

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

He wore a suit of English blue,
His brim was hove a little down,
His salted cheek was shading brown,
His tie across his lappet flew.

His old companions shout his name
And forward run to grasp his hand—
"Oh, Jack returns from foreign land!"
And so the boys break up their game,

And little list'ners gather near
To hear some tale of wonderland,
And tip-toe round the circle stand,
Or pressing forward shyly peer.—

"And who are these? and this? and he?
" Oh, how the little lads do grow!"
" Yes, you were older"—" I did know—"
" We hailed them in the China Sea."