

ON THE NORTH-WEST ARM

NORMA E. SMITH.

I have passed o'er thy fog-wreathed bosom
When thy beauty was hidden from sight,
As a sleeping infant when covered
From the damp chill air of night.
I have seen thy face in the morning
Brightened by rose and gold,
In times of the early summer,
In times of the winter's cold.

But to me, O Arm of the Ocean,
Thou child of the fathomless deep,
Thy fairest guise is ever
When the sunlight sinks to sleep,
When the burning clouds of evening
Like volcanos, towering higher,
Mount from the west in glory
And make thee a "sea of fire";

When the violet couch of the sunshine
Is hid from my view away,
When the first calm eye of Heaven
Keeps guard o'er the god of day;
When the rippling wavelets about thee
Are mingling with day's "goodnight",
It is then that thou art more lovely
Than in sunrise or moonlight bright.

There are many souls on life's ocean
With their days of shade and shine,
Tossed by the tempest and driven,
Their lives I have likened to thine.
Yes, to thine, for toward life's evening
Their restless striving will cease,
As the golden beauty of sunset
Shall enfold them, and give them—peace.