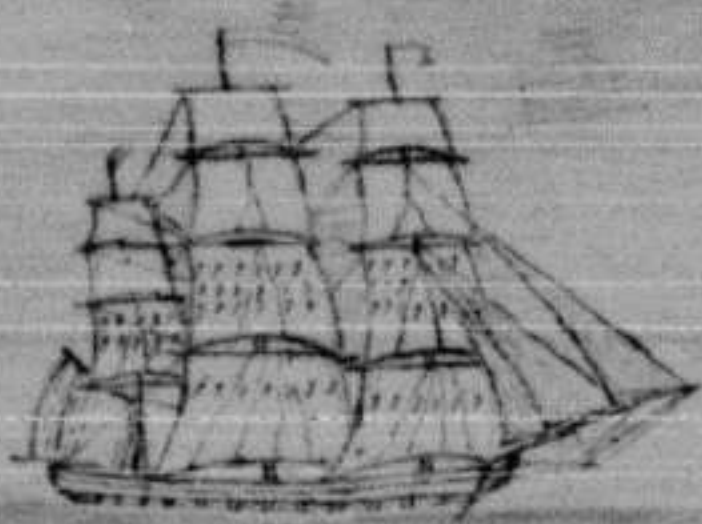




Brightly the moonlight streamed on the wide sea, and gilded the stern of the fair ship, which glided gently over its sparkling waves. The soft breeze swept lightly across the white sail, and seemed bearing to the sailor's heart sweet memories of home; while the gush of the parted waters as the noble ship struggled through the deep, was the only sound which broke on the stillness of the midnight hour.

It was a fair scene that smited on the patient seaman, during his lonely night watch. But his sleep is uneasy - his frame convulsed with strong emotion - and when he suddenly stops and gazes on that fair still moon, so calm, so bright in the pure heavens above him, its silvery rays rest on a tear that trembles in his eye. Ah! dreams he of his own fair home by the streamlet's side far away? Is his heart melting away before the fond recollections of the loved ones, who sigh for him there?

He starts in thus, at the sudden remembrance of some well-known voice sweeter in its tones than the richest music, because full of love to him. His fancy presents a glowing picture of bright eyes, beaming in tearful love upon his face - of beloved forms, with extended arms, hastening to embrace the loved wanderer - with the dear old tree, the sparkling rill, the verdant bank - ah! every gentle object hovering around that loved spot? And has, just now, the fair illusion departed, leaving him alone, amid the dreariness of sad reality? Yes, the sailor has a heart, but it is a generous unselfish heart. He has sighed for the dear home of his youth, and for the still dearer friends, who watch and pray for his safe return, till his heart seemed breathing with grief.

