

We hail our homes no more:
And should our hapless fate be such
We'd wrong not nature so,
To think that hearts who've sighed so much
Will soon forget their woe.

Ripple, ye waters, into smiles,
The sun's east mirror break,
Whilst far Bahama's dreary isles
Shall vanish in our wake.
Nor should your storms affright us more—
Blow, tempests of the deep;
I better love old ocean's roar—
Than this, his stagnant sleep.

ew

Tears — There is a sacredness in tears, They are not the
mark of weakness, but of power: They are the messengers of
over-whelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeak-
able love. Tears are no sign of a soft heart; water
is distilled from rocks.