

She suddenly let go her hold,
And sank to rise no more.

Next day, whilst on the beach I stood,
Methought I saw her stand
On the crest of a foaming billow,
• And smile and kiss her hand.

To-day the waves are just as rough
As in that dreadful storm,
And so I'm thinking how I saw
Her lovely spirit form.

• But still I'm glad she's reached her home,
Where all is bright and fair,
I'll tell the reason of it, sir,
Because her mother's there.

WINTER MOONLIGHT.

The moon shines clear and cold and bright,
Shines on and does not wane,
All o'er the snow that lies so white,
And the frost upon the pane.