

Beside the fire her burdens fell :
She paused the cheering draught to pour,
Then waved her hands : " All's well, all's well !
Come on ! Swim ! swim ashore ! "

Sure, life is dear, and men are brave :
They came, — they dropped from mast and spar ;
And who but she could brave the wave,
And dive beyond the bar ?

Dark grew the sky from east to west ;
And darker, darker grew the world ;
Each man from off the breaker's crest
To gloomier depths was hurl'd :

And still the gale went shrieking on,
And still the wrecking fury grew ;
And still the woman, worn and wan,
Those gates of death went through

As Christ were walking on the waves,
And heavenly radiance shone about, —
All fearless trod that gulf of graves
And bore the sailors out.

Down came the night, but far and bright,
Despite the wind and flying foam,
The bonfire flamed to give them light
To trapper Becker's home.

Oh, safety after wreck is sweet !
And sweet is rest in hut or hall ;
One story life and death repeat, —
God's mercy over all.

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