

THE DEEP SEA.

Shells and shingle and tangled weed
From the deep green pastures under the sea,
Where the wild white horses of ocean feed
When the winds are still, and the tide runs free ;
This is the largess they bring to me.

Flotsam and jetsam of wind and tide,
Fairy blossoms with tints that glow
Like sunset clouds from the sunward side,
Out of the deep sea gardens below
Where the pearl fish lives and the corals grow.

Gold and sapphire and amethyst,—
Flowers the Indian diver sees
Beckoning down through the sea-blue mist
Where never a wind or the softest breeze
May ruffle the leaves of the coral trees.

Over their heads the great ships go,
As clouds drift over the summer skies
When the winds are out and the trumpets blow
And the wild white horses awake and rise
And deep rent roaring deep replies.

But the lovely blossoms from under the sea,
Which stress of the winds and waves release,
Say to the murmuring soul of me
Above us the tempests pass and cease
But in the depths it is always peace.
—K. S. McL.