

And the Stars look down on the Sea;
And the Sky laughs low to the Earth.
Say the Stars: "Cease thine impotent, puerile sighing;
Since thou wast, were not we!
Through the ages, O Sea,
We have heard sorrow's shriek and the groans of the dying;
We have looked unmoved on the constant decay;
For ere the new comes, must the old pass away.
Have thou faith and thine erst-while sad sighing shall be
Hymns of praise for Hope's hastened fulfilment, O Sea!"

And the Sky whispers placidly: "Peace,
"All thy moaning monotonous cease.
Oh, canst thou not trust,
Poor bearer of dust?

Canst thou not look beyond to the things which shall be?
Know that nothing is finite on earth nor in sea,
And the passing away of thy life, O dull Earth,
Is the finite but leaping to infinite birth."

Thus the Stars sing to the Sea;
Thus the Sky whispers the Earth.

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.