

I know I should not have survived that day's work if it had not been for her. As it was, it was almost a year before I could enter again upon active duty.

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### THE SHIP THAT BRAVED THE STORM.

I stood and watched my ships go out  
Each one by one, unmooring free,  
What time the quiet harbour filled  
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy :  
She spread a smooth, white, ample sail,  
And Eastward drove with bending spars  
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope :  
No cargo in her hold she bore ;  
Thinking to find in Western lands  
Of merchandize a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love :  
She showed a red flag at the mast—  
A flag as red as blood she showed,  
And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith :  
Slowly she took her passage forth ;  
Tacked and lay-to ; at last she steered  
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away,  
Over the shimmering summer sea :  
I stood at watch for many a day ;—  
But one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—  
Hope ran upon a hidden reef—  
And Love took fire and foundered fast  
In whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,  
She recompensed me all my loss ;  
For as a cargo safe she brought  
A Crown linked to a Cross.