

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893.

A PRAYER SONG OF THE SEA.

(TO —)

Calm were the waves upon the deep,
The moon rode high and clear,
The sun had set in the crimson glow,
No cause was there for fear.

And yet within a seaside cot
A maiden could no sleep,
Because her woman's heart turned o'er
To one upon the deep.

She knelt beside the window low,
O'er her the moonbeams strayed;
With clasped hands and pleading eyes
She thus entreathy made:

"Oh, Lady Moon, that rideth high,
I pray thee tell to me
If in the circle of thy sweep
My lover thou canst see?

"Oh, playful wind that lightly blows
Around me gay and free,
Take thou this message from my lips,
Waft him this kiss from me.

"Rise not in might upon the deep,
But gently fan the sea,
And bring with steady, onward sweep
My lover home to me!

"Oh, God, who rules the wind and wave,
Be gracious now to me,
And guard within thy powerful hand
My lover on the sea!"

The gentle maiden's prayer was heard,
For at the break of day
Her lover, on his white-winged ship,
Sailed gaily up the bay.

IN A NEW ROLE.

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

Nay, gentle sir, do not start on seeing my signature, and rush to the conclusion that this is a letter on vaccination for it is not. To your contemporaries I have written on that subject perhaps enough, for what do I see and hear. I see that the editor of the *Times* turns pale when he notices me in the distance. I hear that the editor of the *Colonist* has invested in a more capacious waste basket. To me a hint is enough. I conclude that these esteemed friends find their patience giving way. I shall, therefore, with what speed I may, retire into my native obscurity.

Before I go, however, I should like to thank, through the medium of your vast and ever widening circulation, a great many friends, who, noticing my name in the newspapers, have from time to time addressed me during the past six months. From people I have never seen nor even heard of, have come letters, ranging from a simple "I wish you good luck" to page upon page. And from all quarters they have come—from this city and province,

Canada, the United States, China, England and the continent.

Strange to say, my correspondents, almost without exception, have been educated people, some of them evidently highly educated, and they all vigorously denounce the "Jennerian rite," in more or less forcible English. One ingenious rhymster in England has gone to the trouble to compose a very well written poem in the style of Macaulay's "Horatius," in which he expresses poignant regret that business and the care of a small but highly interesting family prevent his coming out on the wings of the C. P. R.

"To stand at thy right hand
And hold the fort with thee."

The letter I prize most, however, comes all the way from Rome, and is signed Alfred Fellows, who is well and most favorably remembered by all old residents as he lived here for no less than twenty-two years. I do not know whether or not it was during his stay in this city that Mr. Fellows contracted the anti-vaccination fever, which is akin to malaria, in that when once it gains a foothold in one's system it cannot be got out. Suffice it to say that he is evidently suffering from a very severe attack now, and I feel sure that, in his distressful condition, he must have the sincere sympathy of all his old time friends.

That seed sown in the somewhat unsympathetic ground of the *Weekly Colonist* should bear fruit in the Eternal City and be returned to me after many days multiplied one hundred fold, is for myself a matter of surprise and no little gratification, and this must be my excuse for trespassing so far upon your advertising space.

Yours faithfully,

WM. GREIG.

Victoria, March 7th, 1893.

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has removed to No. 30
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G. A. McCULLOCH.

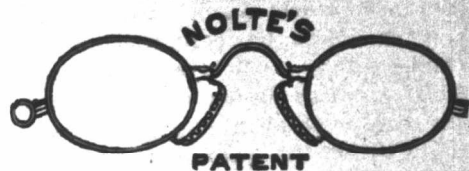
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