

When, dancing so light in the morning bright,
A fair little bark came by ;
Its tiny white sail so joyously shone
With a gleam from the sunny sky.

And I thought of youth :—of its early morn
Fresh launch'd on life's restless wave ;
When each gale that blows with rich odour is fraught
To the young heart so gladsome and brave.

But that gleam vanish'd soon ; the sky was o'ercast :
In terror each sail was furl'd :
I thought of the Christian mariner toss'd
On the waves of " this troublesome world."

This little bark, on the rough billows' foam,
Was tossing from side to side.
I marvell'd it sunk not ; but One was there,—
Jesus, the " Ruler and Guide "

No empty shells has that mariner sought
From the barren and sandy ground ;
Deep treasured within his bosom there lay
The " pearl of great price " he had found.

The darkness came on , the tempest rose high ;
And I heard the breakers roar ;
But the little vessel bore bravely on,
Fast nearing a glorious shore.

The morning broke on that night of sorrow,—
A morning serene and still ;
I look'd for the bark ; it was safely moor'd
In the haven under the hill.

The white sail was furl'd, the anchor dropp'd ;
The winds were hush'd to sleep ;
And gently the bark wafted to and fro
On the face of the glassy deep.

Oh, blest the repose and eternal the peace
Of the ransom'd soul shall be ;
No toiling in rowing in fear of storm,
For " there shall be no more sea."