

[141]

I TOO in polar night
Have hungered, gaunt and white,
Alone amid the awful silences;

[151]

And fled on gaudy fin,
When the blue tides came in,
Through coral gardens under tropic seas.

[161]

AND wheresoe'er I strove,
The greater law was love,
A faith too fine to falter or mistrust;
There was no wanton greed,
Depravity of breed,
Malice nor cant nor enmity unjust.