

motherhood of every land by cloud and rain stand as a perpetual reproof of the petty factions, discords and jealousies of nations.

Of the sea Hamilton Wright Mabie says in his "Life of the Spirit": "The sea has been the friend of man in a special and peculiar sense. It has not only fed and clothed him and made a highway for him, but it has invited him to do heroic deeds, and it has stirred his imagination generation after generation. Its perils have seemed to invest the rewards it offered with a compelling charm for the daring and adventurous; its spell has wrought on the most heroic spirits. The first sailors were explorers, and, therefore, heroes. No charts traced their course for them; no lights burned on strange coasts to guide their perilous ways; no bells tolled on dangerous reefs, or were rung by the swing of the waves. They were beset with unknown perils; but their galleys bravely broke the solitude of the Mediterranean, passed beyond the Pillars of Hercules into the vast outer sea and through a thousand perilous years crossed and recrossed that sea, until it has become a lighted highway of commerce. The story of the Sirens seems so probable that one who loves the sea is often tempted to accept it as history. Voices are always calling from out the distance and the shifting mists; voices full of a wonderful music, with tones that set the heart vibrating, and echo in the imagination like the sounds of a vaster world. That music has lured many to the fury of the devouring seas, but it has invited more to brave deeds and splendid achievements. The sea has a nobler melody than the song of the Siren; out of its deeps there rises the great music of freedom, faith and courage. . . . The song of the sea, which rises and falls with the tide along the shores of the world, is the song of life for hearts that grow cold in the selfishness of mere comfort, for the imagination that loses its larger reach in the sensuous warmth of fruitful valleys. Far inland that song is