

News from Home July 1866 3.

As twilight brightens into day
Behold our missions meet
An object floating on the bay
Which speaks of life though far away
Over channelled waters deep.

We peer away and down upon
The stranger sail now press
With spy glass view her aft and long
As eagerly we hasten on
Yet still can only guess.

The stranger comes to bring us more
Then hope shall dare to add
So high away my boat before
The distance we have half sailed over
Her news from home at last.

Each glancing back with a good will
Now wakes the beaver spray
From Dick and Harry's oars till
Some auspicious place must fill
In the dramatic play.

And now we reach the stranger ship
Home messages secure
Then quick again the oar shall dip
Back to the Daniel now we slip
Nor will we long endure.

To pass the fleet moments by
So now we break the seal
Hope gawns to know. Fear gives a sigh
Dear friends are mortal. By the by
Let these the fact reveal.

This old familiar land I know
It oft has come to me
To cheer me wheresoever I go
And even in this land of snow
Annie I hear from thee.

Dear Annie couldst thou words remain
And be a word to me
Without thy presence to proclaim
These words of comfort over the main
Which none could write but thee.

the picture

Then is another do I see
A familiar form and face
With eyes which almost speak to me
I believe it was kind in thee
To span such mighty space.

And high thee over Atlantic's wave
Unto this frozen zone
Where nature rules the rude and brave
And join have found this care worn slave
And cheerest him thus alone.

'Tis sweet for me as here I pass
The monster of the sea
To conquer in the heaviest race
And crimson over the briny waste
Such scenes are dear to me.

'Tis sweet for me upon the tide
To spread the snowy sail
To angry waves to dash aside
Wouldst measure through the storm we ride
Before the mighty gale.

'Tis sweet to lounge beneath the shade
Where summer's cooling breeze
Waft gently from the forest glade
In rephes over the green perade
Beneath the spreading trees.

'Tis sweet to hear the night birds sing
Where waters gently fall
When fancy mounts her gaudy wing
And all that hope or love could bring
To happiness shall call.

But sweeter for thee all of these
Are tidings of my home
Though they have I dance the distant seas
As echoes from the ocean breeze
To cheer me here alone.