

And then he took his basket up,
Filled for his precious mother,—
And I returned, with love and hope
Encouraging each other
Within my heart, to think that we
Who thus were kindly speaking,
Might seek for dove-like holiness,
And find it for the seeking!

WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.

I KNOW a little maiden
That lives within the wood;
As cheerful as a little bird,
As happy and as good.
There's many a thing that she might have
She ne'er can hope to win;
She laughs, and says she'll have it
"When her ship comes in!"

Chorus—

When our ship comes in!
When our ship comes in!
What gold we all shall gather
When our ship comes in!