

Cease, cease, Old World, your clamor!
Be still, and upward gaze!
On your encircling hillcrests
Descry the first faint rays!
Be calm, and think, and ponder;
Scan back the ways you've gone;
Remember the deepest Night-cloud
Preludes the brightest Dawn.

But the golden Dawn of Morning
Comes soonest to those who wait
In silent and patient longing
At their hearts' wide-open gate;
And if all hearts be open,
Where then can Darkness hide?
So, loosen the latches, Brothers,
And let in the glowing tide.

And Oh, what a glad To-morrow
That blessed Dawn will bring!
More Health, more Joy, more Loving;
More Hearts and Tongues that sing;
For Earth, all torn with striving;
With blood and tears oppressed,
Will turn from her Midnight madness
And welcome her Morn of Rest.

Oh, come then, sweet To-morrow!
Send soon thy sunny ray,
And banish Earth's dark sadness,
And bring in God's own Day!
I see Light's fairy fingers
Touch the hills with living gold;
Brothers, take heart! Look upward!
The Dawn is here, Behold!

RECOMPENSE

(By Yvonne Firkins)

I saw a tree
With cramped and crooked branches
Between two houses
In a city slum,
Wake,
At the call of Spring.

I saw a child
With mute and silent gestures,
The pitiful expressions
Of the dumb,
Smile,
At the wakening.

THE DERELICT

(By Isabel E. Eberts)

Mastless, without helm, I ride,
Far o'er the ocean waves?—
Past moonlit strands
Where the wild wind raves;
And the loud surges roar
Forevermore—forevermore.

Flying my pirate flag of Sorrow and Despair
I pass by barques and ships,
No friendly hail salutes the air;
Only the solemn dirges sound
Forevermore—forevermore.

Past lands of palm and pine, I fly—
But still, alas! 'tis not to die!
The slim deer lifts his head,
Bounds to his distant home;
The wild white horses of the foam
Ride forevermore—forevermore.

Mayhap the god of waters—
Soon may lead—
Into some quiet haven's ken
Where sounds of winds and waves may cease,
And I shall be at rest;
Far from the lonely billows' crest
Where still the surges crash
Forevermore—forevermore.

There on some distant strand
My keel I'll press,
Birds sing, the flowers wave
In the bright air's loveliness;
Outside the coral reefs,
The waters sound,
Forevermore—forevermore.

SERVICE

(By Maud Baxter)

Silk of amber, fold on fold,
The lady bought, her beauty to grace,
She viewed in the mirror her lovely face,
And smiled at the light in her hair of gold.
Ah! At life's feast I shall reign a queen,
They will crown me conqueror, I ween."

Silk of amber, fold on fold,
Her sister bought, and on weary feet
Stood fashioning garments for children sweet,
And she smiled at the light in their hair of gold.
Ah me! At life's feast I shall reign no queen,
But the children will laugh and be happy I ween."

Silk of amber, patch on patch,
Embroidered and caught with strands of silk,
No pools of shadow like beaded milk,
There were no folds the light to catch;
Only patches to make a gown
To wear at the feast in the thronging town.

She wore the robe. . . . 'Twas like marigolds looped
And twined with cobwebs silken and fine,
Like jewelled bubbles of nectar-wine
The threads shone, silver and rose, when she stooped.
"The crown!" The throng cried in amaze,
"Make her queen of life for all her days."

SEA-RAPT

(By Kathryn Pocklington)

My little gray house like an eyry clings
High on the side of a craggy hill,
And my lattice looks on the restless sea,
The sea that is sombre or glad, at will.

At foot of the rock is a curving road,
But I never look down, for upon the sea
Are wandering gulls that dart and call,
And shivering sails, and mystery.