



*" 'Twill not be long before we feel  
The tender south wind's soft embrace.  
And know the tug of straining wheel,  
The wire-note of wind-taut brace.*

*With fair winds free and blowing strong  
We'll set our course at F'ancy's call,  
To Mackinac or ports along  
A shore where sun-flecked waters sprawl.*

