

LET US LAUNCH OUR BOAT.

BY MISS M. B. SMITH.

LET us launch our boat on a sunny sea,
Where the bright waves dimple and glow,
Dip into its waters rolling free,
And toy with the sea-weed that, restlessly,
Is swayed by its ebb and flow.

Far under its waters, clear and blue,
There are strange and delicate things :
Frail sea shells, bright with a roseate hue,
And pearls that shimmer like slumbering dew,
And gems for the crowns of kings.

Oh, look ! where the coral rocks lie bare,
Is a sea-nymph sporting free,
A sunbeam plays on her golden hair,
And touches her form with a beauty rare,
As she frolics and laughs in glee.

But she dives far down where her sisters sleep,
And she wakes them with her mirth ;
And there on the water a dance they keep,
And they laugh and laugh but never weep,
Nor dream of the tears of earth.

Gray is the sky, and the sun has set,
And a cold faint breeze blows by,
And sullen the tones of the breakers fret—
For where is the shore? We have found as yet
But shadows and clouds come nigh !

The sea-nymphs—where? They have passed from sight
They were made but of sunlit foam,
They are gone with their eyes and their tresses bright
And over the wave comes the hue of night—
Let us turn our boat towards home.

ST. JOHN, N. B.