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A 819.1
F151L

"How sweet to cast a look above
And know we're going Home."

The Log of the
Sail of the Sailors
REST.



MISS FAIRBANKS

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819.1
-F151L

JAMES BOWES & SONS, PRINTERS,
128 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX.

The Dog of the Sail of the 'Sailors' Rest.



Gape of Good Hope.

PHILANTHROPY sweet, with her merciful eyes,
Is bent on effecting, a wondrous surprise,
With the highest of motives — somewhat to amuse
She will rig herself out, in the “bluest of blues” —
With the daintiest Yachting cap poised on her brow
And a broad sailor collar, bewitchingly low,
She will cruise about gayly — the sauciest craft,
Tho’ men may esteem her, a little bit daft
And win them by all sorts of nautical wills —
Tho’ naught of the naughty, will flash in her smiles,
To allow her to anchor a wish in each breast,
To secure most securely — the Mariners’ Rest
Attached to its moorings — well payed and supplied,
And awaiting the flood of Prosperity’s tide,
For this, — with no other design in the world
She’d become a Jack Tar, with the ensign unfur’d
Aflame with bright promise, her venture to back,
Like the “Cherub aloft” — she’ll “Look after poor Jack”
For you see when a woman has “ought” on her brain
She’s prepared for whatever may come in its train.

Funafuti Oceana.

My Bark ! my bark ! It is on the sea,
As the Newfoundland Dog said facetitously,
Our ship is well coppered, and almost afloat
And we'll woman our oars, in the staunch Jolly Boat,
Our Toggery to match — in sea faring lingo —
We'll accentuate feeling — by lisping “ By Jingo ” —
Pleasantly greeting the opposite party
When we meet in the streets, with “ Avast my Hearty ”
“ And shiver my timbers ” — as nothing loath
Be the gentlest form of a Lady's Oath —
Or if inclined to be strangely cynical
We'll send the stoic — “ Aft the Binnacle ” —
With rosy lips prest to the Audiphone
With boreas persuasion, and zephyrous tone —
With a voice attuned to the sound of the Sea
In unison true with Life's harmony,
Rippling with laughter Our Mermaid wild
As tho' she were born, Old Ocean's Child —
To the Veteran Tar and the fair faced Boy
Will cry, “ Young Man ! I am shouting Ahoy ;
“ And you must obey my Syren call —
“ I'll 'crimp' you a little — not 'rope-in' your all
“ For the Scylla of waste, the Charybdis of failing
“ Are not on the Chart, by which we are sailing.”
And the generous grace with which Jack bestows,
Has become a bye word, as everyone knows.

England, Merry England.

OH! Home sweet Home is the sweetest strain
That ever floats o'er a Sailor's brain,
It sings itself in the Watch at night
When winds are howling, and waves are white
And vivid memories grow stronger, stronger,
As the homebound pennant grows longer, longer,
Till it touches the waters so soon to bear —
The strong brave heart — to the ones held dear,
To the Love lights glistening in Woman's eyes
And the glad delight of the Children's cries
To care and comfort and fireside glow,
That only home-hungry souls can know —
Where the tremulous thrill of a Mother's prayer
Is reverently heard with emotion there,
And the voice of Thanksgiving in accents glad
Confesses "Our Father" has blessed the Lad.
But there are others that know no Home
But the rolling billows o'er which they come
To the distant strand where unknown, unsought,
They stand in the streets of the foreign port
Strangers 'mong strangers they come and go,
None tenderly greeting in weal or woe —
So the open door of the Sailors' Rest
May seem like the classical halcyon nest
And if it be not their childhood's Home,
At least it may seem like home to some,
Where womanly gentleness may win
The tempted and tried from the haunts of sin
Where the song may be sung and ringing clear
May rise the Chorus of Cheer Lads, Cheer.

Watson's Rock.

Our Admiral, our Admiral, a "Heart of Oak" is he
With a seaman's frank outspokenness, a sailor's gallantry,
We asked his aid, and Lo! our enterprise begun
He warmed and brightened by his beams, as tho' he were
the Sun,

He took an observation of each and everything,
The longitude and latitude, of wild imagining,
And then with gracious courtesy he gave in his degree
And set the Belles of Halifax achime with ecstasy,
Oh! if the Rest be restful, where the weary Jack Tars sleep,
We'll bless the Fleet's Commander in his home beyond the
deep,

And breathe the tale in many an ear, in many a coming day
Of the good that Admiral Watson did before he went away,
How he left our town the richer for a debt freed Institution
Which aims at the improvement of the Naval Constitution.

Old Chebueto.

THE Hall is bright and beautiful
And lovely Dames are there —
While sweetly falls the scent of Flowers
Upon the evening air —
Which in their lavish loveliness
Have been — already bound —
Pale captives — of those Pirate Hands
That ran the Barge aground —
While gleam the Lamps electrical
With kaleidoscopic rays,
Dousing the antique tallow glim
That “Light of other Days”
Our Orchestra is broadside on
And penetrating far —
The strains of “Pinafore” announce
Our Bona Ventura —
Our merry Maids are mustering,
Each one a fitting Mate
For any active service, or
For any kind of Fête
For everyone will rate herself
Undeniably A. B.,
For propelling the Propellor,
Of persistent industry ;
And if the main sheet carries
Of Canvass too much swell,
They'll draw upon the Bow line
And shorten sail as well !
Now yield ye, to my pilotage —
Right careful by I'll steer,

No "Landsharks" and no "Breakers"
Shall engulf you, I declare —
So come along and navigate
Discoverable seas —
And brace yourself for purchasing
Whatever you may please,
You may linger near the Capstan, —
If courageously you feel, —
May address you to the Lady
That standeth at the Wheel,
Who'll present for current capital
A fair "exchange" device
A pound weight package winningly
Secure it in a trice,
It may contain "belaying pins" —
Perchance, a vaporous puff
A match and its contingents
Or some flumigatory stuff
A pound of starch for collaring
Or a pound of Cheshire cheese
Or a pound of moving paragraphs
On "Love sick memories,"
Such yarns are spun and woven oft
And all "old chums admire"
These fabrics of fond fancy's Loom
Beside the Galley fire.

There are Islands, in the Ocean
That have been styled "the Blest"
But the ancient site of Kandi —
Is the little childrens' hest,
There they are always smiling sweet
Returning there in haste

To invest their treasur'd incomes
 It is so much to their taste,
They never wish to leave its joys
 They 'd loiter there for aye, —
The Impost is a "Licking" and
 That tax they like to pay,
You may join them in the purchase
 Of a Praline if you stop
Or select with grave discretion
 A seductive Lollipop.
Now step across, the Barrier
 Into "Miscellaneous Things"—
And indulge your errant longings
 Mid bows of many strings
Pray select the fairest fairing
 For the "fairest fair!" you know,
Or some trifles — for the Old Folks
 Who cannot see the show.
But after this brain-searching, you
 Will need a frothy cup —
From the cocoa-state adjacent
 To recruit your "using up."
E'er you venture into Paradise
 Where all the Fruit is free
And no forbidden pippin tempts
 Sinful cupidity —
A pear, if matrimonial,
 A plum, if avaricious,
But you must cross the palm with gold
 Of youthful Eves, officious.

Our delights are oft succeeded —
By anxious gusts of thoughts,
But into safest Havens, —
Your voyaging will be brought
If you listen to the wisdom, that
Counsels the expending —
On the useful, the appropriate
Means, that should be unending —
The charming Mentors taking charge
Will urge, with low ton'd voice
The "survival of the fittest" in
Your philosophic choice.

Then dreamingly artistic — you will
Gaze with rapt emotion
On Coleridges "Painted ship upon
A painted Ocean,"
Till parch'd with *aquarelles* unique
You will be apt to think —
Of "Water, water everywhere
But not a drop to drink" —
But having bought your Phantom Sketch
You'll rush off, to obtain
Invigoration, as alone
A Milk shake can contain :
Or, a cup of German Coffee, —
From a real German Frau,
Surrounded by blonde peasant Girls
From Faterland you'll vow —
If you can spare a moment's grace
The gay idea to catch —
You'll find that repartee is hot
Within the Kaffe Klatch.

Exclaiming "How refreshing" — we've
Reach'd the Artic Zone — yet
I do not feel like sitting on
The North Pole — all alone —
With frigidity of querying
Refrigate replies
You will think this Booth the strangest,
Of all anomalies :
Despite the freezing atmosphere
The throng seems bent on staying,
As tho' it were "the Merrie Month"
When Maidens "go a maying,"
With Icicles on your moustache,
A snow-ball in your eye
You'll deem this glacial period
Attracts the Icebergs nigh
So shiv'ring as the damaging, —
Chattering and chilling
Depart to see the "Toys and Dolls"
To return a victim willing,
But e're you seek on fun intent
Those charms of Babes precocious —
You'll whisper in a friendly ear —
"With hunger I'm fefocious."

Of all the ways to win a heart
It is by vital suasion —
For appetite will never brook
Calmly the least evasion —
A hungry man's an angry man,
But when supplied is he
Love will assert its empire — and
Romance its mastery,—
So acting on this axiom we've
Spread delicious pickings
Refraining tho' from serving up —
Old Mother Carey's Chickens—
No sea fare will we offer you—
Supported by hard tack,
But you may share some merry thoughts
Over a "silenced Quack"—
Or, a biped that has been deprived
Of osseous formation
Viands of various calibre
Like the ships' guns on our Station
Adjusted to the nicest sense
A Luxury a delight
With loud reports of excellence
To win a grand Tea Fight.

Halifax.

FAIR Philanthropy stood gazing
Her features all aglow
With happiest expectations,
Her eyes glanc'd to and fro —
She heard the music heralding—
“ God save our noble Queen,”
And knew — our Royal sailor Lad —
Had enter'd on the scene —
Then lovingly she whispered
“ A happy people we,
To be so far from — yet so near
To gracious Royalty — ”
She bless'd him for the Lady's sake
Who claims our loyal duty
For his Mother's hold upon our hearts
For character and Beauty
She blest him in his youthful grace
“ Whatever seas he sails
(She uttered inwardly), We pray
God keep — Prince George of Wales.”

This was the crowning of the Work
So thoughtfully begun —
Good-night, must now close Welcoming
Before the daylight Gun —
But e'er it flashes brightly forth
We'll thank each gen'rous breast
Which urged the willing hands stretched forth
To aid the Seamens' Rest.