SEAWEED.

Oh light! oh tender, tender light! There eame a ery through the live long night; Wherever a mortal foot has trod, A ery of woe to a loving God, From those who would drink of the fabled wave That gives forgetfulness long as the grave. Sorrowing souls have need of thee,

Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh waves that were moaning all night long, Break out, and join in the angels song; Thunder it out with shoek on shoek Into the ears of the dull hard rock; Whisper it low to the far off strand Where the ripplets lazily laugh on the sand, Till earth shall echo from flower to tree Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh type of the Everlasting Day! Come from the East land far away; The land whence once came a holy voice Bidding all mourning hearts rejoice; Come and recall its echoes now, Flash on the darkened and sullen brow, Bid all doubts and all sorrows flee, Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh sun, rise up from thy wat'ry bed! Rise till the shades of night have fled! Sweep on, on thy mission, and linger not, With rays of love, on each sacred spot Where He, the Pure One, for sinners bled, Where earth once covered her Maker's head— He that made thee is calling to thee, Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

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