

He ceased, and, slowly rising from his knees,
He saw the priest afar with tearful eyes,
And arms outstretched in thankfulness, and said
"I would be born again in this new faith,
My Father, by the washing of my soul
From its dark stains, for I am but a babe,
And would learn life anew." So, silent, moved
They to the shore, absorbed in thoughts too deep
For earthly speech, and silence fell awhile
Upon the earth in reverence to its God,
And sky and ocean, seemed to wait in awe.
There, by the long white ripples on the shore
The priest stooped down in that still hour, and took
A handful from the waves, the eternal sea,
That, like the love of God, flows over all,
Or height or depth, and levels all, and thus
Baptized he Justin in the Triune Name,
And on his forehead made the holy sign ;
And, as the water fell on him, the sun
Rose in full glory, and the sky grew bright,
And angels sang far off, for day had dawned
Upon the ocean and in Justin's soul.

Then spake the priest, "My son, in this calm sea
I read thy life, all stillness now and peace,
In the sweet morning 'neath the new-born day.
But, see, the wind now breaks it into waves
Which rising from their sleep, each tipped with light,
Make that long golden pathway to the sun.
So shall it be with thee : thy soul now yearns