

The sailors of the ocean
 See'th scenes they can't describe.
 The pleasure seeking tourist,
 Many truths that won't abide,
 For the devil and his angels
 Divide them in his heart,
 Thus untruthful is the changeling,
 Which bids the child depart.

How scenes that wing the ocean,
 How the billows of the sea,
 How ships which stir her motion,
 Could waft many thoughts to me ;
 How great churches are but steeples,
 And never half revealed,
 Of false beauty and her peoples,
 How truth is left concealed.

How would I like to travel ?
 Is a question of the past,
 And may in time unravel
 Little threads for me to grasp ;
 Bye and bye is in the future,
 Unspoken by my God,
 Like travelling she hath measures,
 Weighed out to go abroad.

Hidings to Slumber.

Entertained must be thy slumbers,
 Within thy cot with thee,
 Be patient ! If the loft en'umbers,
 No better place have we.
 I wish you well, my host said he,
 As I went to retire,
 I thanked him as I bid adieu,
 Then left his gratef'ul fire ;
 Before I lost the staircase step,
 His words rose up as true,
 And e're I to my room had crept,
 Their meaning well I knew.

In going naked to my bed,
 Where coldness met repose ;
 The chill was great, I might have said,
 Their shivering to the nose ;
 My watering eyes, that running nose,
 Where added to the scene.
 The wind it howled, the shutters swore
 Profanely with a scream ;
 How could I sleep on such a night,
 Amid such piercing roar !
 My cuddled limbs met with delight,
 They never met before.

Deep breath of frost was on the pane,
 I now beneath the cover ;
 How close above this rustic swain,
 Jack frost seeks to discover !
 Faithful to me trusty lover,
 True ye will not leave me ;

But in the darkness of the hour
 Hand in hand receive me.
 Ah thanks ! I've broken them away,
 But still within thy power,
 I dare not rise till coming day,
 Oh ! blessed morning flower.

Thy fingers are but gone to come,
 A creeping up each leg ;
 Ye seem to think this tickling fun,
 For more and more ye beg.
 My noose keeps running like a keg,
 Just tapped to empty go.
 Thy foot prints are upon my face
 To squeeze a greater flow ;
 How must I sleep on such a night,
 When Jack is on my chaise !
 My cuddled limbs meet with delight
 For they are in the race.

But sleep hath come is now a truth,
 Relieving him of pain ;
 But when it came, this rustic youth,
 He lives, but can't explain,
 Now rising up in calm disdain
 Against the biting frost,
 He proves his will to reach the shore,
 With hope above the lost,
 For he hath slept on such a night,
 Dispite the piercing roar ;
 His cuddled limbs met with delight,
 They mostly met before.

Shall We know Our Jesus There.

Up in Heaven's choicest borders,
 Lights of truth are shining there ;
 Sacred to his mighty orders,
 Shining, shining ! everywhere.
 What a scene for us to witness,
 Reward of true and devout prayer !
 Can we safely say in spirit
 We shall know our Saviour there.

Shall we know our blessed Jesus ;
 Are we still of mortal breath ;
 Are we waiting, are we waiting,
 Waiting to be lost in death ?
 Shall we know our blessed Jesus,
 He who give'th light on high ;
 Are we waiting, are we waiting,
 Him again to crucify ?

When beset by strong temptations,
 Shall we know our Jesus there ?
 When the world is robed with darkness,
 May we know him still in prayer !
 Shall we walk ! yes, walk with Jesus,
 To know him not when troubles glare !
 Must we thus forget our duty
 Unto Jesus everywhere.