

The Divine Appeal

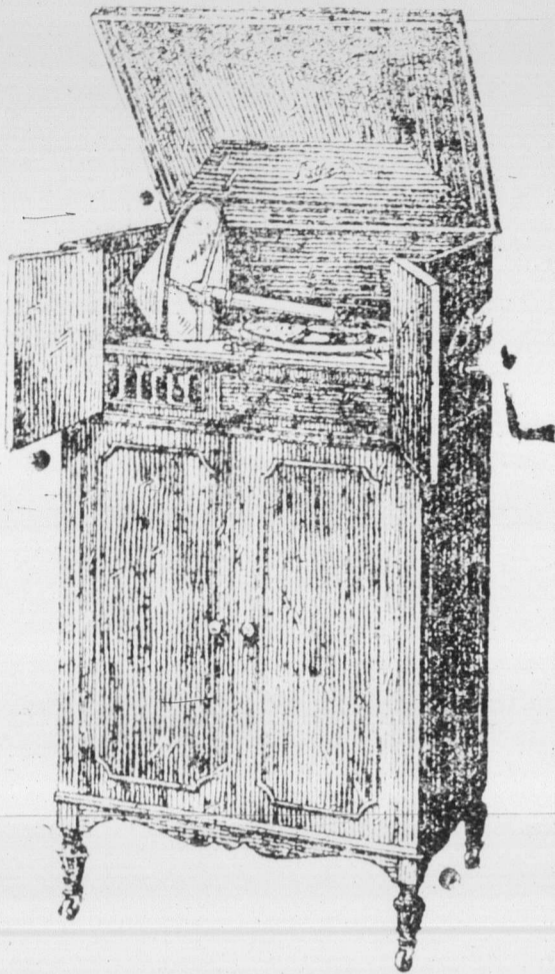
God's appeal comes not chiefly in thunder
 That sends the children home crying—
 Most of the days of the year are fine ones,
 Nor in the voracious earthquake
 Which swallows whole cities.
 It comes in the tryst-keeping mountains
 Which change cannot visit;
 In the brooks that laughed by the play-place
 Of our happy childhood,
 And still make sweet music, sea-ward hieing;
 It comes in the flowers that our down-looking eyes
 Cannot help seeing;
 In the innocent faces of children
 Unprejudiced by this selfish world;
 In the stars whose kindly twinkling
 Showed our fathers the way home.
 On scented nights of June, centuries since;
 It comes in the tender ministry of Nature
 That heals the scars of man's making;
 In the incomparable patience
 That bids Failure arise and begin anew;
 In the voice that awakes echoes
 In the halls of Memory;
 It comes in the shadow that follows wrong;
 And with the security that attends right,
 Though outvoted by mere numbers;
 In the unbeatable courage that meets suffering
 And goes with death to that place
 Where travelling is all one way,
 With no returning;
 It comes in the onward march of history,
 Now in the road, easily discerned,
 Now in the desert where sands in their drifting
 Failed to bewilder the caravan;
 But supremely does it come in Him who was a man,
 And whose hands were hard with working—
 Who died on the holy rood.

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The Sea I Love

I will go down to the sea I love, where the ships at anchor ride.
 I will go down to the sea I love, by the side of the whispering tide.
 I will read the rune of the deep sea tune, from ocean's bosom deep;
 Just I alone, 'neath a sky star-sown, and a lost world fast asleep.

I will go down to the sea I love, where the grey beach stretches far
 Through the dusk of night, my beacon light, the glow of an evening star.
 So shall I read my compass true; my course is laid for me;
 Through beating spray at break of day, and the spindthrift blowing free.

I will go down to the sea I love, tho' clouds be passing over;
 Again rejoice in the gale's strong voice, with the love of the deep sea rover,
 And the soft west wind shall bring to me, thro' the harping cordage low;
 What my heart has lost thro' life's storm tossed, when the quiet trade winds blow.

I will go down to the sea I love and set a course so true,
 That my heart shall steer to its harbour dear, and sail back home to you.
 Through the wind's sweep, and the joyous deep, and the surging seas of green,
 They call, dear lass, the wanderer home across the world between.

—Edward Wm. Towler.

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