

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!

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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.

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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.

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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."

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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.