

Sailing.

We'll clear the snow and fog-drift
For bluer seas, and fine.
Rare stars will burn above us
Like candles 'round a shrine.

Fair winds will drive us, plunging.
We'll drift, without a breath,
Mid-sea the burnished circle
Where skies are still as death.

Then all the ocean wonders—
Winged fish and varied weed—
Will tell their ageless marvels,
And teach their changeless creed.

Red clouds will mass their squadrons
Against the hollow dome,
And low, white stars will rim the sea,
Like city lights of home.

By calm, and *trade*, and tempest,
We'll win to our desire
In those rare islands of the sea—
Half heart-ache and half fire.

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We've found the far-sea magic!
But we have left behind
In our dear north, the comrade hearts
That sailing may not find.

We've made the shores of purple!
Beneath this silver moon
I dream I hear the lilacs stir
When I come home in June.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Fredericton, N. B., Canada.