

The Channel Islands

Too full, she said, was the world of trouble,
Too dense with noise of the things of earth.
And she turned her again to replenish with double
Delight her desire of the things of her birth.
For joy grows loftier in air more lonely,
Where only the sea's brood fain would be;
Where only the heart may receive in it only
The love of the heart of the sea.

Two of the lighthouses have now been converted,
one into a fog-signal station, and one into a store,
and the remaining tower has been fitted with a
very brilliant revolving light which marks the spot
where so many

Sons of earth,
Beat down by vengeful waves,
Sleep beneath these obliterate stones
In unmeasurable graves.