

# POEMS OF NANTUCKET.

I know an isle, clasped in the sea's strong arms,  
Sport of his rage and sharer of his dreams;  
A barren spot to alien eyes it seems,  
But for its own it wears unfading charms.  
From Spring's first kiss to Autumn's last caress,  
Gayly its moorlands bloom from strand to strand,  
And many a favored nook by west winds fanned,  
Holds flowers unmatched for tint and loveliness.

From "Cactus," by EMILY S. FORMAN.

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## THE HOUSE-TOP WALK.

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

WEATHER-STAINED and beaten and empty now,  
The long, long vigil o'er ;  
No longer the ships go out to sea,  
And the watchers wait no more ;  
Sailors and watchers are resting now,  
Some on this sandy lea,  
And some with the sea-grass round them twined,  
Are asleep in the wandering sea.

But it comes to me as I walk the street  
Of the quaint, historic town,  
A vision these scenes have looked upon  
In the years so long ago, —  
A vision of struggle with storm and tide,  
By the brave ones, called to roam  
On the wrathful way of the ocean wide ;  
And a vision of love at home.

On the house-top walk in the morning gray,  
And yet in the deepening night,  
They watch for the flash of a homeward sail,  
Or the swing of a mast-head light.  
It is morn again, and again 't is eve,  
So the days drag one by one,  
And the steadfast thing in the changeful scene  
Is the love that will have its own.

So the hair grows gray, and the faces thin,  
For the sea is empty still ;  
And the lonely years will have their way,  
And God will have His will.  
But the watch is o'er. What matters now  
Though the ships drift endlessly,  
Though some are asleep in the graveyard there,  
And some in the wandering sea ?