
C. S. TO HER FRIEND ENTERING HIS 92nd YEAR.

O brave gallant Bark, who hast weathered life's sea,
For ninety-one years on this blest happy day;—
Spread thy sail, fearless still, for thy Pilot is He,
Who will guide and command and shed peace on thy way.

Sail on, gallant Ship, may no tempest annoy;—
May thy sun long delay ere it sink in the west,
May thy Pilot, at last, bid thee enter with joy
To the haven of peace and the realms of the blest.

HIS ANSWER.

Over the changeful sea of life my bark
Hath sailed in sunshine, and when skies were dark;—
By gentle breezes oft o'er ocean driven,
Or gales when spars were lost and sails were riven.
But steering by the chart which God hath lent,
And trusting in the Pilot He hath sent,—
The toils and perils of the voyage past,
I hope to gain the longed-for port at last.

And through the dimness of approaching night,
I see the glimmering of the beacon light
Raised on its storm-proof pedestal on high .
To tell the wandering sailor, land is nigh,
And hope ere long to reach that happy shore
Where toil shall cease and peril be no more;
And we shall prove, dear friend, that not in vain
Our faith hath told us,—we shall meet again.

W.

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