

(Written for THE HARP.)

A SAILOR'S YARN.

You may tell me what you like
 Never man with marlinespike
 Ever did a braver thing for dear old France
 Than that Croisic sailor lad
 Who no sounding title had
 Though he saved the Frenchman's fleet upon
 the Rance.

You've seen oft upon the blue
 A shoal of sharks pursue
 A frightened school of porpoise—*c'est sa vogue*,
 So 'twas with the ships of France
 Off St. Malo on the Rance
 When the English bent the Frenchmen at
 La Hogue.

The Frenchmen fled apace,
 With the victors in full chase,
 First and foremost in his flag-ship *Damfre-*
ville,
 Then came both great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all,
 And they followed helter-skelter with a
 will.

'Twas a brave and even race
 As each good ship kept its place
 A-shaking out each stern-sail to the breeze:
 He that fights and runs away;
 Lives to fight another day
 You may call it a defeat, mate! if you please.

Then from off his highest stick
 The brave *Damfre'* signal'd quick
 Send us pilots—save the honor of old France,
 Send us pilots skilled—and quick,
 Men who know to play the trick
 Of guiding ships amidst the shallows of the
 Rance.

Then the pilots of the place
 No braver hardier race!
 Put them out from off the shore and leapt
 aboard
 "The shoals can scarce be past
 When the tide is running fast
 At the ebb tide every shoal becomes a ford."

Damfre' heard; and spake he low;
 "This will be a heavy blow
 To lose these brave old ships of gallant
 France,
 But France must meet her fate!
 Signal each man not to wait
 But to ground and burn his ship upon the
 Rance."

Then spake *Hervé Riel*,
 "I know the channel well
 What mockery and treason have we here?
 Talk to me of being shoaled?
 Are ye bought with English gold?
 I can lead you safe, my Masters, never fear.

"Morn and evening, night and day
 I have piloted your bay
 And tho' you're brave and stirring men, my
 Maloins!
 I, a simple Croisickese
 Will lead you in with ease
 If I do not, cut me off then in my teens.

"Burn the fleet and ruin France!
 Why, you're speaking in a trance.
 That were worse by far than fifty hapless
 Rogues
 I will lead you safe and sound
 Not a keel shall touch the ground
 If I fail you, call *Les Riels* arrant rogues—

"Only let me lead the line,
 Make the others follow mine,
 No keel need touch the bottom as I said,
 Give the biggest ship to steer,
 Get that biggest one all clear,
 The others will have nothing then to dread."

"Not a minute then to wait
 Steer us in both small and great,
 Take the helm, lead the van," cries *Damfre-*
ville,
 "Capt'ns give the sailor place,
 He is admiral for a space,
 Follow Capt'ns one and all with a will."

See that honest Breton face,
 As *Hervé Riel* takes his place
 Watching keenly every trembling of the
 sails,
 See the big ship gives a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Breton eye and hand at rudder never fails.

Safely through each shoal and rock
 The French vessels like a flock
 Of wild geese through the bracken of the
 brooks
 Follow every turn and twist
 Of the Bretons skillful wrist
 "You may let go now your sturdy anchor
 flukes.

The port is lost and won
 E'er the setting of the sun,
 Won so bravely for the vessels of old France,
 For though the English tars
 Are tough as Norway spars
 They dare not enter 'neath the guns upon the
 Rance.

H. B.

TRIALS.—The sorest trials and the
 severest ordeals may be borne with
 equanimity, and even beget a noble de-
 termination to triumph over obstacles
 that at the first blush appear insur-
 mountable. For, after all, man is greater
 than circumstances, and is able, if in-
 spired by right principles, and prompted
 to the exercise of zealous endeavours, to
 mould them at will.