

THE ORPHAN BOY

All out of breath he gains a crag,
And rests a little space;
The surging waters rise amain,
They give him little grace.

Hand over hand he tries once more,
But still the tide doth rise;
At last he thinks his end has come,—
“O, save me, Lord!” he cries.

As if in answer to his prayer,
There comes a boat in sight;
The boatman’s rowing quick and well,
He sees the boy’s sad plight.

“Thank God, I’m not too late,” he said,
As nearer still he came;
And soon his nephew in the boat
Reclined his wearied frame.

For ’twas his uncle’s lot that day
To save that orphan boy;
And often does the story still
His ready tongue employ.

And those who see that precipice,
And mark its beetling side,
May well feel glad they’re not hemmed in
By an incoming tide.