

ORIGINAL POETRY

A VERSE MAY FIND HIM WHO A SERMON FLIES,
AND TURN DELIGHT INTO A SACRIFICE. ———HERBERT.

“ *Quem quer aprender a orar, entra no mar.*”

“ He who goes to sea knows how to pray to God.”

SPANISH PROV.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA ON A SABBATH MORNING.

The Sabbath dawns upon the deep,
But not, as wont, from tranquil sleep,
 To pay my vows, I rise :
'Mid raging seas, my prayers I pour,
 That seem more fervent than before,
 And nearer to the skies.

Yes ! mid the wild waves' heaving roll,
I hear a voice within my soul,
 In tones not often heard ;
When duty, on this sacred day,
With crowds, who formal worship pay,
 My lips their prayer preferred.

Alas ! our thankless hearts too soon
Forget that mercies are a boon,
 And sleep in sluggish pride ;
When summer smiles on ocean's breast,
And the blue halcyon builds her nest
 Upon the unruffled tide.

But when the wintry waters roll
An awful horror o'er the soul,
 In billowy pride, as now,—
Our humbled hearts confess the God,—
We own that justice lifts the rod,
 And at his footstool bow.

WAYNFLETE.