

There is truly something inspiring in the rhythmic roll of the ocean waves as in their ever changing moods, they beat upon the shore. And the author of "A Song of the Waves" in the *Nassau Lit.*, was evidently either listening to the breakers themselves, or dreaming of some half-forgotten day when he lingered by the sea.

A SONG OF THE WAVES.

All day long, we sing, we sing,
When the west winds hover low,
As arm in arm we onward swing,
Yet neither fast nor slow;
But with an easy rhythmic roll
That's half a song itself,
We drift o'er reef and hidden shoal
And the deep sea's pearl-strewn pelf.

With a throw, a forward throw,
With a long, long swing;
As neither fast nor slow,
In an arm-locked row,
We swing, swing, swing.

On! Who would not whirl
When the east winds moan and sigh,
When the typhons sweep and curl,
And the sea-gulls battling cry?
Haste! though we know not where,
For the wild dance leads us on;
Haste, for our only care
Is to dance ere the storm be gone.

With a throw, a forward throw!
Ho, how the typhoons curl!
On, on, we know not where—
So we dance we do not care—
We whirl, whirl, whirl!