MAKING HARBOR.

sands.

k from sight ; it night y hands."

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age door,

i shore.

furl'd ;
rm again ;
oughtless men,
igh world.

hanging out,

or me

ou sail'd, you mind?

you had signed."

I stood at morn on look-out head, And lo, a craft with short-legg'd sails Wading deep with dripping rails, Which, shooting up to windward, sped

Away! with sudden run of sheet And angry toss of chasing swell. That tripping on the long reef fell With line of foam and sullen beat.

