

HEROINE HULDAH.

"That storm is fierce," said the fisher old,
"And the wind is wild," the fisher said,
The rocks are sharp and the shore is bold,
Out round the point of Marblehead.

But not a pilot ventured out,
So fierce was the storm, the wind so wild ;
The daring pilot, swarthy and stout,
Still thought of home, and his wife and child.

So the fisher waited by the shore,
Beholding the waves and the breakers' din,
Observing at dark 'midst that tempest's roar,
The gallant ships come dashing in.

"There is no pilot at sea to-night,"
Said Abner Jackson, the sailor's son.
While over the water appeared the light,
And booming crash : 'twas the signal gun.

Up spoke Huldah, the fisher's wife,
Stern, stout and brave, of the fishing coast,
"Where is the pilot? every life
Is saved if he only is at his post."

"Mercy, they are fetching past the land,
On to the point, they'll strike the rock,"
Cried a voice in terror, close at hand ;
Then shriek, and crash, and rending shock.

"Man the life-boat !" No one stirred.
Over the din of the wind and wave,
Over the tempest's strife was heard
"Save !" but what human hand could save?

Clinging madly to the wave-washed deck,
Men and women in wild despair,
Sent this wild pleading from off the wreck,
Shuddering forth on the startled air.

Then spoke forth Huldah the fisher's wife,
"Is there no *man* will to save them dare,
Will ye so worthless, risk no life,
While they plead so in their wild despair?