

It fears no gale, it fears no wreck ;
It never meets a change or check
Through weather fine or weather wild ;
The oldest saw it when a child.

Upon another sea below
Full many vessels come and go ;
Upon the swaying, swinging tide
Into the distant worlds they ride.

And strange to tell, the sea below,
Where countless vessels come and go,
Obeys the little boat on high
Through all the centuries sailing by.

—SELECTED.

SPEAK THE TRUTH

Speak the Truth !
Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save ;
Falsehood is a cowardly knave ;
From it turn thy steps in youth —
Follow truth.

—SELECTED.