

At the touch of your strong fingers,
 Doubt, the derelict, is gone ;
 Sane and glad I clear the headland
 With the white ships of St. John.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
 This gray port by the gray sea,
 When the duty to ideals
 Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting
 Puts the wreath of maple on,
 I must cheer too,—slip my moorings
 With the ships of gray St. John

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,
 Be a word to lift the world,
 Till the many see the signal
 Of the few once more unfurled !

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,
 Past the crimson rising sun,
 There are dreams go down the harbor
 With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them
 As they clear the island bar,—
 Fade, till speck by speck the mid-day
 Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight the vaster sea-line,
 Wider lee-way, longer run,
 Whose discoverers return not
 With the ships of gray St. John.

• MIDNIGHT.

THE stars from out the ethereal sea
 Their wide appointments keep with me ;
 They look beneath in gentle love,
 Like souls of flowers flown above.

'Tis so sublime to see as far
 As a distant fairy star ;
 To meet the moonshine cool and kind,
 And marry starlight with the mind.

I love to sink my soul into
 The melancholy midnight blue,
 So cool and pure and passionless,
 So beautiful and fathomless.

NEW YORK.

HOWARD HALL.