

“ AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA ”

A CRY of lamentation fills the air;
The world is bowed beneath Death's shadowing
wings;

Faith's own lips fail, and in Faith's ear there rings
The old, old question through her rote-wrought prayer;
Her words go wandering, and she, kneeling there,
To some frail spar of her great shipwreck clings:
What salvage shall be of her voyagings,
So swiftly ended in such great despair?

“Lie still, O trembling soul, lie still, I say:
Arraign Me not, nor justify thou Me;
To all My Will let all thy life be Yea,
O Children of Mine own Eternity.
Lie still, lie still, for thou shalt know that day
When there shall be no death and no more sea.”