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THE JOURNAL.

When the morn broke clear and the au-

the sea, which had tossed through that terrible night, On that rock-bound shore,

to surge and to swell in waves mountain high, Ceased to toss its foam angrily up towards

the sky, Ceased its horrible roar.

Then she stole from her cot, with her

tabe closely pressed Gainst her heart, which throbbed in her breast which had Through the wearisome night. And she moved to the cliffs, which stood

high and steep, with wide-staring eyes, looked out In the clear morning light.

That vast sea was as smooth as a lake that's at rest;

Not a wave could be seen upon its broad breast As it rolled to the land;

Yet it silently swept far up on the beach, Every time it came up striving higher to

For a moment her heart was filled with affright,

While she gazed on the sea, lit by mornings clear light, And saw far and near

On the breast of the deep, bits of hull and of most Which told of the tempest that o'er it

In that night bleak and drear. Twas her fisherman husband for whom

she feared: For his boat on the ocean she eagerly

But ne sail was in sight; Then her eyes chanced to turn from the sea to the land. she saw a man's form lying still on

the sand In the clear morning light. comething strange in that form for a

breath stopped her heart, omething known in that form caused the life blood to dart

Through her bosom once more For a moment she scarcely could gather her breath For a moment her face was as ghastly as

death, As she gazed at the sho e.

Then she rushed to her hut, took the babe from her breast. leaving the child in his cradle to

She hastened to go Down the path, that was cut in the cliff's rugged side. To the sands where the ocean's still ris

ing tide Came steady and slow. With a fast beating heart along the dry

beach.

Which the incoming tide was trying to reach,

She flew o'er the ground In the form which lay there, as if dead on its side,

In the spot where 'twas lett by the last rising tide, Her husband was found

At his side in an instant she dropped on her knee,

eagerly peered at his features to see Were he living or dead: But she saw that his face was as ghastly aa death,

And there came from his lips not even a As she lifted his head,

Then the shirt o'er his breast she tore quickly apart, And her quivering hand she placed on his heart

For a moment's brief space; As she felt his heart's throb, uncertain and slight,

Her breast filled with joy, her eyes shone with a light Which transformed her face.

He was ghastly and cold as he lay on the At the spot unto which he'd been swept

on the strand By that terrible storm, But her heart leaped for joy in the breast

of that wife.

For she'd felt his blood throb and she knew there was life In that almost dead form

With the strengh of a giant, born of her She carried that form to the cliff-top

From the surf-beaten shore;

And she dared on the way not a moment Lest the heart that so faintly beat in his Should cease evermore.

To their oot, near at hand, her burden she bore, And, though ber fame shook as she en-

tered the doer, Her heart did not quall; Yet she sighed when she'd placed his form on the bed,

For his eyes were wide staring as if he And his face ghastly pale.

With the courage of love she fought for With the vigor of love she entered

strife
And conquered grim Death;
For she saw, in good time, light gleam is And she heard with delight from hi

bosom a sigh,
And she felt his faint breath. Love had won, as oft times it had won before; Love had won, as it will till our loving is

o'er. Till we pass from this earth;

Strength had come to her arms as her husband she bore,
Strength had come to her frame that she'd no'er known before
Till love gave it birth.

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