

A Winter Holiday

She will clear the Hook to-morrow for the
Indies of the West,
For the lovely white girl city in the Islands
of the Blest.

She'll front the riding winter on the gray
Atlantic seas,
And thunder through the surf-heads till her
funnels crust and freeze ;
She'll grapple the Southeaster, the Thing
without a Mind,
Till she drops him, mad and monstrous,
with the light ship far behind.

Then out into a morning all summer warmth
and blue !
By the breathing of her pistons, by the pur-
ring of the screw,
By the springy dip and tremor as she rises,
you can tell
Her heart is light and easy as she meets
the lazy swell.

With the flying fish before her, and the
white wake running aft,
Her smoke-wreath hanging idle, without
breeze enough for draft,