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SEA DRIFT

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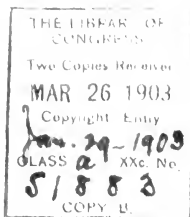
TRIBUTE TO THE OCEAN

BY

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“ WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY ”

SEA DRIFT.

I.

Vast and pliant Ocean, whose soft, large arms
Enfold the Earth, holding in close embrace,
To share with her the tireless daily round
Through the long court-ways of the royal sun
In unabated power and joy of might ;
We greet thee ! closest kin of air and light,
And dowered like them with fair-souled purity.
All hail, great Ocean, reprint of the sky !

Inspired with motion, pauseless, with no end—
Motion, the quickened breath of panting stars,
And wings on the round shoulders of the worlds,
Heart-throbs of sound and all deep harmonies,
The pulse of light, the soul of solar flame,
Swift gliding footsteps on the floors of space,
And poetry and bloom of measured time ;
Twin-born with sentient gain of finite life ;—
Ocean and Earth, in twofold majesty,
Inspired with motion ; wrought of woven change ;

A twain made one by subtle deathless bonds,
Form our great world, equipped and glorified!
No path, no chart, no sign to mark the way,
Both forge right on through awed and wonder-
ing space,
Leaving no wound on its ethereal deeps.

Exuberant in work that needs no rest,
Clothed in white samite by the radiant sun,
Exchanging signals with the neighboring worlds;
You hold your place among the stars of heaven—
A wedded Sea and Earth in nuptial flight,
A world as golden as the stars of heaven.

A CHANT OF THE WORLDS.

Through time and through distance on into the
vast;

With endless persistence we hail from the past.

Onrushing and shining, all day and all night;
The blue heavens lining with God's golden light.

Our ranks broken never, not one of us lost;
On! onward forever, in serial host.

Rest needing not, neither renewal of days;
To us, pathless ether like firm, beaten ways.

In far, starry sessions, each other's ally,
We weave wondrous lessons in light from on
high.

We round every angle—fraternal and strong—
And strew love's evangel the blue sky along.

Upright our great neighbors, all kinships abide;
And no rash invaders hearts loyal divide.

From through the far spaces wide friendships
arise;
And, all in our places, our love fills the skies.

Heaven's eyes! we are smiling all day and all
night;
The ages beguiling with movement and light.

Our singing is moving, our moving is song;
Triumphant, God proving, we worlds roll along.

A Living Radiance fills earth, sea and sky,
And breathes one breath of Life in all that are;
One sweet and waking sentience, manifold;
More closely kindred all than blessed babes
That suck one mother's breast and gladden home.

Ocean if very life, we only know
 In waves, in tides, in foam, in thrill of voice ;—
 Mere flecks in one infinitude of change ;
 Illusions telling of the deeper real
 That would reveal itself as best it may.

So learn we of the Ocean's Source and ours
 In tones, in forms, in endless wavering change,
 Reiterating : "There is Power unchanged,—
 The One and All—by truth interpreted
 In beauty of revealing light that floods
 To blindness feeble eyes of sense and soul,
 Slow conning primers of an endless lore.
 His unveiled Power would wreck our feeble
 sight."

THE PROBLEM.

Shall every atom allies seek and find?
 Shall stones, like worlds, build up of their own
 kind?
 Shall every creature need and seek its own?
 Shall all our highest joys dear kinships bind ;
 Yet those grand worlds go on and on alone,
 Unhelped by sympathetic sentient mind
 Conditioned like themselves ; in large outlined?
 They move by law ; but so does everything ;
 Firm, innate laws from our own bodies spring ;

To every one of them each act is bound,
And yet, within, the living *me* is found,
Learns its own province and pre-empt^s its
ground.

Vast principalities and powers of life
Constructed for a different, grander strife,
Unlike to ours, but with large purpose rife,
Should hold their higher conferences in love,
Their kindred joys and hopes perennial prove,
And with onmoving worlds in onward friendship
move.

Our dearest joys rise from our social needs;
Are there no grander souls who share their larger
deeds?

The smallest dot can boast its living dower,
Then why not lands and oceans of a sentient
power?

Is God too poor to make of many kinds,
An ordered growth for all His growing minds?
Who limits Him, the might of Love maligns.
Of all organic forms on our own Earth,
Each type unfolds a differing mental birth,
And from the wealth of all, springs highest
worth.

MYTHS.

A germ of truth has nestled
In crudest guess of yore ;
Wise men with mysteries wrestled
And only found the more.

The sea and air are teeming
With nerveless forms of life ;
With slumbering seeds, undreaming,
The poorest clay is rife.

Some ancient myths seem wiser
Than sanest lore to-day ;
Do worlds need close adviser
To aid them all the way ?

Do great souls need their helpers,
Real forms, with mass compact ?
Mayhap, the wide sea shelters
Its glorious soul, intact.

Ocean, not clothed as we in aching flesh,
That grows, and withers as the grass, and dies,
Thou livest always as the ages live !
Spirit, thou art, too glorious for our sight,
Of God's first-born—in film of day enwrapped
That all may feel thee, find thee near and dear.
In thy great self transcendent more than air,

Than light itself; and protean in helpfulness,
 Echo of Him who changes not in love,—
 His bright reflection, shadowed to our needs;
 Best type of life made tangible and real;
 Re-echoing songs of His high purposes
 In charity as large as hope demands.

Why are we blinded to the larger lives
 Who rule the world as we our bodies rule?—
 The waking souls of sleeping, obvious forms,
 Akin to all the children of the Living One?
 They make our universe fraternal home!

Incarnate Ocean is embodied health,
 With priceless gifts for every wandering breeze;
 Quick messages, alive and jubilant,
 Coaxing the leafy plains in tonic dance;
 On hillsides waving off pale maladies,
 And scattering strength as hoar frost, autumn
 loved.

Not one of all life's children, Ocean scorns!
 The patient, helpful earliest nurse and friend
 Of blind, slow groping immaturity;
 His waiting patience all the ages envy.
 His soft phylacteries enfold the Earth,
 And round it full in glorious symmetry
 Of beauty deeper than the midnight sky—
 Fair robe for this fair world on which we live.

Earth laurel-crowns her glorious mountain
heights,
Grows lilies in her valleys beautiful,
And smiles in roses on her sunny plains ;
But sweetest blossoms shrink to piteous guise,
And make their hasty pilgrimage to dust
From whence they came. Mankind—all things
that walk—
When life with high achievement passes on,
Grown wan and pallid ghosts, step down to
Hades ;
Love hiding them from startled eye of day.

Great Ocean finds no death his own estate ;
He was, and is, and will be ages hence.
He wrapped the naked plains in swaddling
clothes,
And saw the rising of the purple hills,
Before mankind had lifted stately head
And claimed his sovereignty of guiding mind.

Ocean, in his higher state—fair water
Distilled in sunshine for the dear Earth's needs—
The beverage for children of the light—
Knows no corruption and no doom of death.
Though foreign taints should burden weary days
With soil and cloud, they're dropped as one dis-
cards
A wornout garb that never was himself.

If sacrificed ten thousand thousand times
On human altars for utility,
Transformed, denied, buried, as slain at last ;
Water—spurning decay, with facile might,
Redeems its own high birthright, undefiled ;
Soars up to Heaven, by strong attraction drawn,
Descends, expands, fills all the air with life,
Pervasively to comfort all who breathe.

A hospitality as large and free
As Ocean's world-encircling lavishness
Is spread more widely than the solid earth.
Old Ocean folds in clasping, softest arms
And holds within his heart—where calmness
 reigns—
Pale, breathless forms that none can number ;
Revolving cycles lost all count long since.
But men miscall this proffered sanctuary ;
They clothe a virtue in the garb of vice ;
They freight his billows with more obloquy
Than ships on Ocean's all-sustaining deep.

Great questions, intricate, of many sides,
Bewilder honest men with subtleties ;
Statutes most clearly framed can be interpreted
By straight reversal of their high intent.
Sheer Will, aroused, plays judge and jury both.
Plain Bible texts serve readings manifold.

Poor souls have stumbled into gloomy caves
Because a neighbor's bushel screened their light,
And active fancy conjures miracles
More wonderful than told in ancient script.
Two children wrangled hotly for possession
Of scissors, born in their small brains ; intent,
Each one, to cut the apron, white, invisible,
For lovely dolly—wholly mythical.
The grown up fancy may outrank the child's.

The things we love are shields ; so, Janus-
faced ;
Our side defending us with reflex zeal,
That waxes hot as we in its defence,
Till we and shield alike are jaundice hued.
Each glass is to its allies, surplus zeal.
One brain can build more castles, stronger based
Than any thousand cunning hands combined ;
Building in earth or air ; with art as fine,
More subtly beautiful, than Spain's Alhambra's.

Yet each must speak his own deliberate mind,
His dearest thought, for ends that suit himself,
Let others hear aright or hear all wrong.

II.

Old, pliant Ocean, in thy massiveness
As low and humble as Earth's sandy shores,
We come to thee, playmate of trustful men,
Sustainer of our frailest venturing crafts ;
We come to test thy splendid buoyancy,
To shed the cares of life and pluck its joys ;
We come, tired children, to the father's arms
For pillowed calm as on maternal breast ;
We stoutly wrestle, too, with boisterous waves,
Grappling with surges of benignant power,
Alive with teeming, sheer vitality—
Contagion of high health we're sure to catch.

Off hours, we lounge upon the thirsty sands,
Thirsting as they for thy cool bath of strength ;
Yet more than satisfied with breathing deep
The savor sweet and pure, which fills the air
From high, upleaping billows, flashing clear.
Long ambient crests, scattering liquid light
As meteors break to radiant gems at night ;—
These keep thy waters rich with rampant change.
The loom that weaves new vigor, still renewed,
It scatters wealth of dewy helpfulness

To nurture far and wide leaf-growing things—
The foot-bound children of the grateful soil—
And keeps dear Earth in fresh-born purity.

Thy rhythmic tides, they slumber not nor sleep,
Like God's own love—with blessed rise and fall,
The slow, time-beating pulse of cosmic life—
They breathe a great world music all their own,
And move staid Earth to thrill in sympathy,
Low murmuring melodies in soft response,
Athrob! athrob! in ceaseless ebb and flow,
Systole, diastole, of breathing sea;
And thy full beating pulse is kin to man's,
The heart throbs of a common joyous life.

Helper and friend of blind misfortune's waifs!
Dull broken things—afloat—awake new born,
Wave-clad afresh in rare and richest dyes,
Wrecks, sent adrift in ragged ugliness,
On thy sustaining love grow beautiful
As sheen-robed fishes leaping into air,
With rainbows gleaming on their speckled sides:
They add fair glory to the fairest day.
All strays who pillow lightly on thy waves,
Move with their motion, as rider with his steed,
And sway as shadows change with changing
light,
Come storm or sunshine, feel no weariness.

Cushioned and lace-fringed cradles rock them all
To slumberous graceful counterfeits of life—
Motion and rest no longer two but one.

Upon thy tossing billows, idly poised,
Rest brooding ships like birds on leafy nests,
Swayed lightly to and fro by passing breeze.
With folded robes, these, coaxing errant dreams,
As though all care in life had fallen on sleep,
Slow rise and fall in slumber's deep-breathed
 calm;
And crystal budding flowers float daintily
From prow to stern,—bright leafage of the sea,
Sweet lotus blossoms of rare idleness.

Anon wake up the strenuous living souls
Of these winged sleepers on thy heaving breast.

Fling wide abroad white plumes of cherubim!
Move out afar, devouring space on space
Till lost in wide horizon's smiling face!
Purpose and sharp intent, and victory
In every change.

Yet see! they falter, tack,
Give up their right line march, as vassals may,

Wooing the wind whose living breath they crave
 For vital air. Ah! challenge face to face
 The strong wind's blustering, brave audacity!
 Sail on, as clear-eyed eagles fly towards light,
 Right through the piercing front of conquered
 power!

The sturdiest soul of enterprise may find
 His best laid plans held up by sea or land;
 His only hope, reversing fate adverse,
 And in the teeth of challenge, come to port;
 So gathering high rewards ambition craves,
 By facing boldly lions of the sea.

Steam-motored, prouder craft, plow ocean's
 soil

With straighter furrows, cut with sharper steel;
 And careless, insolent, puff towers of smoke—
 Weak effigies of heaven's high hanging clouds—
 To stain the face of sweet-breathed crystal day.
 But little leeway gained! their tether holds,
 Still dragging anchor never yet outsailed.
 Ballast, the lightest air ship has in store!
 No swift, new-fangled thing, shall loose itself
 From stress of social help, close girded on;
 Who works alone, works toward his own defeat.

Steam breathing pride yet puffs right
 haughtily:—
 "Allegiance owe I not to tyrant winds;
 On my own way I move resistlessly!"

Move what? move where? Who breaks fra-
 ternal bonds?
 Ocean,—without thy help, the flighty steam,
 No vessel at its back, afloat in air,
 A nerveless mist, would die as dies hot flame—
 Its great ships stranded in a zone of calm!

Tribute, all meekly yield thy majesty,
 And rich and jeweled glory trail astern;
 Sowing thy waves with regal diadems;
 With rivulets of quickened, tossing gems
 That clash and flash, melting in softened tones,
 Soft wrapped again in mothering placid blue.
 Spent change falls back to claim predestined aid;
 Hand helping hand, pigmies like giants thrive.

REST IN MOTION.

Great ships hurry East, fast ships hurry West!
 Good ships on the ocean are havens of rest.

They speed like a lover hope-bound to his love ;
We rest, as at anchor, the blue waves above !
 Old cares may not harp,
 No failure to carp,
No business, no pleasure to elbow and shove—
 To elbow and shove !

Our ship on its way to the uttermost part,
We vibrate like branches the wood-zephyrs start ;
As steadfast as they in our sea-rhythm swing ;
Like the hawk sparrow, resting, poised safe on
 the wing—
 We idle and dream,
 Watch sapphires agleam,
Charmed, listen unharmed, when sea sirens sing ;
 The sea sirens sing !

The sky overhead is a dome for the gods,
The deep blue below laughs upwards and nods ;
They are friendly alike, dark azure and pearl,
And music is captured in wave dash and swirl ;
 The bright leap of fish,
 Completes every wish,
As the onmarching billows white pennons unfurl ;
 White pennons unfurl !

In the heart of the storm there is restfulness
here,
The voice of the tempest our clarion of cheer ;
We ride up to heaven, we glide toward the earth,
And hug cushioned ease for all it is worth ;
 Right on the ship holds
 And safety enfolds,
Secure as an infant's awaiting its birth ;
 Awaiting its birth !

So we ride through the heavens, at ease in our
place,
We look the bright sun from all sides in the face,
We carry the moon like a kite on a string,
Displacing the stars—old Earth on the wing !
 We chatter and smile,
 Like lads on a stile ;
And our poor little pleasures seem everything ;
 Seem everything !

Vast purposes, moving with swiftness of
thought,—
The idlers half dreaming no changes are
wrought,—
Outstripping the lightning, make stars seem to
creep ;
But a clear sun is shining when darkest skies
weep.

And the light of the eye
Is born in the sky;
And so mighty forces work on while we sleep;
They work while we sleep.

Taking no burdened thought of life or death,
In all thy borders making holiday,
Ocean, thy slippery tenants live, rent free.
The great-girthed, sportive monsters roll and
 leap
Through gladsome waves which boil with
 answering mirth
For these great hoyden children of thy care.
Sperm whales, uptossing beakers high in air,
Find sport by harrying monsters of the deep—
The dread, fierce Krakens with their scores of
 arms.
For cousins, blessed with daintier appetites,
The small sea midges, gay in dance of death,
Sweep down the coaxing currents of whale
 breath;
And least becomes the greatest through sea
 change.
Sea porcupines, sly eels, who shock their prey,
Swordfish, well armed and strong, and savage
 tribes

As swift of fin as warring birds of wing,
Rival all passions of the earth or air.

But argosies, called "men of war," disport
In bright and sunny waters; dainty fleets
Of living jewels. These, and seagoing birds,
And gentler clans, who sail, or leap, or fly,
Swift flashing into view in beauty's garb
Make kind and homelike, wide, age-treasured
planes
Else shifting purposeless in vague unrest;
And gentleness holds court in azure fields
More charming than elysian emerald groves.
Sweet gentleness can always win the palm.

Can one say purposeless? Monotonous,
Perhaps, to voyager weary of himself,
And blind as mole to piercing blaze of light
That might reveal new worlds, urging their
claims;
But purpose brightens face of every wave,
And fills the rounded sphere of every drop.

Who skims the surfaces of ocean deeps,
Baptismal home of motion's wide unrest,—
Motion, greatest, and least, and whole of change,
Peopled and quick with mysteries untold—
May fail to find the vital soul of things

Patent and beautiful as day itself;
Nor catch one gleam of Liliputian life
Measured by pulses in pure light itself;
Where feeling may awake in vividness
Whose satisfactions are commensurate
With all the other values in its charming world.
One water drop can serve a thousand guests;
Then, multiplied, what unique hosts may thrive
Unknown and all undreamed by heedless folk!
No one has fathomed yet the mystery
Of microscopic, brisk and agile life
That intervenes in all the coarser worlds,
And Ocean its fair Eden of delight.

But life marine, in space to us allied,
Sea cousins, tangible if far removed,
May teach us lessons we have failed to learn.
These curious novelties are much unknown,
Because thou, kindly Ocean, shelterest them
In cool, salt-seasoned waters fathoms deep.

Some living things that grace this nether world
Are queerest half-made guys, as wonderful
As schemes of metaphysics men have made;
Fashioned like nothing grown beneath the sun.
Art thou with mother Earth in rivalry
For odd and ugly nurselings? Thou hast won.
Leviathans and smallest dots of life

Swim side by side, unequal friends or foes ;
All equal wards of thine, who shelterest them
Impartially, as mothers brood their young.

To us, most beautiful is symmetry ;
To thee, the need of it makes love more free ;
Crude shapelessness may win some lovelier
 guise !

Shallow and small the thought that cannot prize
High magnanimity to embryo things
Nurtured in covert thy long fostering brings.
Poor effigies and lilies of the sea,
Sea kings who rule, weak ones who hide and flee,
In owing unpaid debts must all agree.

What nameless tribes most coolly breathe and
 thrive
On thy exhaustless storage of supplies !
And in sheer ugliness ungainly strive,
Of every quality, and shape, and size ;
Some chained, life prisoners on the rugged
 rocks,
Who feed—as helpless else as stones and stocks ;
And others, life-long, restless wanderers rove ;
But sheltered all by thy abounding love.

With hooks, with screws, with spears, sword
 panoplied,
In armored scales, cased up in flinty stone,

Bearing rude shields or richly carved and fine,
Or grown all arms and grasping, reaching claws,
More hideous these than fancy dares to dream.
Some, creatures vague, if flesh or plant, un-
guessed;

To meet the eye of day, too nerveless, some
Crumble at sight, like old Pompeian dough;
More pulpy soft than boneless marrow these;
Those, winged with enterprise to test fresh air,
And those mere skeletons, queer frights of wire,
Those wearing ribs outside, life locked within—
As bone and flesh had interchanged—
More shapeless those than pictures children
scrawl,

With no more sanity nor less of spleen
Than insane draughtsmen cleverly invent—
The old chimeras wandering here alive.

THE UNKNOWN.

If small crude mysteries
Breed reverent awe;
And strange life histories
The wisest subtly draw;
If open eyed our wonder
At new undreamed devices—
As born of curious blunder,

Yet for the sea suffices,
And if we find there everything
However odd and queer,
Can queerer service bring
To make its purpose clear—
What mysteries great Sea itself may hold,
What more than world-wide purposes enfold,
Waiting the tandem ages, slowly to be unrolled'

III.

Are eyes by Nature fitted
To light of different kinds?
Brain-stuff, in patterns knitted,
To help the various minds;
Some wearing glasses blue-tinged,
Others the cheerful red;
These seeking life new fringed,
While those embalm the dead?

Ocean, who calls thee somber, grave and cold?
Man's saddest, sharpest, hateful epithet
Is "moaning sea," "the ever-moaning sea";—
As wrecked on waste forlorn, hopeless, helpless,
With none to rescue or assuage his pain,
Ocean were but a surging vast of tears,
A "dreary," "dark" and "melancholy" sea.

I've heard pathetic grief for human ills,
Like funeral music, breathe from whitened lips
Of marching waves, en route disconsolate;
And in some grievous mood, with lives at stake,

I've heard them sob as human pity might,
Long chanting sadly as they came to shore ;
And heard low moaning, as of breaking hearts
In rhythmic grief, when mine in silence broke,
And learned their tenderness could weep with me.

I've sometimes felt the burden of the world
Was borne upon the Ocean's aching breast,
Slow floating in and out with every tide,
Sweeping in widening circles to the soul
Of great unrest, which must the burdens bear
Of human sin and woe past human words.
Strange mysteries, too dark, have seemed to lurk
Within the weary deep and heavy blue ;
Flapping, like wounded bird, poor weighted
wings.

And I have looked when every wave would
kneel
To kiss the strand and prostrate wait in prayer ;
As pilgrims come afar to holy ground ;
Then, lifting small white hands in thanks and
praise,
Would lapse beneath the flood as dear ones lost,
While tender voices sang enchantingly
And highest Heaven seemed bending down in
smiles.

But I can hear the singing, bounding steps
Of billows jocund with the tides of life ;
Plumed warriors, pressing on to victory,
White crests aloft and borne right jauntily ;
And I have heard a rollicking of mirth
Exuberant as laugh of clapping leaves,
Their times and numbers as the seashore sands.
Again, a blissful, solemn jubilation ;
As though stray heavenly hosts sang through the
voice
Of diamond-ringing joy, their songs divine— ;
To ear and eye, vast parables, cheerful ;
Encysted love and all beatitudes.

Far oftener I hear clear rising trills,
Sweet melodies of half-imprisoned joys
That neither ask nor crave release—pure breath
And inmost fiber of the soul of peace
And joyousness—a pleasant, deep content,
The waking swoon of grateful reverie,
A lingering dream ; not thought nor feeling quite,
But both enwrought in one full ecstasy.

Are hearts oft made of kindlier stuff than
thine,
Oft moved more readily to each appeal ?
Will sweet skies always weep when we are sad ?

And yet we photograph our moods, and stamp
Their changing hues on sea, and earth, and sky.
No ears, no sound; and sight and seen make one.
The ears that note great Ocean's worldless songs,
Interpreting as best they may, must hear
Voices as far astray as truth and lies!
Waking and sleep, pray are they near or far?
And nares almost recalled, where do they hide,
Waiting on tiptoe for the open door?
We all do miss, ah, how unconsciously!—
Kept back by ear-drum buzzing from within—
Grand pæans of the sea of many tongues.
Some gifted insects, finer voices hear
Than wisest men; and wood-taught wildest
brutes
Catch deep, low tones to which mankind are deaf.
May human vanity lie yet more low!

Great crystal-hearted Ocean, bright of face,
I see thee fair, tear-smiling, like a bride,
Thy dimples sweet as grow on maiden's cheek;
Rippling, glowing, spreading contagious mirth,
Sparkling in clearest jets of holiest glee,
While miles and miles of pleasant laughter grow,
And golden waves of mist breathe lingering joy;
And sea-weeds, dancing, ring soft chimes of bells
The happiest angels might leave Heaven to hear.

At eventide, when jubilant with insect mirth,
The fire-flies sprinkle lawns with starry flames
Which mock sedater stars in heavenly blue,
I've seen thee multiply the stars themselves,
Each jocund wave repeating sparkingly
The whole bright pageant of the world above;
Its thousand eyes of solemn joyousness
Grown countless millions more of golden smiles
Ensphered in thy large hospitality;—
And all the sea a shining sea of stars,
Dancing with music and with chastened mirth.

And in the fullness of the moon, I've seen
Her comely face look beaming up through thine,
Alive with roguishness and bright content;
And hide and hide again, as children play;
Then rise, and dropping silver flood from far,
Spread wide her silver shield on thy broad
breast.

In the glad leap of wavelets' rhythmic splash,
Low concerts of the never silent sea,
Clear, sweetest melodies, come coaxingly;
Cheerful, tender as mother's lullaby;
Softly saying: "He has made us nothing ill.
Who seeks it here, shall find a heart of pearl."

SEA JOY.

Vapor wreaths are nests of laughter,

Sweet and clear;

Echoes softly linger after,

Scattering cheer;

Every dash of spray is smiling,

Drunk with glee;

Moonbeams' clearest light, beguiling,

"Welcome me!"

Plashing wavelets, wavelets kissing,

Rise and fall;

Curves of beauty, never missing

Song's own thrall,

Answering back to leafage whispers,

Soft and slow;

To the youngest zephyr lispers,

Breathing low.

Molten amber shines and quivers,

Crystal clear;

Heaps of pearls are Indian givers,

Here, not here.

Small hands lifted, white and shining,

Woo the air,

Beckoning to the high blue; signing,

"Come and share!"

Ripples flow and back reflow,
 Seas of smiles ;
 Dimples spread and dimples grow,
 Scheming wiles.
 Sleeping midnight—nothing clanging,
 Soft tones press ;
 Hardest granite cliffs, o'erhanging
 Tenderness.

In crispy hour before the midnight chimes,
 When round moon beckons slow pervasive clouds,
 Enchained as by a half-heard melody
 Sent echoing softly down long corridors,
 Transforming sweetness into yet more sweet,
 I watch white spirits spread magician's cloth,
 In snowy rings that glisten clear, and rest
 Broad circlets on the soothed and quiet waves.
 Great tidal voices whisper ; and the moon
 Peeps out through clouds, as with a single eye ;
 Draws close the heavy drapery round her head,
 And leaves the charmed scene just visible—
 A softened cloud-light hanging broodingly
 Above the wondering and enchanted world
 Of land and sea.

Something breathing quickly,
 I hear low words :—"Watch now the elfin play !

For lighter, brighter, tricksy folk disport
Above the mystic wreathing, weaving flood
Than under greenwood trees on slumbering
earth."

Spirits of air, of twilight and moonlight, move
Like pale reflections, quick with restless joy;
The slender ghosts of frost flowers and of dews
Wave dainty scarfs with smiling, charming
grace;

And glistening forms rise up from every wave—
All weaving in and out, and changing place
In vivid, new and lovely pantomime;—
Most winning pageants; dainty wraiths of ours,
The flitting shades set free by floating clouds,
And ether sprites released by throttling air.

The spellbound fishes rise, agape and gaze;
Chained limpets on the rock stretch shining
heads,

The crabs and lobsters turn their goggle eyes
To wondering mirrors of the charming fête;
And strange sea things, till now invisible,
Trail softly to and fro in measured time;
And all the waters, all the air above
Maintain their wondrous hush protectingly.
But now the full round moon looks bravely out,
Her face grown large with wonder and delight;
The startled clouds retreat; some few pale stars

Look smiling down; the actors melt away
Like earthly sprites at cockcrow; and the scene
Takes back its tumult and its wonted calm.
Contrast of light and dark, four-fold
Enhances glory of persisting gainful light.

MOONBEAM SONG.

“Loves in Ocean,” plead the moonbeams,
“Lightly climb our shining stairs;
Welcome waits you, true as noon-gleams,
Clearest, pure ethereal airs,
Haunted by no dream of cares.

“Loves in Ocean, thick and heavy,
Daintiest wraiths of crystal brine;
Fairest, mist-robed, dancing bevy
Of sea-folk, be guests of mine!
Fair our hills and valleys shine.

“Lightly touch we your dense waters,
Each caress almost a blow;
Ocean’s lithesome lovely daughters,
Climb our smiling silver flow;
Like the white clouds, upward go!

“Dream of dreams, our ether ocean,
Daintiest robe of purest day;
Leave your world of rough commotion!
Win the peace of Luna's May,
Only queen of heaven always.

“In the days of Titan rangers,
We were shaken to and fro;
Light and love now welcome strangers;
Silver fountains overflow
This rich radiance below.

“Moonbeams swift as falling starlight,
Softer than the eye of day,
Venture far as farthest eye-sight,
Come! Along the sweet blue stray!
Lighted smiles point out the way.”

THE REPLY.

“Coaxing, white-robed moonbeams,” answers,
sighing,
Voice of tender pathos from the sea;
“To climb your silver stairways, means quick
dying,
To mine and me.

“We cannot breathe earth’s sunny atmosphere;
Ether-breathing would alas, how soon!
Straining our coarser substance thin and clear,
Overflow the moon!

“Earth’s sweetest wooing air bends softly over,
Sighing, wins our trust, and lends us wings;
But too venturesome sea-disloyal rover,
Back here he brings.

“Swinging breeze, and foam, and tumult, love we,
Roll and toss of never-resting sea;
Swift through briny surges, battling, move we,
Joyous and free.

“Friends of all the reckless uncouth creatures
Gliding, hiding, tumbling everywhere;
We should miss their ugly homelike features,
Miss the life we share.

“Sea-plight damsels, frankly, kindly meet you;
Wave proud ocean-welcome, sons of light;
Moon-white feet steal shyly out to greet you,
Dancing to-night.

“Cheer and welcome always, moon-bright
visitors!

Your quicksilver joy, and presence fine,
Make friends, and more than willing servitors,
Of me and mine.”

MOONBEAMS' SACRIFICE.

“Loves in Ocean,” sigh the moonbeams,
“Since you may not come to us,
We forget our softest Lune-dreams
For a love that welcomes thus;
Tossing sea waves, welcome us!

“Winds and billows, wild and roughened,
Strengthen daintiest venturers here!
Hardier sea kin, aged and toughened,
Bid us moonbeams banish fear!
Clearest light may grow more clear.

“Clothe us now in your strong raiment;
Silver bright we'll gild the Main;
Give us back in generous payment,
Reborn life on ocean plain!
When we die, we live again.”

Every deed so done in kindness,
 Brightens sea and land for me ;
 Given in love and not in blindness,
 By a priceless alchemy,
 Turns all dross to gold for thee.

Glad Ocean, sparkling like the blue above
 With golden eyes of shining pure delight,
 Thy darkest nights are lighted with the glow
 Of flames unburned ; lit up by swarming hosts
 Who hide behind their separate nothingness
 In banks of splendid living fire.
 They're like the rank and file of human kind,
 Born but of low estate, scarce reckoned with,
 No voice of weight, they each may be sneered
 down ;
 But massed in strength, demanding full-voiced
 claim—
 If right or wrong—not powers nor potentates,
 Nor laws, nor courts, nor wisdom, dare withstand
 Concise demand of banded multitudes !

Grown sovereign now, by one combining will
 They sweep obstructions from the open path
 And turn the midnight dial back to noon ;
 So shadows flee before these shoals of flame ;
 The darkness laughs in dancing jubilation

Of torches borne by sea-bred will-o'-wisps,
Who vaguely flash their cheerful mysteries.

As idle reveries come and go unwilled,
There! toward the south! framed clear within
the gloom,

Wrapped up as in transparent subtle flame,
Outlining him from head to lowest fin,
A monarch of the sea swims leisurely;
And far away, now lost, now found, great beasts
Like rooting swine, seem wallowing in light—
Darkness of sky soft lighted by the sea.

When movement stirs the dull and sleeping
waves,

They wake in sea-born stars; our good ship's keel
Cuts long thick slices from the milky way
That bands and brightens far the laughing sea.

Thy wildest mustangs, in full tournament
Of shoreward rush, piebald, with streaming
manes,

Are not more picturesque and far less weird.
Are opal days of sunshine more entrancing?
Are curtained noons of shade and shine,
Now moods, now sparkles gleeful as child's
laugh,

Now doubled visions, cloud born in blue sky?

When weary of the day-light joys and cares,
I steal away to breathe a seaside peace;
The halcyon day, while mother birds are brood-
ing,
Folds round me dim and sleepy crooning night.
Pillowed in comfort on the clean washed sand,
I hear the clear high tinkling of real mirth,
Like liquid breath of flutes, shot through and
through
The dash and solemn roar of rising tides.

Listening entranced, the joyous rippling trills
Of singing birds are born in clinking drops,
Beating sweet song against their harp of rocks.
Are these soft liquid tones, now low, now shrill,
The pattered lullaby of rains? clear chimes
Of ringing bells? the far-off low of kine?
And calling bleat of silly straying sheep?
The ocean voices, rich in mimicry—
Or native speech of changing tuneful waves?
Is ocean mirror both of sights and sounds,
Its life responsive to all life of change?
The tramp of hurrying feet on city streets
Blended and punctured as with heavy points;
The measured tramp of armies on the march,
Are each repeated in the endless tread
Of serried waves in stately onward sweep.

Massed waters mock the thunder's lengthening
roll,

And human voices, toned to softened cadences,

Find clever, plain reminder in sea speech ;

And far off wasted symphonies of earth,

How subtly caught, are copied wondrously.

Does Nature's whole great orchestra

Prolong its life within the echoing sea?

Or do a thousand ocean voices breathe

A wealth of feeling born of sentient life—

Broad Nature one in generous inmost heart?

Glad waves are blue-green foliage of the sea,

Fair, crested white with blooms of crowning bliss.

As face to face looks up from silent pool,

Earth's best and worst, farces and tragedies,

Pictures of this but half sunlighted world,

Are held in replica in Ocean's heart

Of facile, faithful, limitless response.

If we could read full texts in water stored,

Accepted and preserved in Nature's script ;

Her fine and sure economies revealed,

Her shadowed purposes of high intent ;

These must unfold a wise and structural wealth

Held sacred ; shrined in ocean smiles and tears.

Mankind should kneel to thy beneficence,
Vast duplicate of heaven's own cheerful blue,
The world's protecting girdle, amber pure
And fair; the infinite made visible.

IV.

Ocean, more changeful than the wandering
winds,
For moods more fitful than caprice of clouds,
For brave rich song in lapse of kindling waves,
And glorious symphonies in rush of tides;
For every ripple laughing up to heaven
And sobbing its own loss in music's voice;
For tossing bubbles breaking soft in laughter;
For bands of color, rich in shaded blues
And bright chameleon changes, many hued—
In sunshine all aglow, asleep in shade;—
For hurrying drifts of foam, whose lingering
clasp
Breaks out in air-fed blooms of snowy wealth;
For billows fleet of foot, hoar white of head,
Leaping like goat-herds over gray old rocks
That rise to drive them back, and hold the land;
For hints of deep and solemn mysteries,
Great unknown ways all these cannot reveal;
For every wile of daring changefulness—
But lace and ribbons fluttering in full dress,
The changing play of age-long steadfastness

For all of these we freely give thee love,
By thy entrancing held in willing thrall.

Are dearest songs we know more changeful
sweet
Than Ocean's wordless, thoughtful melodies?
Are land-nursed, charming, fruitful, blithesome
moods—
Of growth, of autumn glow, and fall of leaves,
And lovely carven shapes of ripened fruits?
Or winter's interlacing lifted boughs,
Adding their beauty to the rarest sky?
Are all of these ten thousand precious gifts
Of loves and treasures, dear to dear old Earth—
Fair flowers, staid mountains, and lithe moving
forms
Alive with joy, and hope and energy—
Are these more rich in keen vivaciousness
Than Ocean's changes, never patented,
Nor ever twice the same, and never stale?

One only pities him who cannot find
Unending rich enjoyment in them all;
He lives estranged from gentlest kith and kin!
The sympathy of life, its poetry,
Are volumes still unopened or half closed.

Ocean, thy friendliness spans all the world,
Giving fresh, breezy handshakes to all lands;
Far stretching on to every land-wooded cove,
And bearing tides of blessing to them all.
The pleasant Earth and all that is therein
Would be but flying dust, to thee unwed.

In curve of beauty, blended with the sky,
Which drops its splendid arch the full half way
Along the line of close fraternity—
The circle of closed love to ravished gaze—
Yet thou art ready for the lightest play
That claims thee its sustaining providence;
And almost too responsive to the calls
Of tricky winds who make and mar thy fame.
Since all the powers coequal partners are,
They justly merit praise alike and blame;
Yet now we lift our psalm for thee alone,
Transient and permanent, full-orbed great sea,
Best type of both identity and change.

THE SHORE.

It is good to stand on a lonely shore,
Where winds are free to whistle and sweep,
When waves mount high and the billows roar
And echo broods over the briny deep.

Dun picturesque hosts on the heavenly blue,
Intent on their mission of reckless night,
The marshalling clouds go hurrying through,
Sweeping in haste to the zenith of night.

Contagion of freedom! More wild and more
blessed,
Our dreaming exultingly sweeps the sky;
And nestles outworn in the stars for rest,
Overawed by visions too mighty and high.

Ocean is patron of a jovial crew
Who hail the cloud-capped moon with jeers or
cheers
Like watch dogs' bay, of most uncertain sound,
That keys each wondering ear to mystery.

One climbing mountains, drags up leaden feet,
Made light as cork in face of landscape spread
Far down beneath, in beauty glorified;
And so one wakes to moods of freakish winds.

The hooded demons of the breezy night,
Mere flighty wisps, stretch up to giant heights,
Then shrink to puny dwarfs, just visible,
Out-doing little Alice in her wonderland.

Blithe night at every port—puppets half real,
Half shadows of the real—has no true peer
In brisk, uncertain, piping revelry.
Phantoms—now beautiful as dawn, now frights
The sea folk try to screen from lawless gaze—
Gray-draped and fleet of foot; odd, lissome
 shapes;
All tread the checkered moonbeams warily.
At bo-peep, light and shade slip in and out
Like needle in and out of stocking foot;
Now lost, now quickly found in other guise,
Mailed shoulders flashing bright like burnished
 steel;—
As ghosts of armies, reconciled, clasped hands,
And bowed and waved in stately amity.

Yonder, the bolder comers whirl and skirl
In leaps of reckless maddened fantasy.
How royally they spring from crest to crest
Of piled up whiteness over chasms dark,
Like startled kids from mountain crag to crag!
Great roaring giants come, reach out long arms
Across the night, and spread their fluttering robes
Until they veil the sky and all the stars.
Are these the ancient cheerful gods returned
For glimpses of the moon who hides her face,
Yet peeps anon to see if all is well?

The sea and air take hands and draw more
close
To whistling loud and merry of the winds ;
The crested mountains rise, leaping with joy,
And fling white foam as winter piles up snow
To light the over-darkened scenery ;
And gazing clouds, to mark their sympathy,
Flash rapid signals in a code of light
That comes unread and melts out silently.

Chorus of reeds and rushes breaks in sound
Along the shore which answers song with song :
And every stiffened grass-blade sways in tones
Diverse, blending in shrill and high accord.
Old Pan and his wild followers have come
To heighten music's sea-born revelry ;
And land and sea make one vast orchestra.
Triumphant motion sweeps from shore to shore,
Strong billows whitening with the frost of age.

Tired school boys, long imprisoned at their
desks,
Wriggle and twist all devious ways at once—
Each rounded limb a separate moving screw,
Kept winding contrawise in keen revolt ;
So, in the land-locked bays or far at sea,
When fair skies smiled, and cloudlets hanging
high

Were lent thee in sweet duplicates—comfort and cheer—

And with small sea birds rested peacefully
On kindly waters, fairer than their wont ;
Ocean, I've seen thee move and counter move
In countless acres of a huge unrest ;
As straining muscles, clutched by unseen might,
Subdued, were prisoned by a thousand cords.
Are quiet, peace and beauty, sedatives?
And reckless stir of life a wholesome goad
Even when it hurts and wounds us ruthlessly?

When wildest holiday of sport begins,
When gladdened sea folk roll and leap and dive,
When imps of pricking mischief rule and reign,
Then, plunging headlong into boisterous feats,
The mightiest waters loosed from hard restraint,
All jovial voices piping jubilee,
Motion itself grown mad with merry change ;
Great billows surge in rampant eagerness
To snatch their foaming drafts of zestful life ;
Huge waves are winged with tempests ; unknown
deeps
Of thy stirred soul rise high in ecstasy ;
Chaos of winds and waters reigns supreme.

From these mad tumults, dangers manifold,
Health picks its flowers of safety, guaranteed.

SAILOR SONG.

Great cross-winds are battling for triumph to-
night,
Their mighty fists pounding the sea with delight ;
And the waves, striking back with a dash and a
roar,
Water-dust fills the air, like a dry threshing floor ;
My steed prances gaily, and welcomes the fray,
And we are a part of the tempest at play.

The gazing stars laughing and shaking their
heads,
Bright fish leaping up from their wind-shaken
beds,
White foam-horses rearing like mustangs un-
broke,
Bowling low to the billows our mast of stout oak,
Black rain clouds approaching on wings of the
night,
And darkness devouring the children of light ;

Press onward, my fleet one, of strong, willing
feet !
Right on through the wave-lifts, ride into the
sleet !

The full moon still peering, wild winds whistling
high,
They cheer our dash onward to calm by and by;
But better we love the loud "yo heave!" and toss
Of the sharp clashing billows, with sword blades
that cross!

Swift into the black lift and under the sleet,
Plunge onward, my beauty, with glad, willing
feet;
Dip deep in the sea foam thy glistening shrouds,
And gay as the bird flies, mount up to the clouds;
Lean backwards, careening to waters below,
Careering in triumph, as onward we go.

Plunge into sea mountains, drive on through
the sleet,
No wetter, my best love, but ever more fleet;
The live hills beneath us are running a race,
The full moon is baffled and black in the face;
But onward we dash in the teeth of the gale,
And the frown of the sky, whose starry eyes fail!



Sailors all love thee most in boisterous moods,
When reckless tumult claims thee for her own—
Thy amethysts and sapphires, charcoal turned,

And steel-blue sword-blades drawn and flashing
free ;
As skillful sea folk were at deadly war,
And life and peril working way together.
But gallant lads at home, crave too thy gifts
Of versatile renown. Gently, for these
Repel—with kindly waves! The mother's heart
Is almost broken when her missing boy
Has left her clinging arms for love of thee.
Yet mothers, too, leave choicest sheltered homes
To stroll along thy shores in roughened winds,
And salted spray, and roar, and restlessness,
And wondrous charm of rising, falling tides ;
Eager to share thy moods and live thy life—
The fascination all too sweet and strong
For murmuring at rude discomforts shared.

How many loving hearts have yearned for thee
As trees reach up for sunshine's bath,
As insects struggle up from chrysalis
To wings, and light, and life-sustaining air !
Most fervent many lovers thou canst win,
And hold in lively bonds of sympathy
Which time nor distance makes less consecrate !

ON THE SANDS.

A little child sat on the clean shore sand,
His new wooden spade in his small brown hand ;
He was digging a well on the beautiful strand.

Three slender gay sandpipers trotted about,
With the pearl of the waves they chased in and
 out,
On wee spindle legs that will never grow stout.

Two fishhawks were floating high up overhead,
Their pointed gray wings great banners out-
 spread ;
And one darted down like an arrow new sped.

A butterfly drifted along like a leaf,
Lighted shyly a moment, tired out, on a reef,
Then fluttering inshore saved his life—all too
 brief.

Western sun burns dim through a golden haze
That catches and tangles full half of his rays,
Down slanting the rest for an Eastern blaze.

Soft and balmy the air, and every breeze
Has an August languor and love of ease,
That captures the senses on evenings like these.

Small Willie has wandered an hour on the beach,
Many treasures has found, most wonderful each;
And they all lie marshalled within his reach.

The ocean tumbles and falls at his feet,
Its clamorous voices grow softer and sweet,
As a queer old legend it seems to repeat.

“In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Columbus sailed on the ocean blue,
And he found a world that was strange and new.”

The child, gazing eagerly over the main,
Saw a far-off land that he knew was Spain;
And the queer old ships; they were there quite
plain.

Splendid ships and brave! Spanish flags hung
high,
White bellowing sails uprose on the sky;
And he knew that the venturesome quest was
nigh.

Then there blossomed in beautiful shining light—
Growing right on the sea, to Willie's delight,—
Whole acres of roses, golden and bright.

They covered the ships, the flags and the land,
They grew in the sky till it glowed like a brand;
The startled boy murmured, "I don't under-
stand!"

He opened his eyes and looked timidly round;
Was the broken moon there, and right on the
ground?

He could not wait now till his treasures were
found.

But he ran like a deer and cried to mamma
(Wiser than Solomon she was by far):
"Why did the moon shoot and burn like a star?"

THE PLEBESCITE.

In torrid months, when Sol pours steely beams,
Like barbèd arrows shot in burning gleams,
The overwhelming verdict would be found:
"Seaside preferred to all the wide earth's other
ground."

A scattering would vote for mountain heights,
Just "killing something" one of man's delights,
And Midas kings, who learn to write in gold,
Give preference to "Wall Street" whether hot or
cold.

Nice, gentle women, hugging dear home walls,
They would not heed our foolish modern calls ;
But youthful beauty, and young energy,
Would gladly vote twice over, both times for the
 sea.

And they who bear the brunt of honest toil,
Would suffrage cast for restful wave-washed
 soil ;
The overmastering verdict ringing true,
"Give us summer outings beside the wide free
 blue!"

The pale, sick girl would give soft joys of life
For purest draught of healing seaside breath ;
And old men, palsied with the weight of years,
Refuse to die till near thee once again.
Ah, thou hast won a human loyalty,
Almost as wide as thy beneficence,
And heavy eyes light up at sight of thee
As pebbles brighten with the kiss of waves.
The fevered brain, when lost to all things else,
Will babble of thy cooling, salt sea air

So good to breathe—elixir of new life;
Sweet wind that blows sick cobwebs from the
mind;

The tonic Nature still renews, and holds
In her exhaustless store, for all who seek.
In dreams, one sees bright waters flash on shore
And turn again reluctantly, cast down
That none are here to revel in their joy;
One hears sea-voices murmur pleadingly,
And begs them lay him in their cooling arms,
That he may rise at morn his strength renewed.

In dreams, one rich in health, long miles inland,
Pillowed on eider down, in shaded peace,
Can hear the echoing music of the sea,
And feel the slumbrous rocking of the waves,
Placid and genial in sweet moods of calm;
Stirring as Scottish bagpipe, in the wind;
And even dreaming thus, adds health to health,
With joy in rich and breezy seaside life.
And waking, piloted by saner thought,
Return to visions dear and charming once,
Is twofold sweeter as they beam again,
Brightened, softened, drawn closer each with each
And made more neighborly than in their youth.

A mystic pageant rises facing cliff
Hanging above an endless world of waters.

From far away, where sea and sky are one,
A growing silver plant seems blossoming.
Now, crescent light climbs up, till round full
 moon
Grows clear against the higher, smiling blue,
Dappled with cloudlets in new robes of white ;
A sea of silver floods the eye and heart
With sheen so beautiful there's no forgetting.

Another picture claims its welcome place ;
A glorious hilltop flanked with neighboring hills,
Sheep-cropped and bare ; uplifted to the sky
In charming rounded forms, hill piled on hill.
Encircling these, the Ocean ; in the West,
Its winding inlets broaden into lakes
Almost beneath our feet. The setting sun,
First dropping golden sparkles that rebound
And startle us with shining mazy dance,
The little ripples burning with delight ;
Then throwing out a solid bridge of gold
From water's edge to edge—sky wed to earth
By this wide band of sympathy
Seems birthplace of a new earth glorified ;
And suddenly, the clouds, as witnesses,
Light up like scattered rainbows, soft of tone ;
While all the many sleeping waters near
Repeat the miracle of colored joy
In tenderness ; copies more dainty fair

Than sky's originals. Old Ocean beams,
His deep, great anthem grown more musical.

Memories crowd for place: A long gold line
Tracking its silent way through evening shades,
Along a darkened sleeping bay, for miles;
The onward flow of rich unbroken light,
A tribute of one lighted beacon tower,—
More golden bright than wings of butterflies
To beauty's world;—a sea of molten gold
In flitting play, like burning window panes,
The still light turned to moving life
By magic dance of gentle rippling waves.

Then, seascape of a thousand purple shades
Commingle and enhancing richest dyes,
The sea and sky exchanging courtesies
So intimate each seems the other's self—
Upon the one a little flock of birds,
At home and restful as the floating sheen.
And in the other, birds on wing; the sky
To them as homelike as the purple waves—
One harmony, one rounded sphere of sight.

Sharp elbowing this lovely, joyous calm;
Enchanted, like the rippling song we hear;
A hasty tempest with its rout and roar,
Its jangle of great waves in inky black,

And we, atoss between the sea and sky!
The flying ship, a ball for giants' play
Who yet pay high rewards in proud display
Of majesty, reckless in sharp retort;
Swift lightnings wake the solemn thunder's voice,
And shattered clouds roll by in wondrous pomp.

Close on the heels of wrack—on peaceful blue,
A full-rigged ship stands out, white sails afloat,
Its keel above, its mastheads dipping down
To greet the wondering sea's uplifted gaze—
The graceful fairy waif upon the sky
As well content as on the placid sea—
A thing of beauty and "a joy forever,"
Uplifting soul to mirage of its own.

Bright memories that clearer grow with time
Become the open windows to a vanished past
Through which we look and recreate young joys,
Alight with splendors of the rising sun;
Distance enchanted. In the roseate glow
Kindled on mountain peaks of joys and hopes
Half realized, a rich prophetic more
Burns in with warmth that quickens autumn's
pulse.

Life's mansions have exhaustless stores of wealth,
And heart can nothing crave it may not win!

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

When skies rain heat and still airs grieve,
Our longing hearts to Ocean cleave,
 Drawn on by love through many a rood;
There, sparkling ripples raise clean hands;
And voices pure as high commands,
 Breathe hope, and praise, and gratitude.

Sea's little children, newly found—
Hand-clasping dimples—wander round,
 Embodied dreams in cheerful mood,
And babes of foam laugh thanks to God—
No play so light, staid Earth has trod—
 No tribute paid more true and good!

Ignoring care and all that crew,
They babble on in language new.
 Rare fancies feed on mystic food;
Thought, wandering with the eye afar,
Looks through where sky lets down its bar,
 And burdened lives forget to brood.

When grand high tempests rage, and swift as
 light
Come battling winds; when angry billows sweep

From shore to shore ; when surging waters rise
To great and awesome heights, as earthquake
born ;
And all the fountains of the mighty deep
Are broken up, and sound is magnified
Until it rends the dome of heaven in twain ;
And hurtling spears of flame strike through and
through
The heart of night, as slaying monstrous wrong ;
And darkness swallows sea, and earth, and air ;
Then heart of puny man may hide in fear,
Or lift itself in awe of power uncurbed.

The elemental forces missiles hurl
Against each other, mad to overthrow
All dynasties except their own, and shake
The staid foundations of the universe ;
But God's great mandate firm has grounded them
In ever banded strong fraternity.
To slay one's neighbor is to slay oneself.

The awful majesty of deathless might
Becomes more sane, and angry rising heights
Of piled up waters face the bending skies,
Content to execute unknown behests.
The lifting up of ocean's voice in tones
Which long reverberate, calls back the world
To great suggestions, strange, unutterable ;

And thought flies far beyond thy utmost bound
To greet more vast embodiments of power—
All these but fringe upon His garment's hem
Who holds the winds and waters in His hand.

Soon clear-faced, holy calm returns; more
sweet
For awful grandeurs past, more beautiful.
The hushed and sun-kissed sea, cradled in light,
And lulled in music, murmurs dreamily.

V.

Ocean, in thy unfathomed, caverned deeps,
Where waveless stillness lies, and silence broods,
The reverent sea perennial sabbath holds—
Change overawed by calm and sheltered peace.
Half shades that waver, foster pale distrust;
But settled night breathes deep serenity,
As all the gods knelt down in silent prayer.

Broad nature balance holds of light and dark,
One arm weighed down by rayless density,
And one, fair freighted with white smiles, aloft.
The pointing hand of sovereign day in banish-
ment,
Eyes were superfluous here for living things
If gifted rangers did not sometimes pierce
The hooded night with cheerfulness,
And make the solemn darkness visible.
Here free and large all hospitality,
Healthful and clean as sun-warmed vital air—
Each weed as nicely wrought as sunniest bank of
flowers.

Within thy locked abysses, house-room giver,
Are many mansions never yet unveiled,
Where countless tribes abide and eat thy bread,
And, ever prudent, breathe thy breath,
And win from fruitful waters all they crave.
Anchored to earth, these wait the gifts thou
bring'st,
Nor lift the raven's cry; these clasp the rocks
As trustingly as babe its mother's breast;
These swim serenely through the densest floods
With heavy homely poise and dignity;
These creep, or hide in basement sands—content
Commensurate with thy deep gravity.

All love thy calm, as insects moving winds,
Finding no hindrance in full quietude;
But clothe them in thy sable smooth attire,
More proud than flunkies in gay liveries.
As we on stable Earth, soft days they pass,
At ease upon thy many-storied floors,
Folded in silken sheets, nor feel the weight
Of thy tall columned pillars overhead,
No more than we our pauseless flight through
space.
Here live vast hosts no false ambition drives,
The chartered lowly ones, who fear no fall,
Who wear the lightest or most ponderous shields

More easily than monarchs' shining crowns,
Meeting staid destiny in dense repose.

Small coral workers build towards upper
world,
And sea-green kelp outreaches ribboned arms,
Searching for light and air; but thriving hordes
In their sub-world of lengthened silences
And ancient night—where time no measure has,
And primal darkness knows not light is born—
Find grateful rest in their grim fastnesses.
Good sheltered folk, they joy to live and die
In staid familiar haunts where life began;
No rampant hope to break dame Nature's bonds,
Courting no kinships grander than their own.
Craving no gift from out this upper world,
They never rise to greet the morning sun,
Nor wondering ask or dream of starry vault—
Their stars content in life's allotted spheres.
Is fretting pride of higher type than these?
Or black ambition more commendable?
A fish at home is peer of prince or king.

On stony shores above, gray sands move up;
Rough pebbles roll themselves to round and
smooth,
Poor sand-fleas and bright wavelets leap response
To thud of asking voices never still;

And rocks, upheaved by surging billows, claim
The higher levels. All things there aspire;
Harsh sand grains proudly rise in stiffened reeds,
Their suppler children, creeping up inshore,
Grandchildren urge to softer, finer blades.

Inland, pure restlessness seeks hurried change;
Untimely buds burst rashly into flower.
Flowers quickly round to fruits, as children grow,
And trees, tied fast; that, always murmuring,
And proudly lifting high their new crowned
heads,
Wave envious greeting to the thoughtful stars.

NOTHING RESTS.

The restless birds migrate
Each autumn and spring;
The meanest grubs emulate
Butterfly's wing.

Plunging headlong below,
Running races all day,
The mountain rills flow,
Away, far away!

On silver lake's edge,
The green cresses dance;
From gay growing sedge,
Sharp little eyes glance.

The meadow brooks watch,
And, changing their wives,
Bright lily blooms catch
In pictures and smiles.

Fair blossoms hold up
In smooth velvet hands,
The sweet drinking cup
For gauze-winged bands.

The wind rushes by,
The field daisies sing,
Busy bees haunt the sky,
Gnats live on the wing.

Great sun and moon rove,
Clouds wander all day;
And all the stars move
In grand roundelay.

Down here, the ocean pulse craves rhythmic
 peace
Year after year. The rocks and mountains stand
Deep wrapped in monkish cowls and dreamless
 sleep;
Grim types of Patience on Time's monuments;
Nor grief-wan smiles light up these changeless
 realms,
Where water, firm as marble, stands upright
In solid blackness, fixed in midnight watch.

Frail, tiny shells, small shields of boneless mites,
The old sea's treasures, slowly dropped to earth,
And all untainted by the blight of time,
In piled up peace for their successors wait,
And welcome them with age-long gratitude;
Through father Adam, in his early bed,
And men before the flood, as formless dust,
Ignore the coming in procession full,
Rank after rank of their posterity.
Here, everything that dies, or but endures,
To earthward tends, drops softly to the ooze
Where primal old Bathibius reigns and sleeps
In windless, waveless, dark, cold, silent world.

EVERYTHING RESTS.

Lap of waves and all deep breathing,
Changeless night
Stills; as mothers hush the grieving
Child of light.

Surface tumults thick outwalling,
Fathoms deep,
Silence falls, as sunbeams, falling,
Fade and sleep.

Stealthy foes in utter stillness
Thrust and parry;
Nothing dares with crying shrillness
Silence harry.

Passive, uneventful leisure,
Brooding ease;
Ocean ground floor, rich in treasure,
None will seize.

In the pathos of long midnight,
Life a calm,
Flame of living venturing rush light
Breeds alarm.

Deep sea folds its wordless blessing
 Round its sphinx;
Wordless, kneeling awe expressing
 All she thinks!

The shaping touch of Ocean's water world
Moulds forms and senses fitted to itself.
What's best or worst on life's enjoyment scale?
And which outweighs, content or discontent?
Millions of curious forms lie sprawling here
In peace, like baskers in the sunshine's glow;
And battles rage as hotly in dumb show
As with the roar of musketry above—
For simpler, who shall say for baser ends?
Are these malign, like higher hate and greed?
The viler traits may be evolved with loss!

Nor have we fathomed all of deep sea life
Where darkness wraps its mysteries
More close than light beyond our farthest ken;
Who dares a limit draw in face of truths
The wisest call insoluble; when, lo!
In twinkling of an eye, they stand revealed.

Does compensation find its 'customed place
In cold sea-Hades? Can warm brooding thought

Here incubate long waiting mysteries?
An eye whose light is in itself, unfolds
A world of romance and sublimest truth!
Can Ether—bond between the mighty worlds—
In all the tenuous fullness of vast space,
Have vivid feeling? living occupant?
If not, what dreary wastes shall profit give
To universe of friendly helpfulness!
Then do thy spaces, Ocean, throb with hope?
And pleasant cheerfulness? and perfect trust?
And water world a world of blessedness?

And may the lowly children of the deep,
'Mid the long quietude of their abode,
By slow progression rise to high estate,
Unhindered; helped by their environment?
Reflection is most blessed in stillest peace,
And sleep's bright dreams oft kindle waking joys.

IS THERE A BEST?

The strenuous life of thought
With high endeavor wrought;
The vision far and clear,
The insight of the seer,

Rich joys of noble hue,
Oncoming fresh and new,
Are very, very beautiful.

But peaceful, pleasant joy,
Content with sweet employ;
Calm good in ample store,
Striving for nothing more;
Feelings filled up to brim
With homely song and hymn,
These too are fine and dutiful.

A lingering savagery appeals to war,
Transplanting grievous pandemonium
With all its wounding, horrid cruelties
When it would stir a torpid commonwealth,
Or find an outlet for sharp discontent,
Or satisfy the futile restlessness
That finds no better aim. Insensate greed
Will conquer provinces. But Nature spreads
Above, below, through all her borders wide,
A table full enough to meet all needs
Supplying only wholesome appetites.
Down here, variety is infinite,
And sentient life need find no dreary realm
In this her nursery for infant sleep
And muscle-building new activities.

And protean Ocean, since thou'rt sovereign
king,
Can mirth and jests and merry sport find place
In thy Plutonic realm? Dame Nature jokes
In our white world; she clothes her purest glee
In forms grotesque and faces ludicrous.
The laugh-provoking, craziest things proclaim
A fellow feeling warms her heart and ours.
Queerest thoughts get stereotyped in flesh and
plant
With lavish hand. Life gives to thee odd fish;
As half afraid to face the telltale light
With her most humorous bizarre conceits.

Is deep sea moral gravity too dense
For wholesome fun and genuine merriment?
Or dost exceed our daylight joviality,
And compensate thy children of the night,
Making at times blank darkness jubilant?

More things invade thy anchored water world
Than dreamed of yet in our philosophies;
Than found out yet by all our sciences.
The plants all germinate in darkened soil;
Yet many reach more near to Heaven than man
himself.
The noblest human forms, once potter's clay,

Now tread their own descendants 'neath their
feet.

All infant lives awake from dreamless sleep.

In thy hushed corridors are dying moans
The germs of speech in growth? May sound
wake up

In clean-washed, purer voice, to liquid sweetness
We have never heard?

There are strange vales
Long fathoms deeper than our sunshine falls—
The cheerful day barred out by moveless black—
Vales light with glory, swift and wandering.
Soft lightnings flash, or smile with lambent
flames;

For curious light-producers, richly dowered,
Envied by gods and men, can send clear beams
Across the night and make her startled shades
Shrink timidly, affrighted and subdued;
And strange sea creatures, dazed, look face to
face

In quick and awed surprise of novelty.

LIGHT.

To all who live where shadows fall
Light's clear handwriting on the wall
Shines fitfully;
But day will surely triumph yet,
And over all her beacon set,
For land and sea.

The eye of day, the eye of soul,
Pure light illumines in growing whole,
And bids us look;
The crumpled leaf she opens wide,
The crimson deed she will not hide,
Nor close life's book.

She makes the darkness clearly seen;
Then slays it, as it had not been,
And takes its place;
For all things shines a smiling sun,
Teaching the blindest where to run,
What wrongs to face.

Uncalendared are all mysterious ways.
Thy deep sea wards are queerly dowered in
traits

No mortal would have dared to think the best,
But somehow gained by odd capriciousness,
To children handed down not much improved ;
As ocean owned a vast "Pandora's box"
And caught at marvels as they made escape.
Mankind, not less than they, accept of legacies ;
But gain unique surpassing benefits
Rising like mountains over lowly hills ;
But here the generations drift unchanged,
Their Adams portraits of their younger sons.

DEEP SEA RESIGNATION.

Then are they so contented?

The tribes of clawing idlers,
Have none of them resented
That they are only sidders?

The poor things forced to scuttle

Or be themselves digested ;
May not they envy Cuttle
With inky gifts invested?

Rich Shellfish in their houses

May rouse a naked rancor,
Or slugs, without good blouses,
For horns and great swords hanker.

When fatal war is raging,
The strong ones punching, slamming;
The invalids and aging
May take it out in cramming.

Wrigglers might hate the swimmers,
Great whales the shrimps deride;
The dark fish covet glimmers,
And none quite satisfied.

Is there a place so quiet
It may not foster vices?
Is there a state where diet
For every want suffices?

Ocean, canst add one word in clemency
And satisfy our ever curious doubts?
Thy pearls of thought to us were morning stars.

In these low plains of secrecy and night,
Where curtained stillness hangs its deepest folds,
The script of dark sea lore unread, unguessed,
Has feeling numb and sluggish grown—unused?
Not made to think like brain, nor feel like heart,
Our lowly feet are prone to numbing sleep;
But wake with prickings we are forced to bear.

Dost thou thus share the smother of dark caves?
Can stirless, utter rest brood deepest joy,
As gleam of sympathy in stolid face
Can waken it to bright and winning charm?

Say this—canst thou? “Held near to heart of
Earth

Whose primal warmth glows yet with fervid heat,
The deepest throbs of sympathetic life
And blessedness refresh my peaceful soul;
More rich in wealth of joy than daylight knows,
More deep in reverent, fervent sympathies.”

Night oft is mother of high thoughts and plans,
Kindling one's working sense to ecstasies,
To feelings of triumphant strong resolve;
Linking a thousand thoughts by bands of light,
Does midnight vigil quicken so thy life,
And stillness wake in finest reveries?
Does high reflection fill thy night with stars
More charming than our clearest sky can boast?
Earth's treasures give but few rewards like these.

Thou answerest not. Nor mother Nature will—
Who wraps her slightest mysteries in veils—
Unless we grow more wise interpreters.
Her pointing finger bids us learn to read
All truth in things.

Our lids of visions closed,
And ears too dull to catch thy vibrant speech,
Perhaps in fullness of beatitude—
Unworthy thy shoe latches to unloose—
Such waiting secrets breathe with unsealed lips.
The noblest flowers unfold their brilliant leaves
More leisurely than thronging multitudes;
And rarest jewels capture human love,
And spur the heart to careful, longer search,
Where buried treasures lie in kingly state.
Keep thy counsel, Ocean. "God's in His Heaven,"
And earth and deepest sea; all's well with thee!

VI.

DREAMS.

The wildest prank, some past must thank,
In weakest things, some strength has rank,
And Truth in Falsehood holds her place,
Looks bravely out through his false face;
Weak Falsehood dies when Truth withdraws,
Too poor to live alone, his cause!

Dreams, shadows or reflections are
Of saner happenings, near or far—
Reflections fair, beauty endowed,
The shadows swathed in lowering cloud;
Sleep-Demon, by his wondrous arts
The good or bad, relentless, starts.

Grim shadow-dreams, most merciless,
Pierce cruelly with false distress,
Steal one's poor wits with fiendish glee,
And hypnotize his sanity—
The good child's bread and milk renew
To banish this inhuman crew!

But dreams that woo us coaxingly,
Can soothe or spur adorably ;
As sweet as morning breath of flowers,
Enforced by cooling bath of showers ;
Strange colors rare and richly wrought,
And higher, softer glory taught.

As rocks that rise in adamant,
In water's wavering grace enchant ;
Or interweaving mystic zone
By roseate clouds on lakelet thrown
In eddyings of bright content—
The commonplace in banishment.

Deep in the heart of fine ideal,
Lingers and hides the cruder real ;
They grow twin born, like Siam's twins
Inseparable. When ideal wins,
The real unfolds in clearer light ;
And two are wed in open sight.

Ocean, I saw or seemed to see, far down
Through crystal paths of telescopic reach,
(Whim's telescope, improved ; made submarine,
Excels all occult crystals of the seers.)
A grotto high and broadly overarched
And water filled from base to lofty roof ;

Its rocky sides uptowering grave and grim,
Half visible and vague. Small, fitful lights
Meandered round, then faded like past dreams;
And lost, the darkness grew condensed, con-
gealed.

The cave in awful shadowed stillness lay,
Water and rocks, massive alike, and dead as
death.

Then, slowly swimming in, there came a fleet
Of strange fantastic things; long demijohns
With supple curves and fishes' fins and tails,
Semi-transparencies, comic, uncouth,
Faintly aglow in soft and bluish tints.
Each bore upon its back what seemed a lamp,
Pouch shaped, with twisted parrot-beak—alive.
Shifted to niches of the fretted rock,
These flamed and paled by turns, flashing clear
light
Which kindled all the lately darkened space
With glow of changing opal fitfulness.

Wise bower birds gather shining gauds to deck
The green approaches to their thicket homes;
The crows and blackbirds steal our shining toys;
These sea imps brought this bright and jolly
crew,
(Their merriest, who seemed to grin in light),

To liven up a grand festivity ;
And hundreds scattered gleams, as clouds the
rain.

The uncouth bearers rested, overcome
With pleasure more than toil. Their tails and
fins,

Like silver fans, waved slowly up and down
The cool black waters, which, as softly stirred,
Caught sparkles of the lamps and flamed again.

The love of beauty, of fine ornaments,
Innate, as love of flavors and good food—
To us improved, no doubt, and much refined—
Contents these lowly dwellers of the sea.
With all the zest of outcome yet to be,
Do these like change as Nimrods crave the hunt,
Grand scamperings, and hazard just ahead,
Onwooing, like another Tantalus,
Who craves and seeks, yet never finds supply?

Along our upper shores, revolving lights
Which signal dangers to the ships at sea,
Cheer night-robed waves with fitful blossoming,
With like unequal glow, here wax and wane,
Now flame, now shade, with breathing soft effect ;
As light itself enjoyed the pleasing change.

The grotto, smiling in its silver gray,
Of softened shadow ; every now and then
Deepened by bluish green and purple shades.
The pouchlike tiny lamps, hunched up like toads,
Pimpled with gleaming scales, ugly and bright,
Poured out cool flames like laughter, in quick
 jets,
Odd little spirits of gleeful, scattered smiles.
And ocean pulses seemed to throb in time ;
The deep paternal heart alight with joy,
And answering smile with smile—as fathers do.

The coming in of favored guests began,
Things nondescript, of every form and size,
Some, moving leisurely, with confidence,
But others hurrying on in gasping haste,
Panting—in mortal fright at fierce pursuit ;
As when, a hawk wide circling in the skies,
Young chickens flee to safe maternal wings.

The rocky fissures budded with small eyes
Which peered, and, steel-sharp, flashed in
 rivalry ;
Sometimes of gems embossed on stone, shining
In size and shape and liquid brilliancy,
As precious gems can never shine elsewhere ;
And rivalry with answering, peering eyes,
Grown brilliant in this most unwonted sheen.

Without the grotto, held as by command,
Arriving hosts, of strange and nameless breeds—
Their hasty voyages brought to sudden halt—
Lay resting round about, tier over tier,
By the sustaining waters firm upheld,
And prone to sleep. The tiger and the lam^{bs},
Resting in peace together, seemed content.
So caravans for cities walled and strong,
Where heavy gates are locked as night draws on,
Encamp in tents, to wait the coming dawn
When they may enter, prized and welcome guests.
What mandate held these would-be revelers?
For here were neither locks nor jealous gates,
Nor posted sentinel to charge them halt,
With threat of prison, chains, or legal death.

Why linger they in open grotto's court?
Some strong unwritten laws all dumb things
 keep
They might not, if they could, reveal to us;
Fishes, birds, bees, strange occult knowledge
 prove
By social gifts outranking wisest man—
Gained then through senses more evolved than
 ours.
We, too, pause, deep-breath'd, instinctively,
Before the weighty claims upon ourselves;
Can we be heirs of this far ancestry?

Within the grotto, all in quiet placed,
A lingering twilight falls new born and sweet;
The lively things drop off in slumberous rest,
Worn out by agitations, toil and hope.

HUSH.

Tiny lamps more softly burn,
Gentler breathing craves its turn!
Fishes, fold your prickly fins!—
Ancient peace and stillness wins;
Creatures, think no more of toil!
Water-snakes, take restful coil!
Efts and bugs, packed side by side,
In the rocky crannies hide!
All the shells, your house doors close!
No stars tripping round on toes!
No small earwig swiftly glide!
Not a beetle skate or slide!
Long-legged crabs, lie still and sleep!
Scarlet shrimps, no moving keep!
Cuttlés, talons long and fierce,
Dream not strangled foe to pierce!
Wiser sea folk, high in state,
Moveless, keep your watch and wait.

Strange phantom shapes come gliding in
As through the grotto's thick, unbroken walls,
All colorless as stainless waters are ;
So clear, one through another shows as plain
As seen through water only. Thin their forms ;
Their features dim and barely traceable—
All moving on and taking attitudes,
Some comical, and solemn some as prayer,
And each intent upon his own device,
As they were living, breathing, feeding things !
Shapes surely more bizarre than Father Time
In all his days has calmly looked upon.

The limpid, pale, uncanny things were there ;
They floated free, wagged phantom shapes, and
 swayed
In recognition, or made feints of war
When friend or foe was met in hush more deep
And awesome than the starless midnight sky.
Some even leaped and dived ; as substanceless
As idle revery dreaming wraiths of dreams ;
Like water poured through water, falling free
Within the midst, keeping its own old look ;
Which will not freely mix and lose itself.

These fragile shades all played their little
 parts,
And died again to Ocean's water world

As they had never been. Thou gavest not
One trace of knowledge they had come or gone,
Nor one of all the haunted sleepers woke.

Not shadows they. The scene was shadow
wrapped
To equal depth. Nor were they idle dreams
That aimless come to baffle vacant minds.
They seemed to teach some lesson hard to read;
Like human breath, still-born in frosty air,
Then in a moment lost, till not a film remains.
How like a myriad, myriad other things,
Hid in the womb of Time, they drop from sight!

Were they last remnants of the early yeast
Of rising life: firstlings of trial skill
Never more made, but vaguely, faintly sketched,
Trials of first uncertain venturing?
The haunting shades of possibilities
That might be flesh, but never will—nor were?
Or are they wandering ghosts of old-time things
Who wronged thy caverned deeps when thou
wert young,
That breathed, and grew, and lived, and died
long since?
Or in their queer uncouthness will they live
In coming time, and gather solid forms?
And to their children give inheritance

On higher lines, with generous strong advance—
 First shreds of mysteries, awaiting flesh,
 As these that sleep wait their festivities?
 Or can thy waters lend themselves to shape
 The dreams these sleepers urge to mimic birth,
 In moving forms of poor and vagrant thoughts?
 Or did the primal untaught elements
 At first do all they could creating these—
 First shadows of a destined coming life?

RESPONSE.

Sometimes an old clock's weary, droning
 "Tick! tack!"
 Can steal one's thought, and send it echoed back
 In parrot monotone: "Again! again!"
 Until the crazy words are fretful pain,

Or bolder ringing bell, with its "Ding! dong!"
 Can twist one's feelings into mocking song,
 And draw them large, and scatter everywhere,
 Until your heart itself seems in the air:

So, questioning awoke some answering voice—
 Within, without, who knows? Nor had I choice;
 This silver thread of sound no sense could shock;
 Like water dripping clear from rock to rock.

Drop! drop! drop! in pleasant shadowed glen,
Shut out in peace from all the toils of men.
The low sound pressed, and echoing, slowly died
As hanging sea-mists into clear sky glide.

THE ANSWER.

We are but the unfilled wishes
Of too early dying fishes.
Bodies perish, wishes, living,
Strength to lasting purpose giving,
Sleep as dead, near opening portals
To the larger joys of mortals,
Craving once-felt wealth of breathing,
All the zests of life enwreathing.

We are children of the twilight,
Lost, if held in changeless midnight,
Famished hope, in chilly starkness
In the wide sea's stubborn darkness.
Age on ages we may slumber—
None the flying ages number—
Waiting, destined fresh awaking,
From the long naps we are taking.

But when mysteries are thickening,
We, too, feel unwonted quickening;
And the hope of transient living,
Ancient push to action giving,

We arouse—if twilight blesses—
Brief the hour when rash light presses—
Half waked souls in tranquil waiting
For our full-born reinstating.

Dying never, nor may sever
From our forms—close wed forever—
We must wait till quickening motion
Stirs anew in twilight ocean.
'All deap sea's athrob with feeling,
And in supplication kneeling,
Dumbly asks the great All-giving
Quick advance to higher living.

VII.

The sleeping grotto woke anew to life,
The little peering eyes grew large with sight,
The lights flamed out afresh, and seemed to say
In streams of ecstasy: "The time has come!"
Outwaiting guests swarmed in, in welcome
shoals,

Some clung against the walls, queer arabesques,
And with half-sleepy nods hung there,
Live ornaments of branched and spreading
growth;

And some hung down in streamers, long and
grand,

From height of vaulted roof, as rooted there;
And swaying to and fro, as breezes stir
The long-armed branches of our greenwood trees.
The priceless gems, too, seemed to wake and
flash,

Outstanding from the brown plebeian rock.

Strange creatures of all forms and sizes played
As frolicsome as early lambs in spring,
Till all the waters swarmed with moving life.
The barren floor grew richly carpeted

By patterned shapes, in colors deep and rare,
That moved and shone; each answering change
with change.
One might have thought he stood gazing far
down
From mountain height on richest autumn scene,
Whose gold and crimson foliage—Flora's
realm—
Was swaying blithely to the piping winds.

When high tides ebb from land-locked surface
pools;
And sunbeams, glancing, play with stranded
waves
That shimmer and laugh back bewitchingly;
Some few, small, whirling, waving, hiding things,
Sprinkle the tiny bays and ocean pools,
To charm our hearts. The gray-tanned, rocky
sides
O'er-clustered with the helpless weakling shells
That cling, and, hopeful, wait returning tides—
All these small creatures adding charm of life.

This grotto floor grows dense with swarming
lives;
Some fleet of foot. Circles and stars change
place,
Bright figures take new forms with brilliant ease.

There, shells, magnificent in coloring,
Walk round in grandeur at a lively pace;
Long, gliding lines, like jewels threaded, move,
Swift weaving in and out through all the mass;
They stir the sluggards to a livelier change.
Some tiny faces, set on spindle stems,
With odd grimaces waver to and fro,
And hold their base; wee effigies of men,
With features wrought in wanton merriment—
Poor wriggling worms on end; but picturesque,
Their jeweled setting flashing back the light.

Much frolic waits until the outer world,
Barred out, can rest in old, unchanging ways.

A living, shining cloud sails up *en masse*
And blocks the grotto's mouth—a midge-made
door,
Like liquid gold in flow, softly toned down
To mellowness of lingering, sunset rose.

So all is ready now for festival.
The wandering lights start up more brilliantly,
The little hunchback lamps breathe quick in flame,
The demijohns grow fairly luminous,
And everything reflects more shine and sheen,
Till gaping creatures close their eyes and gasp—
Unwonted to the sudden blinding light.

Tall pillars, here and there, unseen till now,
Loom startlingly, enameled bright with flame,
And seem to take a forward step—surprised.

A brisk kaleidoscopic dancing whirls
Through all the startled cave from top to base,
As driven by a single turning screw
To moving geometric harmony.
Things, swimming, diving, skating on,
In interweaving mazes, swift or slow—
The curious pattern never twice the same—
Each creature follows out its own device.
Claw-armed and bunched-up swimmers, sidle
 round
As smoke wreaths twist and turn in limpid air ;
Odd fish, ablaze with fins, take flying vaults ;
Slim, sinuous, darting things, how smoothly
 glide ;
Some roll in wheels among the swimming hosts ;
Dots float and leap, aglow like silver beads.
If unmeant contacts hap, they slide apart
And swiftly glance aside without a pause ;
The moving whole as orderly and smooth
As fitted parts of one gay pantomime.

Is deep sea life a jest and parody
Of higher, many-sided social life?
At this rare fête grow marvels strangely dark,

To chill the soul, if any dare observe
The passing shames and crimes of ocean life,
Born out of time in midst of joyous play.
The charming love of beautiful and fine,
Has it no call to veil a darker side?

A slow approaching music richly swells
In sweet, enchanting, muffled cadences,
Dreamy and low, waking nor sleeping seems;
But strangely musical soft throbs of sound.
Has craze of motion waked response afar
In tones like distant chant of choristers?
Can Ocean's tidal voice, in swing above,
Send floating echoes down, mellowed and sweet,
To punctuate the long monotony?
Can cheerful sounds of earth, clamors of men,
Or chimes of bells—sifted and washed in transit
To long-drawn sweetness—stir this silent world?

To this far music, light seems beating time,
The shining little pendulums of flame
A living pulse, throbbing from more to less,
Waxing and waning, joyously;
And every creature slower, kindlier moves,
Responding in a new and cheerful march;
All motion rises, falls, as some deep thought
Finds lost expression in these harmonies!

And in the very midst of this sweet peace
And comity, a startling crisis comes;
Strong players, weary with unwonted tasks,
The helpless, weak and tender smaller fry
Snap up in hungry haste with no least pause
Of movement; and none even looks reproach!
No weakest swimmer halts, made dead with fear.
On, on, the pageant moves, eager, unchecked;
The chanting nearer, louder, faster grows;
And brighter grows the glare of radiance—
The novel viands of this reckless feast
As temptingly abundant, fresh and free
As berries purloined from a fruitful bush;
And none are missed, and no one seems to care
Or dream of cruelty, or hurt, or wrong.
In ancient Rome sweet music lived in peace
With hard barbarity and sodden crime.

Conduct yet more obscure is hard to read.
Some long-legged skaters stretch their moving
 arms,
And dangling, stroke their kin—in love or hate
One cannot guess; but little flashes glow
In quick and answering flame at every touch
Till stroked and stroker draw apart.
Lithe, agile creatures, most unlike in form,
Now balance face to face as dancers do,

Squaring their fluttering fins or spindling arms—
In threat and challenge, or in peace untold.

Like learned folk of vastly higher schools,
Are these queer sprawling tribes dazed? drunk
with light

So poor 'twould fade like moonshine in clear day?
On higher planes could deeds so dastardly
Be made to simulate benignity?

Outside the cave, hang starers, crude in form,
Great images rough moulded in coarse clay,
Each trying patiently to peep beyond
The midge-made screen, atoss with surging gnats
Swarming like bees. The poor relations sway
To sights and sounds within, half enviously;
Yet share with zest, in tame humility.
Ambition grows by what it feeds on most;
These must have scanty diet, poor and coarse.
Through opening rifts the restless midges make
In dancing change, some gleams of light outflash
Like shooting stars athwart the outer dark;
The starers cringe or flee to blacker deeps.

Not far away, at foot of sloping hill,
There lives and thrives the loveliest, daintiest
race,
Sea princesses, of Flora's realm—well born,

Slim sylvan dryads, clad in palest green
And ocean lace. Tall, straight and fine,
Each wed in birth and death to one slight reed,
They calmly live their sacred vestal lives
In high serenity and wise content.—
Exclusive dames, wrapped deep in quietness,
Whatever tumults rage or changes hap.
The grotto's gala day, alight so near,
And hungry monsters roaming everywhere,
These slim sea ladies take their naps at ease—
Each leaning on her own half-bended rush.

VARIETIES.

In sea, on land, all things that live,
Fit well their place;
For Nature knows just what to give
Each new queer race.
She paints her flowers and sunsets bright,
Her tree trunks gray;
She lets her wolves and lions fight,
And young lambs play.
Her butterflies have velvet wings,
Fish, spiney fins;
But compensation works with springs;
It's *life* that wins!

This charming world would look as dull
 As tarnished lead,
Had all her nurseries, over full,
 One type of head;
As inelastic Life, as dry
 Old putty is,
If fated all to live and die
 Alike in phiz;
Insidious as the lees of wine,
 Tasteless and flat,
If every purple-clustered vine
 Must feed one vat.

A wholesome large variety,
 No one defrauds;
Better than weak satiety,
 Sharp pricks and gauds;
Sooner than endless woolly sheep,
 Two kinds of fleece;
Nature would hold her gifts too cheap
 Were all swans—geese.
And she would set her gauge too high,
 If all were men;
From grass, to trees that lift the sky,
 Be ten times ten!
To seek, to find, to feel content
 As children play;

To seek again, first earnings spent,
 Need not dismay ;
For when the seeking higher rises,
 Claims better food,
New sustenance each need surprises,
 For each *his* good.
There is no limit set for gain ;
 This one thing done ;—
Hunger and thirst as earth for rain !
 Then all is won.

A learned teacher from our sunny world,
A venturesome savant, who would fain explore
The deep sea mysteries with open eyes,
Came dropping strangely, slowly from above
In most ingenious air-filled diving car.
It rested lightly on the ocean's floor
Where friendly sea folk lay in 'customed place.
His wondering earnest eyes scanned eagerly
All living creatures there in evidence ;
And unknown things he placed in yawning net,
And fastened deftly to his helpful car.

The grotto's revelry was nearly done.
Its most unusual glow just out of ken ;
And as the teacher groped with diligence
For deeper knowledge he so nearly won,

The cloud of midges broke and scattered wide
To fold them each in darkness—glad to rest.
As noiselessly the silent frolickers,
Some clinging two and two for mutual cheer,
Float off to cool themselves in open seas;
The clustered lamps, towed on or swimming
free,
Left not a ray within—as light itself had died.

Outside the grotto's mouth was skirmishing
Which might have given enlightenment; but
failed
Like other might-have-beens not brought to
birth.

Some sea-wags saw the Teacher, twiddled fins,
As saucy boys their fingers, thumb on nose;
And sidled off like boys in mischief caught.
One heedless swimmer, with tremendous jaws,
Had nearly dealt the sage a hurtful wound,
But saw in time and wheeled to save them both.
Most saw him not, no more than they were seen;
But hasting shoal of lambent demijohns
Gazed wonderingly, in sudden shock and halt,
On this queer stranger from the sunshine world.
The savant caught a softened glimmering,
Pale molten silver flickering in the dark;
But when not yet defined, it faded out

In lingering grins, like famous Cheshire cat's,
And blackness wrapped the silent neighborhood.

By some stray clatter made, were gently waked
The virgin group of sylvan dryads near;
Each startled, beckoning to her friends, stood
tall,
Glancing around with doubtful, questioning
looks,
As whispering each, "Beware," but with no
sound.
Amid the darkness barely visible,
They saw the foreign wonder looming dim.

One daring maiden forward bent, and swayed,
Twisting on slender stem, and wagged her head,
Seeming almost to beckon his approach.
The other shyer vestals in amaze
Drew back, hiding more close in clustered
groups,
Much doubting of this unknown wonderment;
And yet with busy thoughts and questioning.
I seemed to hear the rustle as they moved;
Or was it echo of the grotto voice,
A last low lingering ripple, heard again,
An echo shaping tones of liquid speech?

DEEP SEA THOUGHT.

Is he a dweller in the sea,
Who comes agaze this way?
An awful monster, hungrily
In search of dainty prey?

How hard he stares—this bugaboo!
How stealthily he moves!
His eye burns all the water through;
An evil thing he proves.

He surely dropped from up above
Where creatures never rest,
Where everything must change and shove,
And work—to find the best.

They dredge and snare our poor sea folk,
They stab with shining spears;
This one caught dozens ere we woke,
Worse! worse than all our fears!

How vilely move their houses, too!
Some breathing fire and smoke
Go rushing swift the waters through
Just pounding stroke on stroke.

Thank goodness! up he goes at last;
A horrid, horrid thing!
The chance to battle fierce and fast
The squibs and sharks might bring!

What dreadful beings live up there,
In that white, fearful world,
Where life is always change and care,
And things down here are hurled!

How grateful this cool, shaded sea,
No sun can penetrate;
Water, the type of calmness, we
Sweet calmness emulate.

To live where nothing stays unchanged
Must be a tiresome way;
When everything is all arranged,
How nice to have it stay!



Long baffled knowledge found no open door
To Ocean's charming realm of phantasy,
Where tricky things can sport right royally,
Fearing no master's black, condemning mark.
The love of play and generous helpfulness

Made shadowed Hades blossom as the rose,
And silence old find soft impressive voice.
Darkness congenital awoke in light,
To sleep again in more profound repose.



The golden sparkles drop to raven black,
With little surges much like waywardness,
Or sad and sighing breath of vanished joy ;
And light is lost as waves are lost at sea.

VIII.

Yes: claim the white diamond akin to black coal;
 Pray, who robs the eagle and skylark of soul?
 In the wide sea of Time, everything laves,
 The whole teeming world is afloat on its waves
 And all of its flotsam, painstaking, it saves.



Impartial Ocean, helping all who breathe,
 Thy fishes war together, rend and kill;
 Hunting the feebler folk whom they devour,
 And grow in strength by such base infamy!

But we, mankind, highest of rising lite,
 Who search for best as with a lighted torch;
 Full panoplied in nice fastidiousness,
 Wrapped warm in sunshine,—hurt and slay
 On greenest earth of fruitful heritage!
 We, too, devour all creatures less endowed,
 If they but tempt capricious appetite!

Then is their waiting no alternative?
 Can deep research, with great and countless gains
 Secured, outline the Golden Rule—revised?

Will no way open out from this dread maze
Of life for life; and strength from conquered
strength,
A way where all may walk in spotless white?

If conflicts wage far down in lonely seas,
Where tender helplessness should calmly rest,
Nor dread the winter's cold, nor summer's heat—
At peace for unmarked, creeping, tarrying
years—

If in that awesome darkness, pale dumb death
Comes stealthily, waking no silences,
Or stirs dumb moans and dirges pitiful;
And if above, mid tidal sobs, poor fish,
Like wounded water, yield, making no sign,
Though mourned by wailing of the hardest
rocks;

If in cold blood all tribes on others feast
And thrive by weakness they can chase and slay,
Wiser device can we suggest for change?
The whole quick world waits answer, in sus-
pense.

Have we yet learned to live and do no hurt
To those less wise and strong than we ourselves?

Man, beast, or thing, reacts in character,
One's deeds, his children—in his image born.
No praters of a high morality

Find out a kinder way than these—our peers,
 Broach any scheme more good, complete, or fine.
 Then all our houses are of brittle glass,
 And we defenceless as the hungry fish.
 Even canine giants scorn wasting strength
 On pigmies.

If arraiguing Providence,
 Pray, who has fathomed His unfinished plans,
 Their complex method solved? their teaching
 learned?
 Divined the half of simplest processes,
 Changes and more changes, in ceaseless flow,
 And tracked the subtle forces to their goal?
 A six-years' babe may criticise a king;
 The king, with smiles, will work his own wise
 way.

Gaunt hunger masters all, and all must dine
 That all may live! If one must surely die
 May early dying have its recompense?
 Sweet rose has thorns; sharp points pierce
 bleeding flesh
 When gathering blossoms of best charities!
 Could all men learn to feast on minerals,
 A science so advanced might find deep life
 Also in these—offshoots of Living Mind.

ALLIED.

"I'm the seed of all flesh!" cried out the ripe
corn,

"In the might of my strength the man-child is
born!"

"He is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone!"
Bleated the ewe lamb—(important her tone);—

"And he drinks of my cup!" softly laughed the
bright water,

"I flow in the veins of the son and the daugh-
ter;—

We are everyone helpless or working together,
And all of us bound by the very same tether;
For the storm like the sunshine gladdens the
weather."

Who knows the end of that which has no end?
If all is of All Life, then all *is* life
Though it has never known itself as life,
Nor wakened feeling made its very own.

To harm, to wrong, to give another pain,
From carelessness or base malignity,
Is not the law that bids us eat and live;
Is not the law that bids the eaten live

His endless life that none can take away!
 All Life, being All, His law is helpfulness—
 The reverent help that both receives and gives.
 A broken world moves on in asteroids
 Or swarms of golden meteors clothed with
 power,
 That bravely journey onward all the same.
 Such crooked lines are rods but water bent;
 Raised into sunshine, they are straight again.

LIFE.

Feeling, intense, may cease to feel,
 Not hardened as with nerves of steel,
 Simply at rest—laid by;
 No *creature* lives in steady glare
 Of deep emotions, rich and rare;
 To sleep is not to die!

The senseless stones, not yet awake,
 In heart of Life their long nap take;
 They draw no vital breath;
 Have not achieved the waking glow,
 Of sentient joys or sentient woe;—
 There is no other death!

Only the infinite can bear,
 Life conscious always, everywhere,
 In full eternal flow ;
 Though life is cherished deep in soul
 Of everything—the part, the whole,—
 Emotions come and go.

The gift of self-hood made to each,
 If feeling be beyond one's reach,
 Helpful, he needs must wait ;
 Can one help best by laying down
 Fresh tasted joys—there waits his crown
 And new enlarged estate !

The power that makes for righteousness,
 Plucked at by ignorance, yields unripe fruit ;
 And Nature's service, full, beneficent,
 Works but a hair's breadth off from fastenings
 That may throw wide the gates of dire distress.
 Mishap clings shadow close to happiness,
 Yet never may supplant the lawful heir ;
 And since last earthly sleep must come to **all**,
 If others reap from our unripened field,
 Can that be added pain to consciousness ?

INCREASING GAINS.

To wake and love the sun,
To bask in light,
To walk and leap and run
Is keen delight ;
If worm or snail can even creep,
That vivid joy has conquered sleep!

On floats of gauze to fly,
With dolphins swim,
Tribute is to earth and sky,
The ocean's hymn ;
To break life's zero line—the start
To find first good—is priceless art.

First sentient breath has won!
Come then what may,
The life of life begun,
Redeemed dull clay,
No one can snatch this richest prize ;
Let no one dare to say: "He dies!"

To win high human thought,
The spirit's flame ;
To learn how change is wrought,
And push one's aim—

His wagon hitched to gleaming star—
Is just below where angels are.

Why curse the hardness of the scheme of
things
Moving serenely toward the warmth and light?
Even petrification is conservative!
Wise arbitration cancels needless war,
Not hunger—native and perennial—
That, can but order well its times and modes.

CREATIVE PURPOSE.

Did God say in his beneficence and majesty,
And with the yearning of the father's heart?
"I cannot bring their gaining lives too close! too
close!
My little children, helpless else, must work to-
gether,
Creating for themselves their sentient gains
As I created them for their unfolding destinies.
They are together bound, nor ever loosed, al-
though they know it not,
The all, is all for each.

The stormiest night is herald of the rising day
And night must reign till sunny day is born in
 light;
And blindness lead till vision points the way.

 “The narrow greeds of appetite, imperative
 within,
Strong pushed, will venture into fields without,
Pricked on by goads to seek and find;
Will hold great wealth
Of poor and fleeting values,
Till nobler gains are prized and yield their loftier
 recompense,
Till opening minds search long to penetrate the
 night,
Impelled to eager questioning of best and worst.
The heavy clouds of overhanging mysteries,
Awesome and dread while still unknown,
Hold mighty powers that crush, if not controlled.
The rash and cruel deeds rouse dormant zest of
 life,
Nourished by what they find; but helped and
 hurt alike,
They help and hurt in turn—till, wiser, better
 grown.
So roots in darkness nursed, bloom fair in light,
And cold and stormy dawn melts into smiling
 day.

“The personal gain to each,—his wakened consciousness,
Bright feeling’s living rise and growth,
Volition, action, free within their outlined bounds,
The wide intelligence;—becomes his own for each;
Nor one of all his many, full, successive deeds—
If wrought for good or ill, in love or hate, to one or all—
Not one of his sweet, vivid, waiting gains, nor pains,
Can be made possible, and be of great and stable worth or loss,
Unaided and alone;
Nor can I make them his by gift—their value still retained.

“Earth’s latest guiding factor, high born conscious power,
For all success, on willing, strong co-workers must depend;
As still un sentient being does on its allies.
Motion, predestined quick Emotions nurse,
Sharp pain will lead as elder brother in the march of life,

“My strong, mind-sleeping children, jointly
build
The substances and worlds, and all their forms;
Their intervening details justly, deftly wrought;
And yet, unreasoning power strews peril often-
times,
Breeding disasters needless, manifold and great,
Though working ever on as best it can.

“The unlearned, little foolish minds, with dull
short-sightedness,
Choosing to be themselves first served and best
Must for themselves and others pluck sad and
bleeding hurts.
So they and all will suffer long and grievously;
But healing also comes with balm,
Borne safely in the very arms of wrongs and
crude mistakes.

“Occult and strange will seem these devious
ways,
Their complex lessons deep and hard—for long
—to read aright;
But all my children—all—must learn to work
In bonds of just and generous strong fraternity.
To act from one’s own plane, from hard won
choice,

But all my children—all—must learn to work
In bonds of just and generous strong fraternity.
To act from one's own plane, from hard won
 choice,
Though taught in fires of sevenfold heat and
 hurt,
Has satisfactions of the mightiest worth,—
Only real good for all who breathe and seek for
 happiness,
Commissioned each to live and learn where gain
 is sure.
Conditioned methods, framed in utmost love
 and care,
Despite all penalties,
And through the strenuous aid of wisdom
 which they teach,
Are sovereign remedies,
With time—made endless—working endless rec-
 ompense.

“Dependent each on all, as on the air they
 breathe,
'Tis they, themselves, must win the offered
 heritage!
My children, helpless else, must help each other!
I cannot draw weak, gaining lives too close for
 their own good.”

Shadows that fright and ignorance mislead,
Are but the ghosts of things whose deepest pulse
Beats not quite perfectly with pulse of light,
Though born within the inmost heart of forms
As bones within the rounded living flesh.
Bright color, form's aesthetic cuticle,
Is wealth of beauty, richly manifest
To every eye and heart endowed to feel;
It wraps all forms in breathing loveliness;
But shadows wait outside, and dog the real
As night drags on the skirts of royal day,
And stretching them, lets misty twilight through.

Shadows are poorest tribes of parasites,
Which shrink and hide, changing like shifting
winds.

They always stay outside, and will be lost
When motion's finest, full accord is gained,
And every separate pulse is throbbing true
To ordered concert of the perfect whole.
When shadows die and pure reflections live,
The Beautiful her choicest things can give,
And Nature everywhere be justified.

As complex problems wait for higher skill,
So messages wrapped up, unopened still,
Are hard to read, but read at last aright
As plain as A B C, stand out in light
And leave us wondering over dullard sight.

TWO WAYS.

The green leaves sere and brown bark rough,
Rich Nature cries, "Enough! enough!"
And provident as honey bee,
She piles her fruit beneath the tree—
Her leaves all loosed and wandering free.

The years like seeds are sown ;
The tree and its descendants thrive
And choicest fruits are born, survive,
In their descendants, finer grown.
Nor manna-gatherers they alone,
Where gains, not dragon's teeth, are strewn!
Small change on changes so arranged
That all the forms of life are changed,
Till not a man left here alive
The cruder past has felt or known.
No complex structures farther from the Saurian
 age
Than supple human forms in onward stage.
So, smiling, prosperous Earth still high and
 higher
Moves up in dignity as by her own desire.

No structural change in Ocean's range
And nothing new or newly strange.

Type visible of moving steadfastness
Helping the gaining world in its onpress.
Like you and me in real identity,
Unchanged in actual, priceless entity,
As every God-constructed thing must be.

The wide sea craves no structural gains,
Great billows rise on Ocean plains,
His storms uplift high shadowed forms,
Hard blows, with tumult, take and give;
Then heartening all the ancient norms,
Roll on in sunshine, glad to live.

Bright, lesser waves that never rest,—
A world of power in each compressed—
In storm and sunshine do their best.
The long tides roll and ever roll,
Nor ever seek a restful goal;
Slow inlets rise and fall as beggars stroll;
The rains and rivers dropping in,
Supply the clear staccato din
To ocean voices, never still;
But sea and land with legends fill,
To teach mankind. Both methods win.
Dame Nature's powerful hand holds fast the
helm,
And guides each freighted bark to destined
realm.

NATURE.

Nature's great mysteries,
Flowerlike unfold;
Solved, their proud histories,
When clearly told,
Show only benefits,
Aid, freely given.
Time's affidavits
So much have proven!

Nature is orderly,
Complex, but just;
Ensured accordingly,
Trust her we must.
All faith is strengthening—
Nature proved right—
Every gain lengthening
Clearer insight.

Teeming life everywhere,
Sleeping, awake,
Work, each his own share,
Must undertake;
Hedged in with barriers,
These will break down;
Nature's sure carriers
Ensure her renown.

IX.

Clear, crystal Ocean, art insatiate? Thou!
Though hunger urges not to fearful deeds?
Men lay ten myriad deaths at thy dark door
Which opes so freely, but shuts close again,
Telling few tales of awful tragedy.
They call thee treacherous, more hard of heart
Than any rock in all thy gray cold world
Whose fogs devour the valleys quick with corn.
Dost woo poor, trustful men, by luring smiles,
To tempt the faithless, hollow, ravening waves
Who swallow them as hungry beasts their prey?
They call thee lawless, cruel, pitiless,
The feaster on love's wildest agonies,
In their long ache of grief, men smite with
words,
As fierce winds smite with blows, thy wounded
cheek.

Far be from thee, kingly in thy great power,—
The willing burden bearer for all need,
Soother of pain, patron of life itself,
The great restorer of all fainting souls,—

Far be from thee, of vast sweet pliancy,
From greed or treachery—no good end sought—
To chill one beating heart or rob one joy!

Art not relentless! then, why floods of tears
By mothers shed for sad child-loss and pain?
And fathers hopeless bowed, as age-worn men,
When thou hast clasped and hold their best be-
loved,
And covered in thy bosom, slumber rock?

Are these but grief-blind plaints of aching
hearts
They shoulder off on tireless helpfulness?
Thy garnering floor is laid in no pretense,
Spreads wide, and far, and free, like heaven's
blue dome,
With offered place and rest for all who come!
If baby fingers seize the glittering flame,
Who curses sword-edged fire because it hurts?
A rushing car must crush the dearest child,
That stumbling in its path, yields up sweet life;
Earthquakes must shake the Earth, when down
below
The Titan Forces find no room to work!

That Power which gave them power within
 their bounds,
 Could not revoke his franchise and not shake
 His universe and every life he gave—
 Undoing all his just beneficence!
 After its own methods, each thing must work,
 With best, straightforward, wisest zeal it can,
 Though earth and sea wail long in blinded grief!
 If finite best is misinterpreted
 And smitten as for crimes, even so they smite
 The Source of all that lives, misreading Him!

*When wisdom works, its work well done,
 Can't ravel out—once more begun.*

Ocean's not hard to men and not malign
 Unless the softest heart our world can boast
 Is deepest sham and moral adamant!
 All functions are allied in honest *law*.
 Swift wheels go round and one ungeared,
 Would work disaster till the whole had died,
 Creation falling backward—uncreate.
 While waters ripple at the touch of winds,
 Shimmer and lift their crowned white heads in
 song
 At every stirring whisper of soft breeze;
 When mad winds urge with storm, their tower-
 ing might

Must wreck the blundering, reckless craft at sea.
Mankind's best enterprises—shadow haunted—
Behind their best results draw fearful trains
Of casualties no generous heart desires!

Constructive freedom, always limited,
Inborn method through its limits rises,
And nothing finite but must work within!
Nature, enchained by sheer necessity,
Might bring no ill; but poor would be her good,
No freedom given to mind! Matter itself
Is free to change and move through space, in
time,
When helpful neighbors share! Conditioned
force,—
The only force with which the finite works—
In neighborly combine and ready change,
Is free within its bounds.

If Jesus wept

For Lazarus dead, though bound to ransom him,
The loving heart may mourn its early lost
Till bleeding griefs are changed to clear-eyed
smiles!
To-day's hot tears become to-morrow's pearls,
And priceless compensations, treasure trove!
But feeling feeds on bleeding present loss

And little heeds the future's heritage;
Fond heart oft breaks the laws wise head has
 made;
And blinded grief would mar unripened good.

The swift-winged conflict battling overhead,
And stalwart men rough swept from love and life,
I've heard deep sobbing in the midnight watch
As though all Nature's soul in protest broke
For other's woes. There was no power to save.
The wealth of tears for drowned humanity
Is poured on soils which take and straight forget.

Are not obedient surfs bade faithfully
To bear the drowned child back to mother's
 arms?
The reaching shores are pitying witnesses
How roughest billows aid the sacred task;
And all they can, things most insensate do
In close accord with Order's perfect law.

Soft grace that shapes itself to every cup,
Close clinging to all sides with reaching clasp;
That, trusting, paints itself with every dye,
Clouded, or enriched to splendid brilliancy;
That washes clean all soil, accepts the stain,
Drops it, to sparkle crystal clear again—

These are all matchless gifts on virtue's side,
For which we praise thee, Ocean, and admire.
Responsiveness thou never may'st transcend,
Responsiveness thou never shouldst transcend!
Thy treasured greatness, and thy trenchant
 power,
Are held as in the hollow of His hand
Who teaches men alike by good and bad;
The bad which they, themselves, in folly wrought;
He gave thee service, set in rank thy bounds.

Vast pliability, of subtle reach,
Moves lathe, wheel, saw and spindle, cheerily;
Floods open channels with a fluent wealth
When men lead on; transforms itself to steam—
Bright Ariel of the now confederate world,
Still doing more than work of Hercules
Or Sisyphus, asking no recompense;
Rejoicing with expanding willingness
To aid all purposes that mind suggests—
These virtues, while men keep the sense to prize
Service unstinted as the breath we breathe,
May heal all thoughts of ill, but good disguised.
There's round and square, but both are never
 one;
Nor can they be in any world of space.

PERSPECTIVE.

Horizon always chained to earth,
Measured by few short miles across—
Is what one sees of mighty worth
In reckoning endless gain and loss?

One's finger, near, can hide yon spire
Outlined in beauty on the sky;
Yon mountain, tipped with evening fire,
On far horizon towering high!

A little Moses, pleased with toys,
May scorn great gifts from royal hand;
The man whom Providence employs,
May fail to reach the promised land.

A heart disturbed by petty spite,
That hungrily devours its zeal,
Is blind to soul's redeeming light;
Is numb to hopes the generous feel.

Vast worlds seem little golden nails,
Which grace a bending azure floor;
Is death the end when sweet life fails?
The usher, opening loftier door?

Horizon, ever chained to earth,
Measured by only miles across!
Is what man *sees* of mighty worth
In reckoning life's full gain and loss?

A kingly realm exacts conformity
In its domain to upright policy!
Ocean, how more than willingly thou wouldst,
How more than willingly, Ocean, thou wouldst
Life fitted to thee as the glove to hand,
In all its forms might thrive, clasped in great
arms
Of soothing softness! The shining, swimming
boards,
Though clad in silver mail, purple and gold,
Speed swift as arrows from the bended bow
To every goal a vagrant fancy craves.
Fish, domiciled in private tents of pearl,
Wrought thick with carvings rare, and paintings
rich—
Small temples of thick-ribbed, banded strength—
Move house at will for better pasturage.
Some, stationed in the homes of ancestors,
Rest there in confidence, awaiting gifts
Which seek them as glad sunshine seeks earth's
flowers.
All these luxuriate in thy glorious bath.

To sea-wards, ocean born, and ocean bred,
Thy largess is as rich and full as wish may
 crave.

To men endowed with sun-warm gifts of earth,
All this and more is free, could we accept.
We all may pluck free treasures from thy deeps
As welcome as from hawthorn bush in May,
Still living our own lives on gracious earth;
May send our ships around the whole wide
 world

On thy sustaining, faithful bosom held.
Upborne and forwarded in loyalty.

IMPARTIAL LOVE.

Sweet mother-love, the mother's tenderest loy-
 alty,

Though her untoward children strive in jealousy,
Has won all hearts, since Eve, who wept first
 tears for Abel,

Could not unlearn sweet tenderness divinely
 stable:

But mourning one child slain, the other sorely
 pitied,

And would have borne his penalty had God
 permitted.

Thou, Ocean, only stepsire of the curious nations
Who invade thy province and pre-empt full
 rations,
Benignant art; like God in highest charity,
Who sends sweet rain, sunlight and warmth, in
 purity,
On just and unjust both:—needless, not one
 harassing—
Impartial goodness, even mother-love surpassing.

In stillest, safest nooks, thou hidest shelteringly,
The lack of strength, of movement, of fair
 symmetry,
And spread'st remote wide seas for graceless
 ennity:
For feebleness, inventing quaint indemnity;
And nurturing every least advance, through
 weary stages,
Foster their slow made gains for lingering,
 patient ages!

Who claims the more than innate power can
 give?
Olympian Jove held thunders in his hand,
Bright Phoebus drove the chariot of the sun,
And lions use their strength with feline grace.
Small robin red breast has but dainty ways—

Beauty and morning songs and building skill;
 Each gives but from himself, and what he loves.
 'Twould be a monstrous wrong to ask for more;
 The best one can, should give unmixed content.

Sweeter the songs in trees than thunder's
 voice;
 One sunbeam wields more power than leagues of
 shade,
 And morning dewdrops have no peers in gems.
 We pluck not grapes from thorns nor figs from
 thistles.
 Peter said, "Such as I have give I thee."
 To meet just claims wins royal heritage;
 But grumblers know not when or where to
 blame.

WHICH?

The tempest is raging, oh, right fearfully;
 But which one began it, the wind or the sea?
 Which one is tossing black clouds in the air,
 Which chasing and racing the fastest out there?
 Great ships are battered, strong ships are broken;
 Voices in infinite protest have spoken;
 The grey wolves are howling, the timid sheep
 flee,
 And which one began it, the wind or the sea?

Great Ocean is boiling with mad energy,
But which one began it, the wind or the sea?
New mountains uprising like old Babel towers,
Drop down into babel, where tumult devours.
The hammer and clamor poor sea folk have
frightened,
And fiercely in snatches dense blackness is
lightened;
With strain as of cordage, the braces are
tightened;
With clashing and crashing, great blows falling
free,
Oh, which one began it, the wind or the sea?

If blame we must, why! rate the errant winds
'That smite a yielding face with raging blasts,
Goading deep waters on to fateful deeds;
Yet winds are laden messengers of health,
Their stormy wings heaped high with priceless
gifts
For every need. All taunts, they can receive
With airy grace and strew on desert sands.
This carries back sharp discontent one step,
And hints that all the fruits from Nature's
store;—
Pomegranates and apples of Sodom, both—
Are best dull, carping souls can fitly take.

Turn, then, our faces toward deep gratitude
That Cause, two ways must face for good and
bad.

The marts of commerce trust to Ocean's faith,
A million ferries ply from shore to shore.
Vast treasures, over welcome unblazed path
Are piloted from earth's remotest lands,
And men adventure lives on stormy seas
Freely as birds spread wings in fitful air;
Man's hope entrenched in sacred realm of Law;
Nor ever, Ocean, hast thou broken faith.
Elastic, molten glass, thy waters are,
Thy broad, sustaining shoulder lifting all
To level of self-help and competence—
Their guidance justly leaving to themselves.
Mind's best devices, better, wiser planned,
Should circumvent all casualties!

With venturous journeyings among the stars,
With boundless, gracious amplitude of change,
Yet thou, no more than mortal man, canst vault
Beyond thyself, nor win an alien goal.
Unchanged thy glorious attributes; Earth firm;
As staid as Earth's rock-sinewed ancient hills,
Nor more unnerved; nor moved from sturdiest
base;

Help thou to justify His ways in Time,
Who leaves the evil bound in sheaves with good,
To wait the future's wider recompense!

COMPENSATION.

The restless tides that never sleep,
Are anchored safe in moveless deep.

Some balm is grown for every ill,
And each low vale adores its hill.

Rest, fulcrum proves to all unrest,
And motion springs from moveless breast.

Content is core of discontent,
From crooked bow straight arrows sent.

Post haste can snatch a quick relay,
Calm night repair the fretted day.

Sleep, mainspring is to waking life,
And peace is pivotal in strife.

So brawling tides that cannot sleep,
Are anchored firm in voiceless deep.

X.

SERVICE.

Wide Ocean's carven shores reach round and
round the world;
Deep in and out the wandering, winding lines
are curled.
Here, low and sandy plain, there, high and rocky
ledge;
Rich fretted lace of silver glorifies its edge.

Wide strewn as lively breezes scatter plummy
seeds,
Are sea-tossed shells of pearl and sea-grown
dainty weeds;
Like olden stately courtiers, magnificent and
grand,
Old Ocean kneels to kiss the great Queen's
royal hand.

With hospitality they learned of thee,
Ocean, thy wards most kindly offers make
To share their best, and live their sea-glad lives.
Small, gentle dwellers in bright bowers of plants,

'Afloat, and journeying safely on thy waves,
I hear low coaxing me like charm of dreams;
Or, are they only beckoning with their smiles—
Sight one, in miracle, with wooing song?

SEAWEED ISLAND LIFE.

Come and share our tossing homesteads,
Come and rest on floating sea beds!

 Welcome warm we give;
Not a swimmer more contented;
Island steadings still unrented;
 Come, see how we live!

On our lonely, wandering island,
Waving fronds, like flowers of highland,
 Sea waifs love the sky;
Borrow all its sunny brightness,
And at night, its purer whiteness,
 Moon or stars on high.

In small houses, mottled, pearly,
Hid in fern woods green and curly,
 Wee folk gently live;
Some, the sweetest baby fishes,
Tucked up warm in wave carved dishes;
 Some, in open sieve.

Hundreds of our winsome people,
Round as dots or long as steeple,
 Bright as flowers,
Walk, or crawl, or swim, or waggle;
For best places seldom haggle—
 Where we are, is ours.

Guests we have, dear little skaters,
Sometimes wranglers and debaters;
 Then, we float away;
Things that live here altogether,
Never minding wind or weather,
 Nestle down and play.

All the great waves, island rocking,
And the wild winds whistling, mocking,
 Move us round and round;
We are Ocean's sons and daughters,
Oh, we love the dashing waters,
 Love their swirling sound.

Within a narrow sheltered cove,
O'erhung by green, low wooded grove
Mid plashing rhythmic murmurs sweet,
Of ripples lapping round my feet,

A shrill, small voice comes ;—far off calling,
Calling through hoarse tide-waves, brawling ;
Like strands of light, with metes and bounds,
It threads its way through clang of sounds.

THE CORAL REEF.

Oh, come where coral sea-fronds red,
Lift up stone branches high o'erhead !
These groves are large and strongly made,
Yon shore in their wide arms is laid.

Small, ancient masons raised high towers,
Laid stone on stone and lined with flowers ;—
The noblest palaces—these rare
Old scuttled dwellings marble fair ;

Cathedrals grand our masons formed,
And sea-washed, large-doored temples, warmed
With window-light still soft and clear ;
And branching galleries, tier on tier.

Sea horses rush to our front door,
Untamed ; onrushing, mad with power ;
But fortress-checked their royal sport,
Back off subdued ; we hold the fort !

Old Father Time for ages sought
These pillared marbles, strangely wrought;—
Now roofed above with green clad hills,
Adown their steeps leap joyous rills.

In pearl or rose-red coral banks,
The dear old homes are cheap as thanks;
Come, pre-empt grand, high chambers formed
In this great fortress we have stormed!

Fierce winds have battered at our doors,
Great tidal waves swept stone laid floors;
Hot suns looked on with burning gaze;—
Our strong towers stand from ancient days.

Come where the sea-kissed white and red,
Grew marble branches high o'erhead;
Stone woods so strong and stoutly made,
This shore in their wide arms is laid!

Was it a living, conscious voice I heard?
Were old, deep realms of mystery strangely
stirred?
Is low, aspiring life proved far more wide
Than onward movement of the human tide?
Or, should a saner mood weak dreams deride?

As in a dream, I rose and slowly walked,
I wandered on the ancient coral shore,
And rested on the old and faded sands.
My listening heart turned toward the vanished
 past.
The waiting storm breathed mist and distant
 rain;
Long, heaving billows slowly rose and plunged,
To leap again with more determined spring.

Far off, against the sky, moved strange
 blurred forms
Which grew to chariot shape, black horses
 drawn,
Steeds restless, champing monstrous flecks of
 foam,
And rearing till they seemed to stand upright.
An august driver stood erect and large,
His mild eyes seemed to drink the darkness up,
His smile shot through the pageant, mist en-
 wrapped.
On either side, like pictured triton sons,
Loomed forms which kept abreast of his ad-
 vance;
And in the rear, as dark clouds vanishing,
And showing clear again by cumbrous leaps,
A strange and freakish ghostly following.

My heart throbbed hard and cried, "Ah, can it
be
What I have thought was but a dying myth,
'The sea-god Neptune and his dolphin crew,
And faithful whales, who love his neighborhood!
Oh, are these more than rough, cloud-kissing
waves?"

A voice as deep as Ocean's bass and sweet
As Alpine horn, far-echoing replied,
And all the troubled air grew still to hear.

NEPTUNE.

I am Neptune, from my warmer land-locked sea;
But I ride the deep blue whole wide ocean
through;
Every scene you please, come find at nearer
view!
All their charming wonders waiting long for
you;
Come and ride with me.

I'll command the raging storm-waves far off flee,
Raise you grandest tempests just as you desire,
Court you worlds of glittering icebergs till you
tire,
Find you largess under the Equator's fire,
If you ride with me.

I can make soft days like brilliant fancies free ;
Make all the deep sea plains rare marvel givers ;
Ride full against or with sea's gliding rivers ;
Bear you triumphant through all tidal shivers ;
 Will you ride with me ?

In the olden wealth of sea-god's majesty,
In high royal pomp of long acknowledged power,
Little loved we freakish mist as sea-gift dower
Courting sunshine, or the grander tempest hour,
 They who rode with me.

Bowing gladly **now** to shade-sweet destiny,
Veiled in gathering films of gray soft dreaminess,
Wooing only old-time memories' caress,
Through the lovely haunts of yore, wide-eyed,
 on press
 All who ride with me.

Gray old Neptune from the warmer, land-locked
 sea ;
Still I roam the deep blue, whole wide ocean
 through,
All the glorious changes, every nearer view,
And my world of wonders wait how long for
 you !
 Could you ride with me ?

Most strangely towards the sea-god turned my
heart ;
My heavy feet seemed rooted in the sand,
And sinking deeper as I heard with awe.
Half kneeling I could only shake my head,
And bowing shame-faced, try to gaze afar ;
But with a gracious wave of majesty,
With a half smile, that wondrous living Myth
Drew curtains of thick mist about his head
And cloud-enfolded his strange retinue ;
And slowly, softly sank the pageant host
Beneath the waves, leaving a silver glow
That spread like lingering twilight far and near.

A thousand soft, sweet voices seemed to speak ;
As every water drop half talked, half sang,
With soul and feeling of its very own,
And living out its own soft, sensuous life—
The tones all mingled in the old full swell
Of Ocean's plashing, rhythmic melody ;
Yet heard in multitudes by listening ear.
The hum of city marts, where every voice
Has burdened utterance its very own,
Declaring feeling, purpose, urgent hopes ;
But swelling in one commonwealth of sound,
Is but the larger, harsher duplicate
Of these small voices in the joyful sea—
Remote from care as zenith from the Earth.

It made me know these too, may climb up higher
In other realms of sentience than ours,
That like our own is nurtured in the love
Of one abounding, tender sympathy.
The changing sea its vesper service held
In praise and gratitude as real as ours,
With not a note of jangling bells untuned.

The wooing sweetness drew my wondering
heart

Almost from out my bosom as I knelt.
I bent my head in listening reverence
To catch the least of this deep mystery
I might not fathom; though I heard and felt
Sweet voices whispering: "Come and learn!"

But something nearer said: "Your own work
waits!

To each is given share of help for all,
Uplifting far dependent worlds hairs' breadth,
In sentience beautiful beyond compare!
To each his own well ordered, fitting realm,
More varied than all voices of the sea,
Or winds, and trees, and men, and wordless
brutes;

Than all the changes great Earth knows!
Feeling and thought their many mansions have
In the vast kingdom of increasing life;

And in them all, is immanent the Life of life!
The One in all, as all in One,—all win!
Hold then, and keep your own great heritage.”

I rose as clothed anew in strength and hope,
Though wooing voices came on every wave,
Inviting me to join their cheerful bands.—
An urgent, more insistent company,
With pleasing clang of cymbals, beating time,
Eager and joyous, cried: “Force on a march!
Onward! onward, somewhere to the great un-
known,
Where marvels of new joyous life await!”
As one would gladly fly with swift-winged birds
To summer lands, my longing heart would go
With all of them.

I hear new voices, calling
Like flutter of the wings of humming birds,
With breath of lilies at the Christmastide,
And strain my eyes to catch their brightness too;
For charms of tint and tone should win together.

But troubled, jarring sounds break harshly in,
Deep sobs of heart-break and accursing cries.
Do crowds of mourners weep their early dead?

Now, startling visions rise of countless forms;
Stray voyagers stumbling on the shores of life;
Coming through all the ages; dropping down
From sea's far borders to its lowest beds!

I see the doomed Armada from old Spain—
Strong ships, men stained with war's red blus-
tering;—

They fall like crimson leaves to Ocean's deep
And scatter like dead leaves in autumn storm.
Great ships from plundered Africa sink low
As weighted by their crimes; and swaying,
plunge

Far down to deepest caverns darkness knows—
Captors and captives huddled side by side.

Nearer, more near, draw fearful tragedies,
The great sea boiling like the pit of hate,
Engulfing everything within its power;
Its fairest shores by desolation swept.
Rich scores of ships, ten times ten thousand
lives,

Beloved and loving, strong in rectitude;—
On cheerful journeys brief, with harmless babes;
Outward bound for castles in far Spain;
Homeward bound, with hearts gone forward—
all ranks

In tempest and in calm, drawn down, drawn
down,

And smothered in the awful surge of waves!
They come and come, and not with willing feet,
Like driftwood on the rushing stream of time;
But no more go they off from Ocean's floor.

THE TIDAL WAVE.

Yonder a monstrous chain of lifted waves,
Vast heaving mountains, grim and black and
torn,
With foothills flanked; below great yawning
caves;
They all move on together, whirlwind born,
And writhe and writhe, but never break. Low
overhead,
Sharp lightnings waken thunders deep and
dread.
That wall of awful might outspeeds the wind,
Outspeeds the darkness with its shafts of light;
Glooms on beneath a sky windswept and bright,
Leaving a wrack of angry clouds behind.

As hosts of raging bitterness caroused,
It roars in terror, sweeping nigh, more nigh
A seaside, sleeping town, but half aroused!
It reels! it plunges from a starlit sky
And in a twinkling all are overwhelmed.

A city's thousand dreaming souls unrealmed
In seething flood of wreckage! Crashing
towers,
The broken homes afloat, denuded farms,
An upturned forest tossing long, green arms—
Men grappling vainly with the awesome powers!

“Is not here bitterness no sweet can change?
Can virtues grand and many whitewash wrong?
Noblesse oblige should govern God's nobility.
Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right!”
I cried.

My eyes were opened as the sun
Breaks through the clouds, flooding the world
with light.
I seemed to look through vistas clear and wide;
Thought urged, resistless:—“Who has found the
heart
Of our own ever burning, blinding sun?—
Then, shall we challenge Him who swings aloft
Those million, million yonder glorious suns
In climbing spiral rounds? No human skill
Nor thought can wind again one spent pale
moonbeam!
Weak plaints are but the little carping chirp
Of shrewish insects on a summer's day.

Till we can trace the farthest path of worlds
Winding along the open chart of space
In full revealing glow of kindly light,
Shall we assume to fathom purposes
Still sleeping shadows in the arms of night?
How dare we claim to pierce the misty folds
Of nascent time not yet in swaddling clothes,
And question Wisdom that has filled with light
The ever present now that holds all times!
Who spans the limitless with his inch rule?
If men by honest men can be misjudged,
Small doubt that we may misinterpret God,
Whose plans unfold to us in lines of growth.

“Mankind, like bats, are blinded by a light
Too strong for their unwonted eyes to bear,
And careful folk may stumble in the glare
As in the dark. Better Agnostic rust
Than blinded Will and its poor dogmatism!

“Courage that dares to seek the future's best
May seem the present's worst and cruelest;
For highest virtues oft are registered as crime.
Farsightedness, with outlook far beyond its time,
Must bare its head to meet nearsighted scorn.
The moral heroes choose untimely good
Which leaves the noblest deeds the most con-
demned,

Till wiser thought has overtaken them,
And twined its laurels round their monuments.
Patience is that diviner attribute
That waits the growth of slow intelligence
To win escape from needless tragedies."

Upholding only Nature's penalties,
The Ocean needs no taunts and no reproach.
Rash health, lawless, can lay its vigor down
In arms that clasp; shrinking from hard reproof
No more than pale disease worn thin with care,
Or pains that make poor life intolerable.
The youngest sinless babe may fall on sleep
Beside old neighbors of the patriarch Noah;
Weak, guilty suicide, and murder's guilt,
Crowd heroes panoplied in high estate
That might have won them nation's monuments;
High dames, in beauty's prime, with jeweled
 robes
Which shame the noblest pearls of Ocean's
 wealth,
And tattered pariahs in their old worn rags,
Are welcomed with one equal majesty.

How like the helper of our checkered lives!
He never chides; but piles his barrier high
With pains, and needless loss and sufferings,
To bar out greater ills—more dire distress;

To hold crass ignorance within just bounds,
Lest it more overreach sweet innocence.

The Sea respects as God's high wisdom does,
The guarded, prized integrity of each ;
His meed of freedom and his waiting choice,
His gain of offered knowledge, manifold.

To man and beast and lowly creeping thing,
To all who breathed and breathe sweet air no
more,
Ocean gives free and willing sepulture,
And nudeness wraps in soft and flowing shrouds.
All share alike the couch of dreamless rest—
And all must somewhere sleep—in earth or
main.

Ocean unfolds the whole great rounded world,
His clasping arms encircle, then, all death—
Fitting, as birthplace of the earliest life.
Thus all the ages share one final couch,
Where, as with God, a thousand years are but a
day.

No earthly crown so mighty and august
As the sealed peace and rest on every brow.
Regal in state their vast sarcophagus !

Need any eye reverse the telescope
And only care to see the world made small?

Folly will drag her chains of ignorance
Till she has broken them and mastered ills
That hurt us needlessly. But Nature's laws
If learned, and well obeyed, bring only good.

The tonsured billows lifted pleading hands,
Then humbly dropped in meek obscurity.

Glad Ocean stirred again in joyous mood,
Threw up long sprays of beauty; scattered free
Clear Sapphires, kindled by warm rays of light;
And clouds of evening, hanging high above,
Rose-shadows dropped on darker purple waves—
A lovely sea of reawakened peace.
I, searching into knotted mysteries,
Heard mellowed sound in full, soft cadences;
To grieving heart, unnerved by piteous woes,
As comforting as songs among the pines.

KELPIES.

When from clasp of ocean wave,
You of earth would kindred save,
Dream no more that dark revenge
Kelpies plot by our stonehenge;

Friendly arms around them cling,
Purest breath our clear waves bring,
Nothing asking but their good;
Why is tender, loving kindness long misunder-
stood?

Welcome freely offer we,
Kelpies, children of the sea;
Welcome free to treasure trove
Over dropped from heights above;
Welcome to our jeweled strands,
Richer than your golden sands;
Bright our wave-washed amber home;
Can there be a better world beneath the sky's
blue dome?

Gliding smoothly through the brine,
Living gems, our fishes shine;
Gay hued weeds, bright coral banks,
Shells in costumes, ranks on ranks,
Color draped and silver lined,
Charm of rich wrought forms combined!
Fair sea lilies wide outflung
Crimson fringes, bright with beauty past earth's
blossoming.

Could our welcome kindlier be,
To these royal homes in sea?

Bliss and space! and room for you!
Come or stay, free choice is due.
Gay with life's sweet joy we rove,
Shining raiment, water wove,
Robes us all, awake, asleep—

Why not share the largess of our vibrant, bound-
less deep?

As we live we pray you live,
All we have, in kind we give;
In our billows far and wide,
Joys and hopes to more divide,
Like your sea beach, many pebbled;
Even eyesight doubled, trebled!
Kelpies oft themselves have spied,
In the blue-green clearest crystal, smiling mul-
tiplied.

XI.

Everything has its soul,
Its wrong and its right;
Each heart has its goal,
The stars cheer its night,
And its lessons unroll
As the dawning of light.

We recognize the high integrity
That dares uphold the smallest timid bay
In equal dignity with thy great wealth,
Ocean—at level height with thy broad plain!
No feeblest inlet, clinging to thy arm,
No narrow strait, or tiny gulf, may fall
Below the broad right line upheld by thee;
Nor sufferest thou one column, at thy side,
Though slender as a reed in early spring,
To lose thy rank and sink to lower grade,
Thy kindred born in wide democracy!
Least line of change would make the great earth
rock
In horror; turning from thy waywardness.

Why have not human folk more bravely
learned

This greatest lesson thou hast nobly taught?

Why hold we not in charity as fine,

The feeblest of our race, sin stained or white,

To heritage of one humanity,

With all its glory full, alight and warm;

Up-raising them with kindest discipline,

And binding all in high divinity?

Our poor and thoughtless deeds breed sooty
mists,

Dark writhing clouds, that veil our sight,

Staining our best, and breeding nameless ills.

We cramp our measures of capacity!

Too slowly grows the perfect wealth of life;

And needless tears have swelled the ocean's
deep!

Better it is, with things inanimate,

Not wakened yet to active hope and thought,

To narrowest breadth of living consciousness;

There, Nature weaves pure webs of excellence—

If well and generously interpreted—

Measure for measure, ever her demand;

She works on lines of order's perfect law,

In full beneficence without one flaw.

The wordless and the boneless things, that feel
Life's joys and pains, can break no moral law ;
Weak man, alone, still plucks forbidden fruit
And gathers dowers of dark, hard penalties.

At last, the keen and subtle eye of soul,
Will justly measure Nature's good and bad ;
For mind is learning her hard lessons, too,
And claims them treasure more than Ophir's
gold.

Justice and love brought face to face in
thought ;
Hand holding hand, as both have ever wrought,
How beautiful and strong their glorious work !
They learn to mend all places frayed and weak,
They supplement the lack of each and all,
They turn the charcoal back to diamond white.

Oh, changing, changeless Ocean, great Unrest !
How weak the form of man within thy grasp ;
A crowing baby raised on giant's palm ;
A leaf in combat with a swelling flood,
A paper boat, afloat in shrewish air.
All his proud ships are bubbles thou canst break ;
Yet Mind, man's mind, will master Ocean's
pride

And conquer all the turmoils of wild seas,
By wisdom calm as full-orbed harvest moon !
The shades of night have lingered far too long !

IN THE DARK.

Thick night-clouds settled down, then weary
day

In sable hood her aged head reclined ;
All forms—like morning's glow—were swept
away,
With not a lingering hill or tree outlined.

The deadly nightshade kept an open eye,
The poisoned fungus rose and stretched apace ;
All parasites would live, their hosts might die—
Rank, greedy hunger stealing life and place.

The bats flapped by and woke uncanny things ;
Poor giddy moths flew round and round,
insane,
Eager to burn their pretty gauzy wings
Should flame of ignis fatuus come again.

Blind moles delved on in secret, burrowing ways,
Earthworms crawled up, black beetles hurtled
by,
Horned owls went foraging for sleeping prey,
And all the world seemed breathing with a
sigh.

The sea was wrapped in horror deep and dense,
Uncanny gleams shot balefully by starts,
Revealing darkness held in dread suspense
And pierced by fearful alien darts.

Black night may reign, a rayless, massive whole,
All outlets closed to vistas fair and white;
High barriers hide the way to final goal
And faith stand beaten back by blinded sight.

Hope, blinded, may not find life's Eastern ray,
And starless Hades spread its waste of gloom
Where failing voices, dreaming, seem to say:
"The brooding darkness has no sunny room."

Guilt seeks a taint in loveliest flower and leaf,
Hunts lines of darkness in the purest light,
Shades stillest day with tempest sad as grief;
It duplicates the black and moonless night.

Deep searching—restless born—like rings of
smoke
May dash straight on to rock, or crag, or main;
Uncover reefs, and nameless dread evoke
Till farthest outreach useless seems and vain.

But wait; Time's moving cycle slowly rounds,
Day follows night. All fair things grow again;
New light comes streaming on from farther
 bounds,
New truth is born of unbelief and pain.

In frigid, farthest, dreary North and South,
Like wasted diamonds heaped on pulseless
 breast,
Ocean, thy waves are locked in moveless calm.
Spreading their icy acres of white worlds,
Supine and helpless as the hardest rocks,
While sleet of threaded steel bites deep and
 binds.
Not bravest mother seals dare venture here
To nurse their callow young in cairns of doom.
The softer ice-banks, towards the warmer lands,
Afford them rugged hospitality,
And kindly welcome giving all who need,
Blush piteous crimson over fierce male wars.
The blessed sunshine, melting noontide dews,
Washes the hideous shame to white again;
And Nature smiles once more in her relief.
But here, the seal of frozen time, deep set,
No sun has melted it since first rose dawn.

ICEFIELD LAMENT.

Not one stir of life our granted boon,
Not a subtle wave of change we feel;
Glitter, cold as pearl on midnight moon,
Folds us, holds us, with a hand of steel.

Buried now in long night's darkest shroud,
Petrifaction claims us for his own;
We, with priceless wealth of change endowed,
Wait for weary ages, turned to stone.

In the warm and genial teeming seas,
Where the fair Sea Islands bloom and smile;
Where the dark-skinned people live at ease,
Storms, the too responsive seas beguile.

Fleets of sea-nursed, floating birds,
Brooding calm amid tempestuous waves;
Billows fall as by the Master's word:
"Peace! be still!"—outside the tempest raves.

Then may weeping pity sometime break,
Frozen chains, too frail for endless doom,
And our charmed world in warmth awake,
Wrapped in generous beauty's living bloom?

Borealis wavers in the sky,
And with pitying Heaven mediates ;
Startles echoes like a wailing cry,
Half in mockery, beckons, scintillates.

Wistful ennui broods in hearts of ice,
Nature's opiate holds each pulse in calm ;
Lightning, locked within by her device,
Slumbers, cushioned on her frozen palm.

Spirit bright of restless, eager steam,
Shorn of use and chained to moveless rest,
Folds his reaching arms to nurse a dream—
Nothing wakes within his frozen breast.

Tempest, biting, wailing overhead,
Heaped and hoary plains lie prone and still—
Pallid substance, fallen stark and dead,
Feeling, numb alike to good and ill.

Something whispers: "Better days in store,
When the soft winds warmly, gently blow!"
We shall break the bonds of death once more,
Forth on active service bound to go.

When time is ripe to wake in active hope,
Does Nature plant the gift of prophecy
In deepest heart of all she claims her own?

Activity and human skill must wrest
These diamond strands of palsied helpfulness
From weary, age-long inutility,
Winning rare treasures from these frigid zones;
Mind—thought and purpose—learn to conquer
all
That is or shall be of the Earth or Sea;
Glad feeling, impulse gives to **guiding thought**,
And love will brighten all with **sunny warmth**
Of daffodils ablaze in newborn spring.

But Ocean may not do this work alone;
That task is ours and man's commission waits;
Mayhap all powers will yet co-operate!

Be sure the frozen zones of Sea and Earth
Will melt in genial dews of blessedness!
Greenness will overspread the barren wastes,
And blossoms smile their wakened joy anew;
Bright waves will lift again their crested brows,
And kneel again at welcome feet of shore
Laughing with lilies and exuberance!
Nature herself, with man to teach her how,
In time, will work this gracious miracle!
And life, which seems most dead, will live **that**
day
To celebrate in song its later birth,

When thought shall govern things, and dares
direct.

The æons pass, but each one surely bears
Supernal heritage of crowning bliss.

IN THE LIGHT.

The morning star burned on till rising day,
Its smiling brightness softly swept away,
Robed hilltops and gray clouds in red and gold,
And wide the opal gates of dawn unrolled.

Song-birds, on wing, pour melody like rain
Adown the sky and over hill and plain ;
A newborn greenness rivals heavenly blue,
And old sweet miracles are proven true.

Just waking blossoms open eyes of light,
All growing things look radiant with delight ;
High childish voices float off far and wide,
Grave older hearts rejoice with morning tide.

The trees and fields, half veiled in drifting sheen,
A rainbow's copied brightness gems the green ;
The whole wide landscape and the smiling air
All faded things make beautiful and fair.

Old Ocean blazes ; glorious morning sight !
Each wavelet leaps in music and delight ;
And near and far, farther than eye can reach,
The great Sea rings soft anthems clear as speech.

Revealer Light, at dawning, tries to teach
A structural order with an endless reach ;
Nor, plainer seen are plant, or flower, or bird,
Than clear as bells her living voice is heard.

Light's pointing index finger moves with time,
Outlining golden paths in every clime,
Twines shining clues in every tangled maze,
And leads straight on through all untrodden
ways.

To each, his lesson learned, seems wondrous
clear,
He knows himself the teacher, guide and seer ;
In Nature's unveiled face securely looks,
And reads her mysteries in open books.

Ocean of countless bright facilities,
I hear in deepest bass, solemn—"Amen,"
As echoed from vast depths of thankfulness
In all the majesty of thy full voice.

Long hast thou sent thy warmest currents far
To melt and mend the stubborn frozen zones ;
And all thou couldst hast done with generous
zeal
Of one who has enough and much to spare.

Sustaining granite to the fruitful earth,
How facile are thy modes of helpfulness !
Diverse as icebergs and sweet flowers of June ;
As Nature—blind, or taught by open eyes
When they have found the keys of boundless
help,
And re-create the world on higher planes.
A truth once found can rarely be forgot ;
The great Earth fosters it as fruitful seed,
And plants its offspring in a thousand fields ;
And all dull hindrances when taught to move,
Become, in turn, the whole world's motive
power.

OUR HERITAGE.

The hurts we feel are manifold ;
Life spreads her mighty shadowing wing
To brood the storm clouds, black and cold,
And overcast untimely spring.

But life's great hopes are countless more ;
Warm sunshine overflows the clouds !
Called back, joys press through memory's door,
And shining stand in waiting crowds.

As evening fades, so fades distress,
The good devours the transient ills ;
Courage, reborn in painful stress,
Life's wide horizon stores and fills.

If all our woes were multiplied,
The thorns in every wound fourfold,
The best would triumph magnified ;
The mornings dawn with wealth untold.

And they who reach the sunny side
Above the clouds—our promised land—
Will read Earth's tumults—satisfied ;
And Time's dark lessons understand.

Catastrophes breed quickened energies,
And barrenness compels the cultured grain !
If frozen zones were not, could daring men
Court hardships in the deeps of polar gloom,
To ease the longing of mankind to know
What seas and lands and wonders harbor there ?
Could Earth afford to lose such hero's deeds,

Unstained by crimson blush of angry steel?
If tempests never raged, nor ships went down
With freightage dear to human hearts,
Prudence were shorn of strength, forecast un-
born,

And learnèd seacraft still but dullard toil—
Compass unknown, high calculation dumb,
And lore of stars feeble and callow-winged.
Were sore disease, contagion, wounded flesh,
Poor bones that break, and nameless pain
unfelt,

The skill to heal and help had slept till now
Unwakened; senseless as the sleep of stones.
How closely knowledge waits on sharp desire!
The heart's own craving prophesies success.

Hard problems test man's noblest faculties;
And duty bids him know and rule the world.
Wise Nature's dark, inciting mysteries,
Her hidden secrets, challenging our search,
Her teasing problems, mocking till they're
solved,

Spur on the eager mind to delve and think,
And conquer, step by step, the great unknown.
Superfluous ease ensnares the weakling will;
Great obstacles awake reactions great,
As fulcrums help mankind to move the world,
And give the warrant to enforce their calm.

One born with all the wisdom of the world,
Might live in ennui, craving early death!
The zest of industry is life's best good.
If knowledge might be plucked like wildwood
flowers

And Nature, nursed by her decaying leaves,
The Earth were still an aimless wilderness,
Insight a blinded guide, talents most rare
Lie folded still in napkins of the past.

Pain often leads as harbinger of gain!
Oysters encyst their hurts in sunny pearls.
Some broken worms grow whole from every
piece,
And wounded plants increase by duplicates.
With men, for wounds and hardships multiplied,
New growth may germinate for head and heart;
The clearer light, producing fairer blooms—
New hopes and joys, whose rootlets grew in
pain.
So compensation crowns the strenuous life!

THE OCEAN.

Great servitor, of endless vast beneficence,
Brother to starry nights' untold magnificence,
Be loyal homage due, and grateful confidence!

Sweet humility, by lowly presence teaching,
Gracious charity to all the world outreaching,
Cleanliness creating, practising and preaching;

Circumventing time, checkmating wind and
weather,
Drawing foreign lands, as nearest kin, together.
Binding foreign hearts by strong fraternal
tether;

Present, ready helper, countless fleets sustain-
ing;
Storm winds wildly rising, every muscle strain-
ing,—
Calm in tempest, whispers, faithlessness arraign-
ing.

XII.

Ocean, bright omnipresent gift to Earth,
Distilled in clearest limpid purity,
In benediction borne to every home,
The crystal freshness of our childhood's draught,
For which all thirst and ever thirst again,
To quaff again of bounteous supply;—
Thou "greater" Ocean of our home-nursed love,
Fountain of joy to brutes and creeping things,
Unbound; unbounded thou, and measured not,
Sweet lifeblood flowing in the veins of Earth.

All waters claim thee, call thee ancestor,
Swelling thy unmatched, world-encircling
wealth.

The rivers leap in sunshine as they run
In haste to thee, children to father's arms;
The lakes, thy weanèd children, far from home,
Close copy thy great ways in miniature,
And serve the hills about whose feet they kneel;
Deep streamlets bathe the dull, insensate veins
Of clay, of sands, and cloven rugged rocks,

Pouring rich floods of fruitful nourishment
To quicken all who live upon the earth.
Thy springs leap high in gladness and delight,
Bright, priceless offspring of parental gifts,
Refined and vivified to worth untold;
For which the dying long with failing breath,
And they who lack would change all other
 wealth;
For which the famished waif, would give life's
 bread
To its last morsel, glad, with eager choice!
Cool, best refreshment thou alone canst give,
Thy dear gifts more than golden stars at night.

What words have I to sing such comforting?
The full sonorous chant of white crowned tides,
All generous throes that wake thy tender breast,
And beat in full, responsive sympathy
With every movement wrought in earth or skies,
When retranslated into rural sounds,
Gain borrowed voices, softer than thine own,
Haunting the leaves of never silent trees,
Caught up by waiting movement—kin with kin—
Sent out to cheer waste deserts with moist
 breath
Of green oases, by thy springs made glad;
Mimicked in long drawn sweetness by the air;

Treasured in peaceful, safe-locked heart of
stones,
Yet loosed in many tones through all the world,
These bless low cottage homes with endless
songs,
And woo all living things with ears to hear.

VOICES.

One's heart endorses
A brooklet choir
Of liquid voices;
Each drop a lyre.

But breathing life
Of dell and hill,
Is music rife—
Song never still.

A flower can whisper,
In tones so clear,
The bright robed lisper
Fills eye and ear.

Nothing is mute
To sound's pure thrill,
Each leaf, a flute
That's never still.

Slow chanting catches
The gay winged throng;
Each sea shell snatches
An endless song.

On young moon night,
Vocal the air;
The harp of light
Playing—up there.

Spider-craft, spinning,
Weaving in songs;
Every note winning,
Echo prolongs.

Change never dulse,
Joyous must ring
The low, rhythmic pulse
Of everything.

Great benefactor, apotheosized
In wandering mist, water more glorified
And soaring heavenward on the wings of light;
Clear, soft, impervious partner of the air,
Folding down warmth about the sleeping fields;
Thou movest in aspiring sap of trees,
Clothing their rugged brown with silken grace

Which waves to every breeze its emerald wealth.
Up-builder of all sweet-breath'd blossoming,
And brightness in the shyest floweret's smile;
Thou art preserver of the fruitful seeds,
Freshness and bloom in all the fragrant fields,
And Mercury of each progressive change.
Fair water! water! gift to all the world!

Sustainer of the swift-winged life in air;
Of creeping plodders nearest mother Earth;
Helper of quadrupedal clumsiness
And fleeter footed dwellers of the wilds;
Most bountiful in tides of human life,
Which leap in joyous flow from youth to age;
Support and stay of every heart that beats.

Power, immanent in all our daily bread,
Vitality in air that fans our lungs,
The dew of life in every breath we breathe;
Soft verve and reliance of ears that hear,
And brightness in the very eyes that see
Thy wind-swept face in its great majesty;
Fresh beauty in the rounded limbs of youth,
But oil and wine for desiccated age;
Cushion and spur and balm for weariness;
Brightness and grace, enfolding dry as dust;
Scapegoat for all the soil and stains we take—
All ages lean on thee, their staff of life.

Thy tender sympathy should be as deep
As mother love for her own helpless babe,
More omnipresent than sweet charity,
Inseparable as wedded North and South.

Enmeshed in every net the swift looms weave,
Drawn out in every pliant thread that serves,
Folded in all the seams and fringes wrought,
In silken facings of our meanest dress ;
We're clothed upon by thy pervasiveness.
We move in thee, breathing thy humid breath—
Like humbler kinsfolk in thy denser flood.

Our tribute then should glow with warmth of
love!

But foolish zeal is born incompetent ;
Its wings but wax that melts with fervent heat.
No life could live without fraternity
Among both great and small ; the mighty ones
And lesser helpers working neighborly,
In stress and strain of common heritage ;
But gifts to each are his inviolate.

Hast thou one equal in pure helpfulness?
Worker unseen in subtle myriad ways,
With modesty which veils its noblest deeds,
And hides behind the forms itself has formed,
As spirit clothes itself in grosser flesh,

The smallest child instinctively approves
The lavish tempting gifts of milk and fruits
Delicious only by thy presence there.
Kindly translated thus to household friend,
And generous helper of all growing lives,
Servant of servants thou hast always been,
Like Him of Nazareth both in life and death.
There are no words can voice our debt to thee.

Should feeling sleep beneath a growing weight
Of such indebtedness? the zest of life
Is glad emotion, warm and generous,
And shared! outflowing into kindred lives
In floods of large fraternal sympathy.
And love clings close to things inanimate
Through common bonds of wondrous interest,
And helpful service given ungrudgingly.

Thou art near ancestor to all mankind
In every nerve and sinew! Bone and flesh
To thee are wedded by unbreaking bonds,
For thou hast always wrought, as heroes do,
In man's behalf! We owe thee gratitude,
And more than gladly would repay fourfold!
Our tribute due should rise in lilting songs
As blithesome as the white winged moving
 clouds,
As musical as running waters are;

And fragrant as the early morning's breath
When in the night watch falling rains have
washed
The hot and dusty air to purest fair—
If doing would but wait on fervent choice!

As thy bright waves reflect in scattered bits
And fleeting pictures, changing skies above,
We hold up broken mirrors of thy ways
Trying to frame the comprehensive whole.
But like gives like. The waters share thy voice
Parceled in small; their songs wake sleeping
earth.

THE RIVULETS.

"Haste to Father!" sing the rills,
Babbling, laughing, with soft trills,
Carving green banks in bright doubles,
Whirling eddies, blowing bubbles;
Tossing slender beads of light,
Carding wool to fleecy white,
Plunging on with reckless dash,
Into swirling river's clash;
"Brother Great-Stream, faster! faster!
Help us down to waters vaster!
See! we trust our all to you
Till we bathe in Ocean's blue!

“Willows weeping, rillside bushes,
Cardinal flowers and blue eyed rushes,
Islands green where streamlets blend,
Kine and sheep, each one a friend,
Evening concerts in the trees,
Wooded hill-slopes, vales of ease,
Where we tumbled headlong down
Into smiling steeple town,
Where the children laugh and play;—
All we love, we left to-day!

“Like the wandering winds we roam,
Hurrying onward toward our home.
Brother Great-Stream, faster! faster!
Help all obstacles to master;
Till we take again our part
In the great paternal heart.
Tempest there or flowing calm,
Wandering life give zest and balm;
Long the way and long the waiting
Father love and reinstating!”

THE RIVERS.

“Children, you have brought us treasure,
We, too, wrought with generous might;
Now with foaming, brimming measure,
On we sweep in glad delight!

“From upbubbling springs, from currents
Running dark beneath the rocks;
Through the hills and plains in torrents
We'll come round on time, like clocks.

“We, too, slept in peaceful valley,
Down the hillsides leaped with pride,
On through mightiest plains and alleys,
Great ships floating on our tide.

“Father Ocean, we are coming,
Rolling far our wealth of floods!
Like the doves awing, we're homing;
Welcome give thy rustling broods!

“Wide the world, of wondrous beauties,
Arching sky is everywhere,
Shaming poor neglect of duties
Smiling down as on we fare.

“Bright and pleasant banks forsaking,
Glad we lose ourselves in thee;
Joyous till our reawaking—
Winged for blue sky's jubilee.”

THE LAKES.

“Must we linger?” blue lakes sing,
“Shining, dreaming?
Moving winds new ripples bring,
White hope creaming.

“Rills and rivers roll towards Ocean,
Dancing, rushing;
Geysers all alive with motion,
Laugh, up-gushing.

“Mighty cataracts, down flashing,
Movement plighted,
Rainbow crowned and cymbals clashing,
Wild! delighted!

“Seek in haste and all unresting,
Sea’s enfolding;
‘Life is motion!’ all attesting
Craving, holding.

“Clearest mist-waifs floating up,
Meet thine, Father;
Small hands clasp in amber cup,
Cloudlets gather.

“In the pure blue, on they fare,
 Rose of dawning;
 Floating, sailing high in air,
 Breath of morning.

“Briefest rest in dainty poise—
 Onward flitting;
 May we taste their changing joys,
 Hills outwitting?

“Brightest rain-drops downward glide,
 Rounded beauty;
 Mid our green hills must we hide,
 Chained to duty?

“Onward flow, our streams shall know,
 Channel their way;
 Toward thee, Father, proudly go;
 Move on, we may!”

Concordant songs thy many waters raise
 In mingled tribute to their parent source;
 The swift, strong winds join in with wondrous
 voice,
 Grateful for thy unmeasured outspread plains,
 O'er which they sweep with wildest will un-
 checked,

To meet with leagues of quick responsiveness.
No wonder envious moon, sorely bereft,
Should turn away her face in sad regret
That thou art lost to all her barren shores.

Great Ocean's chant is ever dominant,
And silent never. Moving fingers play
On myriads of vast responsive harps—
Australia, capes of southern hemispheres,
Alaska, Labrador, Siberia;
The wide and winding reach of endless shores;
And every island of the tuneful sea
Re-echoes ceaselessly the vibrant voice
That fills the throbbing air with melody;
They blend in one unbroken whole
To greet the ear of far-off listening space.
When Ocean's tones swell high, all voices hush
To hear the one great chorus of the world,
That upward sweeps to Heaven's own gates in
praise!

XIII.

Transcendent gift to our responsive earth
And its enfolding globe of atmosphere,
Which else must clothe the world in barrenness ;
Ocean, we learned to love thy clear and shining
face

Of beryl, amethyst, and sky's own blue
On shoreless mid-seas' lost expanse, blended
with sky.

Essence concentrate thine as rocky cliffs
That overhang thee with their beetling crags
And cast reflections on the crimson glow
Of smiles as sweet as sunshine's morning
smiles—

Rich setting for rich real and ideal wealth
That nothing rivals, nothing duplicates!—
Thy mighty voices shake the listening world ;
Yet thou dost raise free vapors, silver winged,
Outbound in silence deep as flight of time—
Vapors which clothe the earth in humid warmth
Of silken linings for the too thin air,
Vapors ethereal like the breath of space,
Yet barring Ether's cold and arid drought—
Pattern and type of purest sinlessness.

Thy sea-born roses—morning's fresh delight—
The golden lilies in thy clasping arms,
Fresh blossoming ere verdant Nature wakes
And scatters spikenard with her clustered dews;
Thy more prolonged and glorious good night
Of gold and rainbows on the darkening blue,
Ere evening draws the curtains of her tents
To give deep rest to all unseasoned young;—
We love these pomps of thy far spreading plains,
Reflex of vistas in the skies above.

But love moves on with thy ethereal mists
Sent up in affluence of unbounded charity—
Our love expanding, as they, too, expand
To fill the cisterns of the upper deep,
And overflow the fields of gladdened space.

VAPOR SONG.

In sunny ambient air afloat,
As glad as sky-lark's loftiest note;
Above the faintest din of strife,
Almost in disembodied life;
From clear-eyed azure field, we raise,
To one Omniscient Care, all praise.

Our shining Earth, fair wrapped in glow
Bright sun and moon by turns bestow,

Moves round and on by perfect law;
And life and gain unceasing draw
Their stronger breath, their deeper bliss;
For knowledge blooms in happiness.

Sky's broader outlook—not then dreamed—
Low, water level changes, seemed
Purposeless—rhythm of flow, reflow—
Unmeaning farce, and dull, and slow,
With neither good nor ill enwrought,
Or by their shifting phases taught.

Driven, we seemed, in endless ring;
By thirsty fields lapped up in spring;
In autumn, masked with red and gold;
Made winter's glass by winter's cold;
Or else, unnerved as gasping steam,
Collapsing, dying—a lost dream.

Now, hand held fast in hand, we fall
Ensphered fresh rain, at Nature's call,
Run spiral rounds, which love arranges,
As help to life's uplifting changes.
If weeping pageant, swift we come,
Our smiles revive the Earth's green home!

In wide-eyed, ambient sky afloat,
Joyous as sky-lark's purest note;

In growing vision far and rife,
 In almost disembodied life,
 From fields of light and hope, we raise
 To His Omniscience trustful praise!

Ocean, these waifs of time at Heaven's gate,
 When disembodied most, most free to join
 The strong co-workers fitted to their needs;
 Combining flight towards new and large suc-
 cess—
 These busy waifs of thine whose wings are
 flame,
 When disembodied most, the most alert;
 As lightning, when at work, is naked flash,
 But crooked line, yet seething competence;—
 When disembodied most, most near their Source,
 His image clearest shown as archetype—
 When disembodied most, most near to soul;
 These busy waifs of thine, impalpable,
 Intangible to keenest sight or sense,
 Are they thy errant, work-commissioned
 thoughts,
 Which do thy will by recreating forms,
 And brightening earth with gardens of rare
 bloom?

They're unborn fiber of the evening dews,
Of pearl pale ferns, wrought daintily at night
To die of joy at early sunshine's kiss ;
Of white stern icebergs, grown as hard of heart
As mountains on the fruitless moon ; awesome,
And grand like them, with beauties all their own ;
Of snows which clothe brown earth in ermine
 soft,
To shelter winsome things that hide in fear
Beneath the soil encased in winter's rime ;
Of rainbows ; of the crystal hearted clouds
Which pour their shining wealth on lands
That bud and bloom with vernal quickened life—
They have an immortality of work.

Immortal! Yes, Realities remain ;
The softest moonbeams write biographies,
And histories of wide and graphic power
That wiser men may read some distant day.
Pray, what destroys? Something or nothing-
 ness?
And what's destroyed. A nought? Something
 can hold
Its own. Whatever was, forever is.
But forms and feelings change as cloudlets do,
To make the purest skies more beautiful.

Are Ocean's crystal waters; dear old Earth
 With her opaqueness and her blinded sight,
 To her least unit, dumb or locked in sleep;
 And supple living flesh that clothes our life,
 And quick indwelling life, itself—akin,
 We, children all of one high Fatherhood?
 What matter then if various destinies
 Await us with the onward march of time?
 To each and all comes great and crowning good,
 One's waiting best; and be it sweet content
 Or aspiration never satisfied,
 His cup of blessedness shall overflow!
 One love created all; and all is good.

THEY AND WE.

Vapors weave transparencies,
 Clays, the world opaque;
 And their many variancies
 Added beauty make,
 Wealth of new creations, rich and rare;
 And they've woven sea and earth and air.

We—the minds—direct them
 Towards the work we choose;
 Never we expect them
 Work of ours refuse;
 Doing it is all their very own;
 They work on unaided—they, alone!

Grateful for their services,
Proud of all they do,
Under Nature's auspices,
They the worlds renew;
We, not really working, we yet share
All the good they've treasured everywhere.

Ours the guiding fingers
Pointing out the way;
Their free service lingers,
(Nature loves delay,)
If we fail to further highest needs,
Or to open paths where progress leads.

We are thought and feeling,
We are eyes that see;
If in reverence kneeling,
Heirs of truth are we;
Needs, and aims, and hopes, diverging far,
They and we alike, Thought's children are.

As orderly as stars in heaven, move
These mists invisible, impalpable,
Moving as to the chant of seraphim,
New places take and build up visual forms;
Build solids deftly wrought as beams of sun.
Swift, rhythmic movements, fitted each to each,

As measured waves in rays of whitest light,
Are interwoven in their beauteous whole ;
And, softly, from the sheer intangible,
Rain drops are born, the rainbows span the sky,
And pinnacles of ice point heavenward
As clear and shining as the sunlight air.
The miracle of worlds is wrought anew ;
From out the formless, form is born again.

They, with unerring skill, make nice selections,
Rejecting the unfit, fit partners choose ;
So aptly thrusting out impurities
That ice, and dews, and frost, are diamond clear ;
The snows, soft clustered groups of white winged
stars—

The smallest atom laid more skilfully
Than ever mason fitted stone to stone,
Or artist piece to piece, and shade to shade,
In richest, choice mosaic, many hued.

Have these lost waifs of thine the artist
sense?
The wisdom that exceeds and shames our best ?
Are they thy dainty messengers of love,
Sent out to do high service far and wide ?
From pure invisible, to build again
Substance made visible? Potent? of right
To change and uplift all of Matter's realm?

Spirits are they, thy thoughts? that from thyself
Thou dost, as force and form, create anew,
To bid them run their race of service due?

And we, are we God's thoughts incarnated?
Constructed by His plans? dowered with His
life?—

Intentions and emotions all one's own
And each intact in one identity,
One deathless unit of His universe?

Nature herself holds out her offered proof
That one Intelligence surrounds us all,
The man, the beast, the stone, the senseless
world—

And each with nature of its very own,
And waiting destiny it may achieve.
We, too, of God, are limited to act
Within the bounds to one alone assigned;
And fitted for our part that we must find
To duly execute with all our might.

CREATION.

God knows what yet will be
As we the things we see;
His full eternity.

One simple, grand abiding.
He is, he ever is,
No waiting future his!
He was and always was
In moveless *now* presiding,
In boundless space residing.

All substance here to stay,
Each being shares always,
Duration's endless day.
Each self, like God, persistent.
Life's curtailed sentient glow,
Has limits fashioned so,
Onward its bound to flow;
Wide varying every instant,
To every check resistant.

Motion is gainless change,
Thoughts press from known to strange,
Feelings enlarge the range
Of active correlation.
For us there's try and try,
There's past, and by and by;
Bright colors fade and die,
Sweet forms have no duration—
Life wins increased elation.

Now—past and future holds;
All changes it enfolds.
The still unborn enrolls—

Printed—Time's overplus.

Time measures loss and gain,
 Time gauges joy and pain,
 Time works on motion's plain,
 Time, itself limited with us,
 Finds helpful past and future thus.

Identity abides ;
 But progress onward rides,
 Plucks fruit on many sides,
 Its modes of doing limited ;
 To each, his life's onflow—
 With Memory in tow—
 Yields gain, if fast or slow.
 Creation means:—The Onward sped ;
 Its Kingdom Gain, by Structure led.

Co-working with best helpers, justly gained,
 We reap rewards of personal consciousness,
 Experience won in eager, self-found life ;
 And memory, that holds and binds life's wealth
 In starry galaxy of joys and hopes—
 Renewed like sunshine, all conditions ripe—
 To each self-centered, ever gaining mind.
 A gift so great Love never could recall !

Best human thought, man's spirit born in flesh,
And with its limitations hedged about ;
Weighted with higher might of sentient claims,
Moves out in active life to change the world,
Remoulding matter into nobler aims.
Its better methods slowly won by toil,
It fuses deeds and hopes and purposes ;
Raising the low to dignity and power,
The crude and hard to fine and soft and sweet—
All untamed beauty made more beautiful ;
And man immortal ! Work is never done.
The joy of making better grows supreme.
Far more received than one can ever give,
Mankind in blessing, must become thrice blest.
Knowledge improves—as blindness never could,
As selfish isolation never would—
The wealth of all that is to more and best ;
And re-endowing dull external forms
With guiding truth, that binds our world to
 God's,
Sees Earth all beautiful—*island of Heaven.*

THOUGHTS.

'As lightning's flash, we come ;
 As quick we fade ;
But we have found our home,
 Our place have made !

Joyous, we oft revive
 To help our kin;
And in life's busy hive
 We always win!

We are the eyes of mind,
 Its telescope;
The hidden things we find—
 Outrunning hope.

We are his breath, God gave
 To living things;
Their guard from harm to save;
 And we, their wings.

Each mind from Mind marked off,
 Wins on its way;
Its course, or smooth, or rough,
 We are its day.

To us emotions cling
 As leaves to vine;
All varied feelings ring
 As thoughts incline.

Man's helper from his birth,
 Afar or nigh,
We recreate the earth,
 And search the sky.

The high, endowing, primal Life and Light,
Establishes a perfect widest reach
Of equity and justly balanced claims;
It clings supreme to every subtle force
As East forever clings to equal West,
As gravitation claims its double pull—
Open, transparent, code of light, of hope;
To Ocean, in its shifting thousand forms,
To every atom weaving form in space,
To men impulsive in all various deeds.

Not shoved aside by our perversity
Of greed, which plucks its own sharp penalties,
God rights all shallow, weak disturbances
Which we, in grasping blindness, put in swing;
He is our life's Sustainer! His the breath,
In us remade and ours—the Always Here.

Wisdom and love supreme, the primal All—
Vitality—innate, unlimited—
Is Force at work in vapor's weaving mist,
In raindrop's fall, in Ocean's plenitude,
In schemes that bind bright waters' widest scope,
In sentient purpose, urging flight of worlds;
In earliest, briefest feeling, deepest thought,
The changeless immanence in every change
Of finite waking and aspiring mind;
In all rich wealth of shared activities;

The Love of human love; its only source;
Fountain of all that's good and beautiful;
Of truth and its high fruitage manifold,—
Our God who in His bosom bears the universe.

From His persisting, fructifying Thought,
Outborne as potent high executive,
We gain the unborn fiber of all worlds,
And forming warp and woof of sentient life.

So all we make, and all that Nature makes,
Began without beginning; but remade
By Life and Mind eternal, absolute—
His living looms weaving their webs in Time
On guiding lines wrought out within themselves.

So grow—in wider scope—as grow the
flowers,
The glorious stars, and sun, and fruitful earth;
All worlds, and all their warmth and wealth of
forms
And substance; and conscious finite life,
With endless gain—the flesh of Spirit born,
And spirit, born of Spirit infinite,
Creation evermore continuing.

THE OUTLOOK.

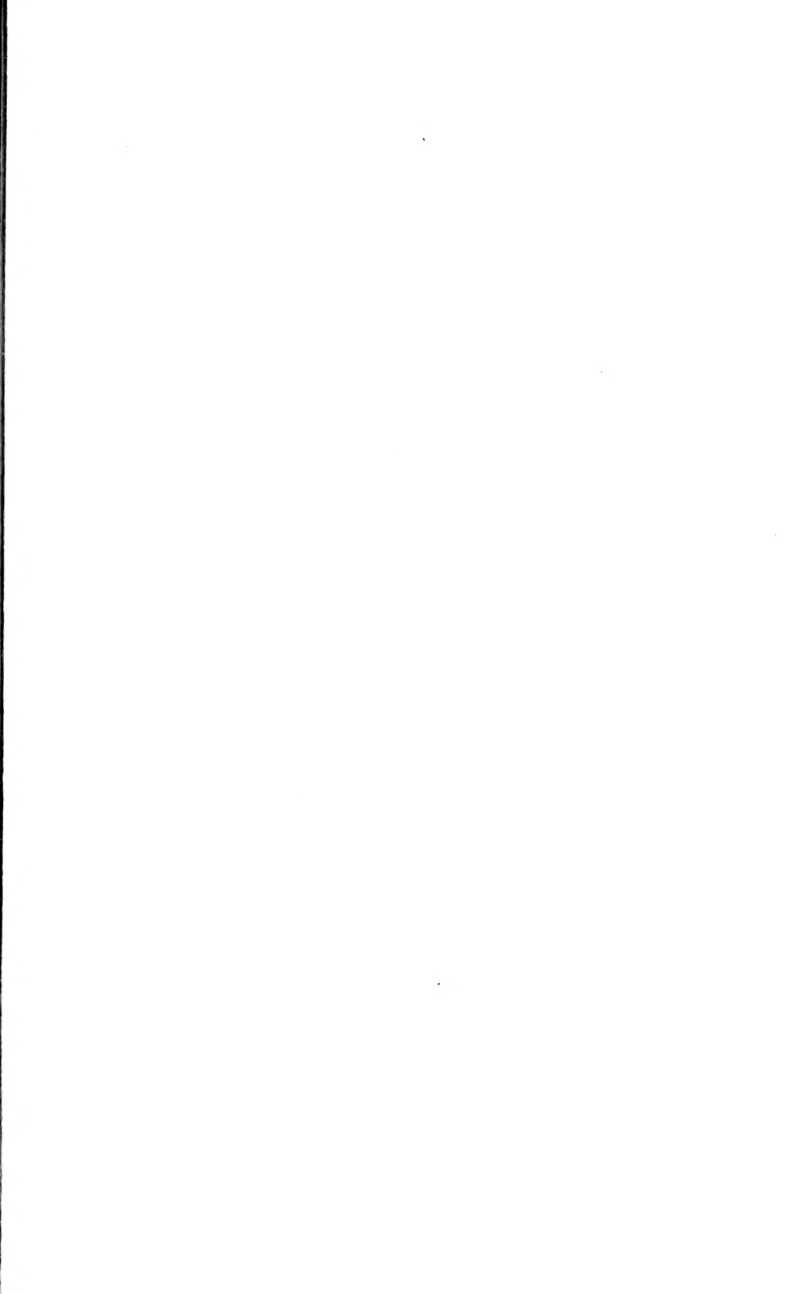
Aglow with Life's enfolding sun,
Interpreted by one sustaining law,
All paradox unfolds without a flaw;
The seen and unseen worlds are one.

The harmonies of truth give dole,
Insight is clearer than the keenest sight,
Its vision deeper than the debts of light—
Attuned to Nature's whole.

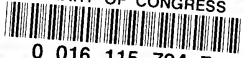
Conviction crowns the sanguine hope,
Reveals intelligence, the living One;
Mankind its threads, in vivid life outspun;
None need in lingering shadows grope.

THE END.

MAR 26 1903



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