



"We have weathered the storm," the captain said,
 "I can see the harbor light,
 And those tossing waves point out the bar,
 We shall sleep at home to-night."
 And the seamen smiled at the captain's words
 And thought of their firesides warm,
 And the waiting wives on the nearing shore,
 That haven from wind and storm.
 But the sun sank down in angry clouds,
 And never a gleaming star
 Shown through the fog, while mountain high
 Rolled the waves on the harbor bar.

None heard the shrieks from drowning lips,
 O'er the breakers' awful roar,
 But the longing eyes on the shore shall see
 The good ship never more;
 And never a dead face floated up
 On the ocean's heavy swell,
 For the treacherous sand of the harbor bar
 Holdeth its secrets well.
 Not a soul was saved the sad, sad news
 To carry to friends afar.
 Some bits of wreck, and the tale was told—
 "Gone down on the harbor bar."



"We are almost there," the fisherman cried,
 "And we shall be glad, my men,
 To ride in the harbor snug and safe,
 Away from the storms again,"
 And the fisherman smiled at his happy luck.
 And counted his treasures o'er,
 And thought of the warm hearts waiting now
 To welcome him back to shore.
 God help the fishermen! seamen bold,
 For the winds blow wild and far,
 And between the boat and the lights of home,
 Break the waves on the harbor bar.

And the days shall pass and storms shall sweep,
 But never, ah, nevermore,
 In the harbor snug and the harbor safe
 Shall the fisher-boat touch the shore;
 For the waves toss high and fog horns blow,
 And never a pitying star
 Looks down to weep o'er the awful fate,
 "Capsized on the harbor bar."

Alas! for the ships with snowy sails
 That have skimmed the ocean o'er,
 And the steamers with precious human freight,
 That have braved the breakers' roar
 To sink in the sight of home and hope,
 While winds blow wild and far,
 And mountain waves shriek out the tale
 "Wrecked on the harbor bar."

Alas! for the wives that weep alone
 In the desolated home,
 And the eyes that are dim from watching long
 For the ships that never come.
 Ah! when the sea gives up its dead
 At the sound of the tramp afar,
 Many a loyal heart and true
 Will rise from the harbor bar.

MRS. C. R. MINKLER.

