

*The Book of the Native*

Over the rolling troughs, between  
The purple gulfs, the slopes of green,  
With sickening glide and sullen rest  
The old boat climbed from crest to crest.

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That day in his good ship, "The Foam,"  
Shipmaster Clive was speeding home ;  
His heart was light, his eyes elate ;  
His voyage had been fortunate.

"If the wind holds," said he, "to-night  
We'll anchor under Kingsport Light ;—  
I'll change the fogs of Fundy wild  
For Whitewaters and wife and child."