

THE CHART

THEN came in further years the virgin sight
Of the live sea; the sea that marches down,
With sunny phalanxes and flags of foam,
To match its puissance with earth's awful might.
Far off the purple mist drew into mist,
As thought melts into endless thought, and round
The rim of the sheer world was heard a sound,
Floating through palpitating amethyst.
And through the varying waste of elements
There passed a sail, which caught the opposing
wind,
Triumphant, as an army in its tents
Beholds the foe it, conquering, left behind.
"And Life," I said,—“Life is but like the sea;
And what shall guide us to our destiny?”