

Of spirit, honour and clean mirth
His shape is Man, his mood is Dinosaur.

Up from the wild red Welter of the past
Foaming he comes: let this rush be his last.

Too patient we have been, thou knowest, God, thou knowest.
We have been slow as doom. Our dead
Of yesteryear lie on the ocean's bed—
We have derided each pleading ghost—
We have been slow: God, make us sure.
We have been slow. Grant we endure
Unto the uttermost, the uttermost.

Did our slow mood, O God, with thine accord?
Then weld our diverse millions, Lord,
Into one single swinging sword.

I have been combing over the files of the Sun
Dial, and it is disheartening to see these deposits
of pearl and pie-crust, this sediment of fine mind,
buried full fathom five in the yellowing archives
of a newspaper. I thought of De Quincey's famous
utterance about the press:

Worlds of fine thinking lie buried in that vast abyss, never
to be disintombed or restored to human admiration. Like
the sea, it has swallowed treasures without end, that no
diving-bell will bring up again.

Greatly as we cherish the Sun Dial, we are
jealous of it for sapping all its author's time and