

SHOP Poetry, P. T. T. H.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

In the gray depths of the silent sea,
Where twilight reigns over mystery,
Where no signs reveal the tempest's mood,
And no forms of the upper life intell.
Where the wrecks of the older world are laid
In a region of darkness, of death, of shadowed gloom,
They have left their lightning-wand hid it low!
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Life of the universe! spirit of life! spirit of mind!

From depths where the living trees stand,

Sweeps a strain of the upper life down,

The ocean's roar, the gale, the wind,

Moves to leave through what realms unthought!

The thrilling impulse flows free and strong

At the flash of soul or thought!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Say, through the path of the lightning-wand,
Through the slate-clefts still, fast and high,
With their massive marbles and ancient state,
Though the sea-snake could at the touch of hand
Or lay his length in the streets of sand,

Where rolled the chariot of march'd the band

Of those, opposite the sun, who sweep'd the earth as

The last step of the mammoth strode!

Both he calls for a moment his crested head,

At the thrill of thought is above his sped,

And feel the shudd'ring through every bone,

Till he can see it was the sceptic change

That stirs new life in such sluggish veins!

And seeks its warmth as it walks in task and pain,

As a desert serpent can bay back?

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

He will not let me go, but walked steadily down

Summer streets, and felt him bound by his

Master's hand, though every day he

Wore the foppish dress of a young man.

He had received his place,

And sought his master's countenance,

Hold their wild rev're by thron and shrine,

With her, her diadem, her robes,

With her, her diadem, her robes,