

I.

## The Sure Haven.

NOW will I spread the canvas of my soul  
Full to the winds of God: this  
mountain-crest

Has havened me aforetime, when unrest  
Of Life, its seething storm's tumultuous roll,  
In boisterous surgings to an unknown goal,  
Has put the lordliest vessel to the test.

But here is Peace, and tranquil sunlight, blest,  
Serene, above that palpitating whole.

Eternal forces have me in their urge,  
Mine the momentum of the circling star,  
The shadowy earth below grows dim and far;  
With limitless infinity I merge,  
Borne on some undefined emotion's surge  
To where divinest healing waters are.