

distress produced by it, we have our first quotation:—

"The red light died, and still the waves rushed by
In dire Cimmerian and Neptunian strife,
For dense there lay alike on wave and sky
Slab blackness one could slice up with a knife,
From out of which there boomed unceasingly
The awful turmoil of the angry sea.

Through the slow creeping hours of dark, the swish
Of the seas sweeping by was very eerie,
And when great flakes of foam, like gleaming fish,
Leaped up, the fairies, wet and faint and weary,
Gave up, and as each lurch their terror heightened,
They crouched together, mazed and sad and frightened.

It seemed as if it never would be day—
How many prayers were for the rising sun!
But when day broke t'was all one steely grey,
And of a glimpse of sunlight there was none,
For all was as if seen through spiders' web,
While like a race before them ran the ebb."

In the midst of all there was time for sage reflection, and the poet says:—

"Man's earliest years are taken up with trifles,
His middle time is slave to divers fashions,
And not till age, remorse, or what not, rifles,
His brain of prejudice and heart of passions,
At brightest shines his purer mental spark,
Then sudden, out the lamp! and all is dark."

But after all the terrors there appeared:—

"A long low line of beach, with crest of trees,
With openings of rich verdure, emerald hued,
And as the string o' the tide and landward breeze
Wafted them nearer, in a thankful mood
They blessed the land and beach of ruddy brown,
And off the shore lay bobbing up and down.

Now this fair land was Epaygooyat called,
An isle of golden grain and healthful clime,
With vast fish-teeming waters, ocean-walled,