

The storm still raged upon the angry sea,
 No tidings came of him she sought ;
 My God ! she cried, a vision came to me,
 And Heaven's will, this night is wrought.

Louder and louder Heaven's wild artillery rang,
 With rain in torrents madly rushing by,
 When a booming gun across the ocean sang
 A requiem o'er the brave now called to die.

At length the storm had ceased, the morn appears,
 The sun shines forth from its hiding place ;
 But there are many eyes now shedding tears,
 That stand upon the young and the wrinkled face.

A cry arises from the cot, has father not yet been,
 He spoke to me this eve as I in slumber lay,
 Then clasped me in his arms and asked me had I seen
 The little fishing craft that sank in yonder bay.

Each night a light is set upon a window sill,
 As a beacon for the absent one, if he should appear ;
 And many a prayer ascends when wind and sea are still
 That the missing craft may yet be drawing near.

The days roll on, no trace has yet been found
 Of those who left their homes upon that fatal day ;
 And often in the night when distant thunders sound,
 We think we hear a voice among the breakers in the bay.

The child within the cot has now matured to womanhood,
 With little rosy lips oft pressed against her own ;
 And many a stormy day upon the beach she stood
 Where relics from the deep are oftentimes strewn.

Oftimes the childish lips will whisper in her ear,
 Will grandpa never come to us again ?
 Then with a smile to hide the falling tear,
 She repeats "the story" of a babe within a manger lain.

The tender voice of a fair-haired loving boy
 Oft seeks to learn the history of the light on the window sill ;
 When the mother's heart o'erflowing in her joy,
 Relates the story of her heavenly Father's will.

The storm still howls around that cottage door
 As they did, when she a mother now, was then a child ;
 And soon she will embark for the distant shore,
 Where she will ever dwell among the undefiled.