

Toward the "Island Home" they bore
His cold and dripping form,
Where consciousness was soon restored
By cordials kind and warm.

His faithful friend beside him watched
Till peeping dawn of day;
But clouds of frost swept o'er the Isle,
And now he must away.

He rose with aching heart and brain,
With feeble, trembling limb;
He left the courteous "Island Home,"
And *one* who wept for him.

Again he crossed the western main
And sought his own bright home,
Resolved that he no more would go,
In foreign lands to roam.

A doting mother caught his hand
With fond maternal grasp,
And tenderly he press'd her brow
And hand with loving clasp.

"My son!" she cried, "my dearest son!
You're welcome home again!
Kind Providence has brought you back
Across the stormy main.

Oh! say you never, never more
Will wander from my sight;—
Those eyes are dearer far to me
Than morning's rosy light.