm-worn parapet  
    Frowns on the fretful sea,  
An hundred towers barnacled  
    Gaze grim and stern to see.

An hundred bastions of flint  
    Their horny breasts uprear,  
An hundred stony pinnacles  
    Are glistening far and near.

A sturdy wave-washed citadel  
    Of granite, trap, and flint,  
A fort invincible, the sea  
    Storms vainly without stint.

But O, the wonderful sea-wall,  
Cheerless, and sad, and dark,  
With pain writ on its seaméd face,  
And only sorrow's mark.

And yet, for all the deep cut woe  
Piercing its riven side,  
Majesty bonded unto fate,  
Where beauty can not hide.

For stern and awful its lone trust,  
Eternal o'er the sea,  
Thro' summer's sun and winter's gust,  
Its sentinel to be.

The ebon cliffs that tower and lean  
Athwart the hollow sky,  
Bespeak a sad and weary trust  
From which they cannot fly.

Grim, jealous guardians look down  
Upon the pensive sea ;  
The beetling heights seem only made  
To frown forebodingly.

The tall dun cliffs, the boulders gray,  
Seemingly stand and keep  
Guard o'er the sea, and proudly hold  
The gate-way of the deep.

They seem to keep, and hold in check  
Within their cumbrous gates  
The helpless sea, that patiently  
Beneath their thresh-hold waits.

In vain the ocean lifts its spray  
With many a soft caress  
Far up their rugged sides, and sings  
Its song of bitterness ;

In vain the servile sea rolls in,  
And fawning licks their feet ;  
These hoary giants tremble not,  
But hold in sway complete,

In iron grip, the waves that wail  
And fall back hopelessly  
Upon the shingle, spent and gone,  
And cry :—“Roll back, O sea !

Maturer, nobler far than thou,  
Born of an older brood,  
Ere thou wert made, O sea, upon  
This very shore we stood.

Thou art the child, and we the sire,  
'Tis thou that must obey ;  
Eternal blood flows thro' our veins,  
We're older than the day."



## A DAUGHTER OF THE BRINE.

Upon the cliff's bald head she stands,  
Off to the dim sky-line  
Searching the sea with wistful gaze,  
A daughter of the brine.

Sweet is the face upturned to meet  
The singing, sapphire sea ;  
Fair are the thoughts that rise to greet  
The ocean's majesty.

Her sunny locks, wind-blown, stand out  
A tangled skein of gold,  
Flaunting their sunshine on the air  
Athwart the ledges bold.

O child of ocean, sunny-faced,  
Thou daughter of the brine,  
May full and rich thy days depart,  
And peaceful years be thine !

May ocean's blessing follow close  
Unto this brief life's end ;  
And to thee, roaming far or near,  
Its benediction lend.

Year after year turn thee to find  
Thy rest upon this spot ;  
Unto this lonely sea-beat cliff  
Turn, like the wife of "Lot."

Nor fear, like her, in turning back  
To make a fatal halt,  
And turning seaward, find thyself,  
Become a bag of salt.

Fear not, like Lot's weak wife, to meet  
A sad and briny fate ;  
Always the sea's deep blessings for  
Its loving children wait.

Fear not ! But let the sea sweep in  
Upon that heart of thine,  
And keep it singing free and sweet,  
O daughter of the brine !

## DAISY AND DANIE.

He is her little knight-errant,  
And she is his little queen,  
And they dwell close down by the salt sea-  
shore ;  
Never a happier pair was seen ;

She is a little lady,  
And he is a little man,  
And you need not look for a comelier pair,  
For find them you never can.

He is a master boat builder,  
Is Danie on the shore ;  
And in his shop he works, and turns  
Out dories by the score.

And Daisy, his little house-keeper,  
Keeps their home neat as a mouse ;  
When the pies are baked, and the mending done,  
She neatly sweeps the house.



Yes, Danie's a bonnie brave boatman,  
With boats to sell or hire ;  
And pretty pink Daisy in their snug home,  
Is his very heart's desire.

And they live so happy together,  
Thus may they always dwell !  
If I were old as Methuselah  
I could not their child-joys tell.

But as long as the sun keeps rising  
Every morn out of the sea,  
This vision of Daisy and Danie will  
Come sweetly home to me.



## JEROME'S FIRST VOYAGE.

Jerome was a sailor's son, and lived  
In a snug yellow house on the shore,  
With eaves so low he could almost reach,  
And a faded broad red door.

And a beautiful, grassy slope ran down  
From his house right into the sea,  
And the garden was gay with ocean-flowers,  
And early and late, there would be

The sounding and singing of ocean's glad  
song,—

From the sea its rime and its rote,  
That Jerome always heard, or tucked snug in  
bed,  
Or out on the bay in his boat.

Jerome took his father's boat one day,  
—He was only seven years old—  
Stole the vessel's yawl-boat for a cruise,  
Tho' father and mother would scold.

When father had gone down to the store,  
And mother was busy with pies,  
He stole the oars and ran to the wharf,  
A pirate proud, to his prize.

He pushed off the boat with a royal will,  
For Jerome was a sailor free ;  
Like a duck he took to the water, for  
His father followed the sea.

So he pushed her off right manfully,  
And with a right good will—  
But alas ! His strength was very small  
Tho' great his pluck and skill.

And the lumbering oars proved too heavy far  
For his boyish arms to lift,  
And the clumsy old yawl he could not guide,  
Began with him to drift.

And down the harbor toward the sea  
She drifted so swift and straight,  
As she caught the tide where Whale's Back Ledge  
Shows its long back brown and great.

Now Jerome was not frightened much, not he,  
Tho' just a wee bit scared,  
For his father was master of a ship,  
And o'er many seas had fared.

And the boy from father to the son  
By inheritance had gained  
The same old longing and love for the sea,  
That had waxed instead of waned.

For a real web-footed tar was he,  
And a hearty old "fin-back",  
Always happiest when his good ship  
Stood off on her outward tack.

For lack of a rudder the brave young lad  
Steered on with a heavy oar,  
And kept the old boat out in mid-stream,  
That he could not guide ashore.

Down on the swift ebb-tide she flowed,  
With the rocks on every hand ;  
Down the harbor and out to sea,  
For he could not fetch the land.

But young Cap'n Jerome had the true stuff in  
His manly sailor-breast,  
And he did not halloo and scream all the way,  
With hands on his heart close pressed ;

But sat at the stern with the oar in his hand,  
Like a weather-stained tar at the wheel,  
While the old boat tossed and veered about  
On the eddies that swirl and reel.

At the harbor's mouth now he saw the "Shoals"  
In the hot sun nod and blink ;  
And he said : "I shall sleep out there to-night  
If this clumsy old craft don't sink."

When the boat drifted out from the harbor wide,  
With Whale's Back light on the lee,  
The keeper sighted with his keen glance,  
The old yawl drifting to sea.

And hastening down from his look-out tower  
He put off after it,  
And reached, at the end of a weary hour,  
The youngster still full of grit.

And he rescued the boy and brought him in  
To the harbor safe once more,  
To the father and mother in sad suspense  
Searching along the shore.

And this was little Jerome's first voyage  
Out on the broad, broad main ;  
But not his last —for he eagerly waits  
The day he shall go again.



## A TENT UPON THE SHORE.

Give me a little tent in which  
    To dwell beside the sea,  
Just long enough and broad enough  
    To hold my friends and me.

A snowy tent, just big enough  
    To hold the ones I love ;  
Their hearts and mine to fold and keep  
    Encamped on shores of love.

Grant me my little tent to pitch  
    Upon the ocean's strand,  
And with tried friends in peace to rest,  
    And hold them heart and hand.

And just a narrow patch of land  
    Upon the brown sea-shore,  
And just a handful of true friends—  
    A heartful, and no more.

Give me my little tent in which  
To dwell happy with friends  
That, always to my need and good,  
The dear Lord kindly sends.

Grant unto me, and unto them  
Whom in my heart I hold,  
To camp forever in the peace  
Of God's celestial fold.

And grant us in our tents of peace  
In sweetness to abide,  
And feast our thirsty hearts and souls  
Upon yon ocean wide

That speaks to us tented close down  
Beside its waters blue,  
Of one whose love doth never cease,  
But keeps us sweet and true.

Give me my snowy gleaming tent  
With doors wide open thrown,  
In which to welcome all those friends  
I thankful call my own.



In which to welcome all great hearts,  
My friends, true, brave, and sweet,  
Whom, deep within my heart I fold,  
Whose names I soft repeat.

Grant us together glad to live  
Upon Life's coast-cliffs bare,  
Until again our tents we pitch,  
Upon a shore more fair.



## CYNTHY.

A bronzed and withered thin old hag  
With features sharp as a sea-worn crag,

A brown old fish-wife, shrivelled and dry,  
With wizened chops and cheek-bones high,

Is poor old Cynthy, standing there  
While the wind blows straight her snake-like  
hair,

The poor old wreck of many a blast,  
With her life at ebb, and flowing fast ;

For many a gale and tempest bold  
Has been weathered by that visage old ;

And that haggard, leather-like, old face  
Seems the last lorn creature of its race,

Left just above the billow's reach  
To die upon some lonely beach,

The wailing wreck of a blasted life,  
The ghastly ghost of a ruined wife.

Like last slow throbs of a broken heart,  
Her cheerless, fast closing days depart.

Like some sad old wreck upon the shore  
Whose days of action are no more

Is Cynthy, the last of an once good house,  
Without a home, and poor as a mouse ;

Left, the last of an honest name,  
To die in poverty and shame ;

The wreck of a life once proud and gay  
As a queen's, when on her wedding day

Long, long ago, the bells rang out,  
And the village-scold, and the lazy lout,

All flocked to see the beautiful bride  
Come forth from the church, her husband's pride.

The children all cry out :—"She's a witch !"  
But wizard or fish-wife, no matter which ;

It is all the same, for they fear her well,  
The bent old vixen's evil spell.

Whenever she passed from her low brown door  
They followed on after by the score,

Clinging to skirt and hand in hand,  
A cautious, circumspect young band,

With bated breath, and with furtive glance,  
And a sudden terror, if by chance

The poor old soul ever turned about  
To see why the stealthy rabble and rout,

That was half in sport, and half in fear,  
Should wish to follow her so near.

But the old folk all about the town  
Only look up, and checking a frown

As she passes, cry :—"Let her go !  
Peace to sorrow ! Peace to woe !

Pardon and pity ! And let her be  
An endless lesson to such as we !"

For they know the life, and the story too,  
Of this blear-eyed witch of coppery hue.

And this was the tale that in whispers light,  
Passed from mouth to mouth, on many a night :—

'Twas many long, long years ago,  
—So the stories of the gossips go—

When fair and smooth was that wrinkled brow,  
And black the hair that is snow-white now,

That Cynthy bloomed in her maidenly pride,  
The talk of all the country-side :

And far and wide was her beauty known,  
Discussed in kitchen, on wall of stone ;

And many a lad to her wended his way  
To be sent home sadder and wiser one day.

Dainty, beautiful, graceful and sweet,  
From her dimpled cheeks to the soles of her  
feet ;

She “carried the air” in the village choir,  
And her voice reached up to Heaven, and higher ;

Singing in church, so pink and fair,  
The despair of all men who saw her there ;

For a single glance of those cold gray eyes  
Made them more unhappy, if not less wise.

But at last came a lover one morn in May  
Who soon had things all in his own way,

A sailor bold her cold heart to woo,  
With an empty purse, and empty heart too.

He came along her fair hand to win,  
But won her heart ere he could begin :

He asked for a part, but gained the whole,  
She was all his, body, heart, and soul ;

For he was a gallant sailor boy,  
And the sea had always been her joy ;

She had often longed to sail away  
In some noble vessel from the bay ;

And now she longed for the time when she  
This gallant sailor's bride might be,

And with him sail on, hand in hand,  
O'er many a sea, to many a land.

At last came the merry wedding-day  
When happy Cynthia wended her way

To the little church on the green hill-side  
That looked out over the ocean wide,

Blushing and blooming, light of heart,  
With careless grace and studied art,

Tripping on, with a smile and a smirk  
For all, on her way to the wee gray kirk.

And the curious, staring villagers saw  
A peerless beauty without a flaw ;

With dazzled eyes and mouths agape  
A perfect color and perfect shape,

When they gazed at Cynthia without a blink  
In her muslin gown of figured pink,

Standing there at the church-yard gate  
Ready to enter and meet her fate ;

Within the low porch smiling fair  
Upon the great throng gathered there,

That filled the church, inside and out,  
And strolled the grassy yard about ;

Waiting in groups of twos and threes,  
—But mostly twos—out under the trees ;

Wondering when their waiting would be done,  
The despairing two made a happy one ;

Wondering and planning and scrawling a date  
On some moss-grown, slanting stone of slate,

In the little graveyard where lay the dead,  
Whose joys were over, whose loves were fled ;

Smiling, and fixing that longed for day  
When they too, should joyous come in that way,

And be just as happy as Cynthia to see—  
But ah ! Its one to seem, and another to be !

It is one to do, and another to dream ;  
And its harder to be, than it is to seem.



And its one to wed, and another to woo ;  
And one is false while another is true ;

It is one to promise, and another to keep ;  
And its easier far to laugh than to weep.

For one must ask, and his love confess ;  
And the other must blush, and murmur yes.

It is one thing to wed, and another to woo ;  
It takes one to be false, and two to be true.

And Cynthy waited that day in vain,  
Waited there in grief and in pain ;

Waited, crushed at her cruel fate,  
Weeping long at the church-yard gate ;

Waited, dazed, for one who never came,  
While morning's joy grew evening's shame ;

Waited for one who had played her false  
Who had taken her with all her faults,

Deceived, and ruined, and then betrayed,  
The beautiful, thoughtless, proud young maid ;

Waited with many a secret pang,  
While the viper of hate sent its deadly fang

Deep into her heart, that broke that day,  
But yet beat on in a sad weak way,

And would not stop, would not let her die,  
With her sorrow-chilled heart, and tearless eye.

And sweet turned bitter, love grew cold ;  
And the blooming maid turned a wrinkled scold.

For the sailor, whose bride she was to be,  
That very same morning put to sea,

Bearing far over the ocean wide  
Upon his deck another fair bride ;

Another maiden, so sweet and fair,  
With a witching eye, and a beauty rare

He bore light-hearted o'er the blue,  
For sailors, alas ! are not all true ;

And they woo in earnest, and marry in sport,  
And have a wife in every port.

And this is the fate—tho' its hard to tell—  
That a thoughtless maiden once befell.

The fate of a giddy, heartless flirt,  
Whose worth is cheaper than common dirt ;

Who, after vict'ries many, and ill-earned pelf,  
Was conquered at last, defeated herself.

A fate deserved, and a well-earned curse.  
—Better the bier, and better the hearse!—

And thus may it be with all those arts  
That cheapen honor, and ruin hearts !

“But pity her, shunned, hated, and lone,  
And gray and sad as an old grave-stone ;

O, pity her now, and let her be  
A living example to such as we !

An awful warning for all our lives !”  
Thus spake the pitying old fish-wives,

Who love to gossip, and their lives thus spend,  
As the only means to a certain end.

And they pity her all, but fear her more,  
The withered old witch upon the shore,

With her grizzled, crawling, snaky hair,  
Blown about by the strong sea-air,

As she stands on the hill looking off to sea,—  
Poor old Cynthy! Let her be!







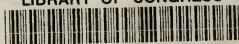








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