

MOTHER'S LIGHT.

A Boating Melody.

AHOY, for a sail on the heaving sea
When the evening breeze is blowing;
The breeze that dies down with the setting sun,
While twilight slyly eyes our fun,
And the moon laughs at our rowing;
O, we sing and we shout, as, one by one,
The stars hurry out all blinking.
And the sea-birds scream with such unfeigned glee
That it goes to our heads I'm thinking;
Now pull to their music,—pull with me,
Or we may hear the dawn-birds crowing.

But the gentlest of ripples comes along,
And our oars are stowed instantem;
How our barge careens as the large sail fills,
How each upsettable basket spills
If their liberty we grant them:
There is freedom, life, and a joy that thrills,
As we leap with gunwale under,
While with quivering hearts, too full for song,
We live, and enjoy and wonder;
Yet laugh at the waves that madly throng,
And coax them, and tell them we want them.

The spray ! how it flies from our foaming prow,—
Now huddle and hug each other;
But a cloud has covered the moon,—Oh, speed !
Lie close up to the wind'ard now, there's need;
Look at that one,—think of mother !
Ah ! the watcher's eye sees the need, indeed,
And the brightest lamp is lighted;