

# The Wreck

of the

# Titanic

ANDREW O'MALLEY

TORONTO, 1912

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W. E. Blake & Son, Limited, Publishers

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ANDREW O'MALLEY,  
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## Misgivings.

This bark has the brightness and beauty,  
Of Cleo's craft on Cydnus' wave:  
Some hero has sifted his booty;  
This is of some nation the grave.

All things are not gold that so glitter:  
There's sickness down here in my heart;  
The wrecks of leviathans litter  
The beaches, whence Titanics start.

Awhile, on the strand here, we'll loiter;  
We'll count the sands and the sea-shells;  
We'll gaze on the stars (mine's a traitor);  
Titanics like this are wealth's hell.

Imperious Caesars have dared death;  
Calpurnias knew they were wrong:  
Yet we'll tempt rafts leaky; the storm's breath;  
And list sirens luring yith song.

The firm earth we candidly despise ;  
Immovable cities endure :  
Armadas give us that sink and rise ;  
The ocean's wild grandeur allures.

The toil and the sweat of spent labour—  
The minions of their million band—  
With exquisite art piecemeal Thabors,  
Transfigured with Ormus' elan.

The East and West hopper their jewels,  
Their dainties, their viands, their wines ;  
To funnel them into holds dual ;  
Methinks partly human-divine.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Embarking.

The gilded crew on board is laughing,  
The gangways are surging with life ;  
The ladders with Cræsus are cracking ;  
Her steam steeds are chafing for strife.

The anchor is weighed ; the widowed shore  
Now flutters her rustling white gown ;  
The city, bereaved of her bright stores,  
Slinks sad away, mantled in frowns.

But drunk with the wines of ambition ;  
The leprous distilments of wealth ;  
They're lost to life's serious mission,  
And tread pleasure's hatches in stealth.

They're wayward and reckless of heart-strings,  
They've jerked from their sockets on shore;  
Of fearful breasts that flutter with wings,  
And shudder in their being's core;

For loved ones in galleries gathered,  
Star spangled as India's strand:  
In wilderness waters tight tethered,  
As on a rock or shoal of sand.

The iron-clad galley spurns the wave;  
The prize or pet of seas or sky:  
Unheeding, pollutes sister's green graves;  
Of cousins, reckless, planing high.

She dips below steeples and crest hills;  
Seems plunging plumb down in the deep;  
Now losing the lighthouse top and sill;  
She flies Neptune's salt fruit to reap.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **The Morning.**

See yonder off there o'er the East's wall,  
The moulten mists like banners fly:  
The fiends have built flues for their fire-balls;  
See there they are poking the sky!

Yes, Merc'ry is blazing the highways;  
He pioneers routes for the morn;  
And guarantees gladness night and day,  
From Borealis to the Horn.

Red suitors near blushing seas cower ;  
A filmy wreath ivys the dawn ;  
As Midas tints touch masts and towers,  
And shawls of dew Sidon silks pawn.

Hyperion's steed was stalled with beasts ;  
He leaped mad his caravans'ry :  
The elements churned it into yeast,  
As showing their high primacy.

The doubtful dawn auburn rose in rims ;  
The day soon waxed leaden and grey :  
At times it shot lighter as in whim ;  
But the mist fell fitful all day.

Here struggling stray, prank prisms, in sport ;  
On frost mountains, neath sodden arch ;  
In God's spacious profound marine court ;  
On ships' pines and cedars and larch.

The clouds build their castles for pleasure ;  
The sea harps to Heaven her mirth :  
Above hooded monks chant their measures—  
Distil nectar, teeming man's dearth.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Dangers of the Sea.**

The galley grand safely dips and soars,  
O'er toothless hags, witching the deep :  
Are there buried bulls near that would gore ;  
Unkennelled dogs that unlesht peep ?

The fog coral, shoal berg fire, rock night :  
A crew outlawed, desperate gang ;  
Conspired corsairs leagued and sworn, to fight  
To dog drench and drown, without pang,

Sea argosies, galleys vast and tall,  
That etch the glassy ocean's breast :  
With fasts vigils and crafts us forestall !  
Or we'll stock your gods in our chest.

Let stars moon and sun police, patrol  
As camels trudge these desert deeps !  
We buccaneers calm, cruel, controlled,  
Our watches keep while you're asleep.

The fog is a veil of widow's weeds ;  
Was donned at the death of the sun :  
And ships sympathetic, that fast speed,  
In cruel trice, are oft undone.

The coral, deep-buttressed and broad-based,  
Its engineers rearing upright,  
O'er caps the foam-flecked main, chill steel chased ;  
Lets Neptune in bottoms as bright.

My flour, sea-milled sand, is ground fine :  
The graves of hulk and of heart holds  
Shoal-grasped once, all efforts worse confine ;  
Soon epitaph masts mount tombs cold.

In mountain gorge the berg is high born;  
He grows big, with the birth of years,  
To vast glaciers, from an acorn:  
Last rides the vast ocean's salt tears.

Promethean shafts or pyro-brands,  
The goods of the hold quick consume:  
The hulk of a Bellerophon grand  
Down plunges to cavernal gloom.

Rocks wrought and pedestaled in stith's forge,  
The chemical earth explodes high:  
Such bulls, toy ships gore; the seas engorge;  
As plenty and pride kiss the sky.

The night flings its inky cope about  
The cradle, and crest of the wave:  
The sightless bark rides in darksome doubt,  
As privateer thugs curse and rave.

With dangers thus squadroned in dread squares,  
It 'hooves her, to serry her ranks;  
With marines and outlooks to loot lairs;  
And counter in front and on flank.

Alas, for her wisdom and foresight,  
Turned foolish and fond for a whim,  
Abandoning caution, sense and right,  
Forced flight as the arrow she swims!

With turbines that pulse and puff with power,  
She churns seas into sparkling spumes,  
That foaming, flecks her sides and bowers,  
Afflicting her sea-dogs with rheums.

She dices death; gulls, ominous, shoot:  
The hungry seas blood suck at length  
From pelican gamesters; gorge flesh fruit,  
In spite of their ingenious strength.

Than eagles she sweeps more knots an hour—  
Lone spar, swimming Scyllas astray:  
With noon conning in her crow-tower  
She'll surely not cross the berg-way.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Presentiments.

With roseate gleam comes the evening;  
While floating in the crystal air,  
A subtle sense, with sombre meaning,  
Invades from out the vast somewhere.

Antiquity's tombs have their mummies:  
The mind in its cavernous deeps,  
Holds cryptic remains of high degree,  
That eve's hour conjures from their sleep.

Now think we of pearly brooks babbling  
Like many-stringed silvery bells,  
That soft through the meadows are gabbling  
Where bulbs bursting with fresh life swells:

Or of shores whereon break bright waters;  
Of wilderness where foot ne'er falls;  
Or meads where Hyperion palters,  
With daisies that dimple his pall.

The home, and the hearth, and the hillside,  
Paint panels of youth's happy days  
Here, on the pearl tables of the tide,  
With pencils picked from the sun's rays.

Do dreams and hopes of bliss desert us,  
Reverting thoughts to long ago?  
As straining and striving lids loose cups,  
Do sad bitter memories flow.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **The Storm.**

Arouse then ye senses from swooning!  
The reason must ever be clear,  
To see the rites under God's awning—  
The thurifers incensing cheer.

But soon on the walls of the night sky,  
Guerillas of fire and smoke play:  
The demons seem all escaped to cry  
And brand murky the milky way.

Away at the cathedral's north end,  
The ritual gorgeous is sung;  
Where the pontiff comet his gum blends  
And the sacrifice bell is rung.

At opposites the organ's great loft,  
With sulphur exhaled, lightnings flashed;  
While huge groaned the music, loud or soft  
Of thunder's diapason blast.

Then there was the music of high spheres;  
Undreamed dramas of orbs and stars,  
That sing lyrics grand to their compeers,  
Nor cherubim song ever mars.

Then, too, the wild night airs of Heaven  
Our brows and dishevelled hair fanned;  
But robbed our wills of joyous leaven;  
Destroyed pleasure's ingenious plan.

Soon heaven's hell corrodes as with care:  
All visions of gladness subdued;  
Turns gathering gloom to high noon's glare;  
Instils white veins with purple hue.

The fell storm-clouds—volcanoes on high—  
Like blazing artillery sweep;  
The seas menace in mountains the sky;  
The clouds scowl at the angry deep.

The ship that had bowed graceful morning  
Plunged in the canyons of the deep;  
The storm fiends howled all law in scorning;  
And roused the leviathan's sleep.

This minstrelsy grand of the ocean;  
This braying and groaning bassoon,  
Had kept pleasure's pilgrims in motion,  
Or forced them to ape death in swoons.

The dread sleet and snow drove in wild drifts;  
The needles of the north pierced cold:  
The winds with steeds chafing fierce and swift  
Had rifled the sea secrets bold.

Her maw sharpened by the huge sea-queen  
To cope ingenuity's brain,  
Op'ed with the wind's touch, hungry and lean  
Life swallows—the hungry, gaunt main.

The tempest fell fiercely with wild spell;  
The night gangrened day with a curse;  
The warring winds jangled as in hell;  
The batt'ries thundered flame and worse.

Loud grondings and echoes mock the deep;  
They rush down cloud channels and bays:  
The weltering waters, toiling leap;  
And mark the flight of frightened day.

The turbining storm has ceased to roar;  
Hypnotic nymphs have induced sleep:  
Eat drink and be merry till morn's hour,  
There's time enough then if we'd weep.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Soiree.

Anon bosoms sensuous soft roll ;  
Whereon frail crafts cradle at sea :  
There, too, Heaven has dropped her vast scroll,  
All the stars and moon themselves see.

Now gaze we on God's dome, and see there  
The orbs and planets, that hie  
Their orbits round, goads guiding with care,  
In the pansy-pied circus sky.

Granada's Alhambra toys the wave ;  
Her stately halls—mornings of light ;  
She gallantly grades her swelling graves ;  
All reckless of courting her plight.

Voluptuous music scents the air ;  
The hearts of her thousands beat then,  
Of maidens and men in phalanx square,  
That was Terpsichore's amen.

Skilled minstrels the muses waked that night ;  
The millionaires had gathered there ;  
The revelry waxed and waned—a sight—  
Lithe ladies and men in noon's glare.

Diana, the seas soothed in deep trance ;  
The spheres sang a jubilee song ;  
Blithe maidens and mothers swayed the dance  
There in the midst of tumult's throng.

There plethora's pleasure had turned pain;  
And love's license blighted all white,  
As dreams of pride and purple had reign,  
And luxury's empire had might.

There gardens were hanging—festooned rose—  
The viands heaped high golden trays;  
All lost their sleep and beauty's repose,  
Enjoying their riotous plays.

Upon coiffeurs, and slender soft arms,  
The burning rose pageant's ensign  
Sat. Behind the dance the shadows swarm'd  
Of angels that sadly repined.

There knighthood and pride were in flower,  
Fantastically playing at games;  
Then callous pride, caste and its power,  
A churlish challenge hunger flamed.

In that great rotunda of marble fine,  
That held the pride pillared of state,  
There were the diamonds of Afric's mines;  
There leaped from their fingers agates.

And there in the midst of pride's congress,  
Was Fate's handwriting on the wall,  
There Mane and Theckel and Phares,  
Stared stark in the banqueting hall.

I turned from it sick, the entranced sight;  
And said, what dim ages shall know:  
As history's stigma of that night  
Writ with the black ink of the sloe—

“That lightnings tang-tongued, dripping sulphur,  
Or hot-headed bullets, fire-spiced,  
Could not visitation worse incur,  
Than speed and pride to all sense dead.”

The hour glass now emptied its pleasure,  
Time couched under cover of night,  
And each worn with swinging dance measures,  
Sought rescue from energy's blight.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Address to Sleep.

This is the hour, when Morpheus distils  
Alembics of Arabic oils,  
Whose sweet poisons exorcises ills,  
And loosens their serpentine coils.

In the hours that watershed night's noon,  
Pour poppy balm on our sore sense!  
Release captives with Lethe's dream swoon!  
Do goddess nor count recompense!

Care, curious conscience, sickness, age,  
Distress,—pleach in your bower at dusk!  
Disfiguring blots on error's page  
Erase, and scent with mint and musk!

Bathe Psyche's wounds in Styx' drowsy streams!  
Terps essences and iodines,  
Distilled in alembics by Phœbus' beams,  
Embalm us with, at day's decline!

O, watchman in subtle towered cities—  
Porteullis' keeper and its key—  
Croon soft curfew songs lulls and ditties;  
Turn wards and tongue of lock softly!

O, engineer that oil and shine gear;  
Mechanic! grease wheels that vibrate  
On ether waves, fine as the bats' hear;  
Our sleepy sense full satiate!

The mind's smithy smudges its fires low,  
The belts and wheels buzz smooth and soft;  
Its hammers by thousands beat, but slow:  
Rest ye us ere morn's post accosts!

O, angel egis, with drowsy wing,  
Thrum symphonies, sonorous, sweet!  
Float echoes of Valhalla's bell ring  
And sussuring humble bees cheat!

Sweet mother, bland sleep, bathe our cradle!  
Drop lullabys in aching ear!  
Strike indolence in mimic babels!  
Quench burning brow! freeze scalding tear!

Black night's anæsthesia apes death;  
Dethrones, downs sense to restore life,  
Converting carbon with seamy breath  
To metal, for to-morrow's strife.

What spic panoramas, peace now spreads—  
Axminsters, velours, eiderdowns;  
Which fingers loomed, out of silken threads,  
That were of life's morning the crown.

These harmonies, too sweet for men's ears,  
Which angels sussur, us to soothe,  
A vague sense of heaven in us rear  
Before earth's glad orb, it to choose.

Sleep's messages pulsing through the night,  
Down corridors columned with tears,  
Foment cares, the path's smoothing of right;  
And ulcer sores of sorrows sear.

I feel Midas alchemy like sleep:  
My heart's in my home's sunny land,  
Where golden peaks to the horizon creep,  
And ocean streams lave pearly strands.

The breezes creep soft in the night's lair;  
The shadows kiss suns fond and deep;  
The voice is of nature, rich and rare,  
As curtains o'er fatigue draws sleep.

On field and fold, eve's slanting burned beam  
Falls: and lilts the swain. As he goes  
His horn toots. The moon with silv'ry gleam  
Their path pearls, as homing cows low.

The birds twitter soft lauds and perpend;  
Chirp prayers. Incense flowers confide—  
Their secrets in words we comprehend,  
If we hearken, hushed by their sides.

Ah! there the wind's tempest wakes the night!  
What nymphs are these wailing away?  
The trumpet seems warning of sea-fights—  
Calamities, that havoc play.

There seems to me marching and roll of drums,  
Like thunder's toll in forests dim;  
I feel the chill sudden, that oft comes,  
When mem'ry wakes singing old hymns.

I hear voices sobbing in the dark;  
Perhaps it is loneliness, pain.  
I hear singing, mid the night's gloom stark,  
Tuned to the bass of the black main.

This is murky madness; I can't sleep;  
My heart knows no sinking sense yet;  
For storm clouds whirl wild across my deep,  
Of bitter remembrances set.

These images grate and wear the mind:  
I'd better pace the giddy deck;  
And gaze on stars—my pantheon kind—  
Than make of fond memory a wreck.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Pacing the Deck.

Are these Borealis beams morn's threads,  
That shimmer this northern sea;  
That dolphins with demons, may banquet,  
With wild fiendish folly and glee.

The labyrinth's waters roll with gloom;  
Yet she makes her knot periods;  
Though here in the near darkness bergs loom:  
Death stealthily menacing nods.

Now fleets of ice anchor all round us,  
Of emerald flashing with sheen:  
The romantic home of the walrus,  
Where eagles were wont wings to preen.

It seems a cathedral nave high,  
With Cararra walls on all sides:  
Ships, wakeful and wary, will heave sighs—  
A holocaust burn on the tide.

You grim dinosaurs of the north sea,  
In contour of delightful mien!  
You oasis, icy filagree  
Pearl, protean opal and green!

Before us as morning's bright radiance,  
It omens and vibrates as near:  
A thick clammy cold, visits the sense,  
Of horrors and dangers and fears.

Now ought his arts the hardy seaman,  
Whose craft e'en now sailed crystal seas,  
Recall, and watch with eagle's keen ken,  
Or this granite his shaft shall be.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Crash.

Along the deck terror's stare soon passed,  
As danger flung lights from her spars,  
And clear as bells, outlooks at the masts,  
Their cries of danger, rang the stars.

Amid our woes a choral song wakes;  
It sang requiem's sad amen:  
On water hills heaving Dian breaks,  
With mystic music soothing then.

She rammed the white city at full speed;  
The mastodon shook in her strength;  
She shuddered and baulked like a mad steed,  
But sobered her temper at length.

The ice embrace with her side astounds,  
They grip and groan as things of sense:  
The horrors of innocence loud sounds;  
Such wantonness she feels intense.

Where they clinched, she sheared of their fleece,  
    waves,  
Which foamed about, downy as wool;  
The white rock had gored athwart her staves  
    With the horns of an angry bull.

The waves creamed and crested with ice locks,  
    As whales spout their geysers in space:  
They fell to the seas as powdered rocks,  
    Or spray crystals like costly lace.

Then minute guns mighty were booming;  
    Deserting tides laved the far shore—  
Were hunted like wolves from their moorings;  
    Their lairs lay all bloody in gore.

Now Acheron's lids were uplifted;  
    The screams and the yells of the damned,  
Were heard from soft lips, as they sifted  
    The women and children, mob jammed.

Be British! men, sailors! the high seas  
    Have honor that chivalry shames!  
The shades of the brave will their tombs flee—  
    These boats man, and blot out our shame.

The fair fame of Britain's at stake men!  
    The egis—our empire's elan—  
Would droop with shame in our lion's dens;  
    He'd hang his head the age's span.

Brave mothers and wives and sweet maidens,  
With iron embrace cling to oaks,  
That reared, nursed and nurtured them children;  
These acorns cling, 'neath manly cloaks.

While others, instinct with their orders,  
Down clamber into linen rafts:  
Far out 'mid demonic disorders,  
They watch their trireme to the last.

The ship, spongy-bottomed, is listing!  
Here! Captain's a life saving belt!  
No, Sir! sons of Albion twisting  
Their duty! Not if they hell smelt!

I'm master! come death, smiling maiden!  
My ship is my darling, my wife.  
With Araby's gems be she laden!  
Gehenna go! goes too my life!

If ever a tar of Albion  
Is rescued by sea-girting shore;  
His ship him abandoned—his pardon—  
A word stored in England's heart-core.

Amid the odd medley of heroes  
That griffin winged leaped to the boats,  
Were creatures as craven as are crows,  
Whose judgment is "nor sheep, nor goats."

The boat is now heavy with her drink;  
The heroes on high and in hold,  
Are telling their beads before they sink;  
Or singing, as wet mantles fold.

The Lord's anointed on their perch place,  
Incarnadined waters enfold;  
They bless and absolve, and with death race:  
Their penitents sea caskets close.

They drank death—four heroes, companions—  
The words of the cross on their lips,  
“This day in God's holy dominions,”  
Though foundered in sedges our ship.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Phantom Ship.

This phantom, is it to deceive meant,  
Asailing just under the moon,  
With horns seeming hooked to the crescent?  
Or is it the sailor's last boon?

What shallop rides Diana's silk beams?  
With doom's dicing surely the crew  
That travel the sky as in day dreams—  
Rare-hearted tars, reckless and few!

Is that light set in the seasocket,  
Just over the ocean's white foam?  
Shall we fling to the sky red rockets,  
And warn them how wretched we roam?

She swims the upturned ocean on high,  
That's flecked with a million bright sail—  
The great fleet, that's scouring the night sky  
For star waifs, that shoot and then wail.

Is she the white isle of the night, that  
Has beaconed the wrecks on earth's seas—  
That if a bark founders with land rats,  
She picks them up safe on the lea?

That white light is hope, the red is love;  
The whole ship is faith and high fear:  
We'll board her and leap to the wheel cove,  
And dock her right here at the pier.

There she is now, right at our gables,  
Her winding sheets kissing our sails!  
God bless her! Let's fling out our cables,  
And climb o'er her ivory rails!

Away there! We're now safely sailing!  
Oh, yes! we will straight upward soar!  
The angels our officers hailing,  
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! here's the shore!"

Our sky craft is gliding like the fays;  
The moonlight, with its silv'ry sheen,  
With ebb and swell washes the byways,  
Till Heaven's carpetry is seen.

The moon binds our brows with her pale wreaths;  
    Bewitches with beauty's bright spell,  
That seems leaves of silver, from some heath;  
    Artesian sheets from gushing wells.

The stars seem green—jealous of our joy;  
    That are wrapped as in love's young dream;  
They rashly leap from their spheres to toy  
    With us, and drown in ocean streams.

Diana, true patroness of love,  
    Sheds bright rays on us, blind and stark;  
Illumines our night sabled alcoves,  
    And kindles love's fine, fickle spark.

Here blossom's breaths rise from the cornfields;  
    Our phantom ship, zephyr wings, bear;  
The stars with their tiny bulbs light yield,  
    As we glide through avenues fair.

Our toiling and puffing machines wheeze;  
    They pulse up their high spiral flight,  
Above the clouds—our surging soft seas,  
    Where capping waves tumbling are white.

O'er earthly bowers fanes and lodgements,  
    The rainbow of hope sits in gold:  
The myriad millions of white tents,  
    God's panoply on high unfolds.

Thus, fearless, we sweep skies, where Jove booms,  
And o'er lethal seas far we soar:  
We sail above earth's fretting, foul looms,  
That pant, and groan, and screech and roar.

The virgin breeze, that gambols and joys,  
Is born in the far fields of space;  
It whirls spheres about, like genteel boys  
Do their toys in great circles race.

No more for us dull, earthly playthings,  
Telegraphy, ships, trains and cars;  
Give us the blue skies and steel-strung wings,  
Where eagles race nightly with stars.

These batteries surely would us mince!  
Have they guns on these golden shores?  
Indeed, the King Court and the Crown Prince,  
Thus welcome us, worn and footsore!

The citadels crash with skilled cunning—  
A chorus of music and song.  
They sighted afar our craft coming,  
And march with abandon along.

Hear neap tides of time and space reveal  
The gold and dross—debris on shore—  
That all our lives sterling had appeared;  
Upon the which we placed great store.

Here high and dry our inventory  
Is conned before the chapter saints;  
And if it wants title to glory  
We'll branded be with demon's taint.

Away with Phantasia's weird dreams!  
This is no place for mind-bazaars,  
Where—winds and waves deluging—men scream  
And despair damns the jaunty tars.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **The Wireless Telegraphy.**

Oh, for meteors, that the skies skip,  
As messengers to the far shores,  
That would instantaneous their trip  
Complete, breaking tragic death's oars!

Ah! would there were voices in this ship,  
Like those of historic Joan;  
To trumpet the motion of our lips  
And find succor on seas or strand!

You twittering fires! signal our death;  
Despair, yelling for fast relief;  
Unmeasures miles, spanning with a breath,  
The news of hearts breaking with grief!

You leap the sea mound, girdle the land,  
Till the breathing batt'ry is gained;  
The crazed heart to relieve with your hand,  
To succor with aid the insane.

When the sullen sea-god whips his waves,  
With scorpion thongs of his breath,  
Your sparks, ruddy spit, while the sane rave,  
And pistons race, breathless, with death.

To you that are angel against fear,  
Appeals panting are rarely vain,  
For help hurries there with straining gear  
O'er the tyrant tides of the main.

You're journeyman of the storm, and chase  
The natives of cloud-racking climes;  
And gallop the broadways of high space,  
And help to ring stertorous chimes.

You guide not your steps by the starlight;  
Nor sinews, nor wires do you chain;  
For you pursue your pace the dark night;  
You're wireless, and need not fenced lanes.

You skim the crest writhing, of sick seas,  
'Neath cloud curtains from Heaven hung;  
You crash on your way as lightning free,  
Articulating brimstone tongue.

The tornadoes wild you tame and sway;  
You jolt and jar the driving rain;  
And the winds are lazy in your way,  
As you hie your haste o'er the main.

Where shivered spires tumble and decline,  
From proud sky, on the prone ground stark;  
To the compass corners you're consigned,  
As your crackling firecells spit sparks.

We scoffed at your warnings for our sakes,  
Not counting the cargo of clay.  
An Eldorado's wealth was at stake.  
We plunged to hell, naught could us stay.

Oh! had we the magic of the sleuth,  
To garner from doubt deathless fame,  
Of odds and ends, piecing the whole truth,  
We'd not have rushed into speed's shame.

The wireless in vain scouted heaven,  
The earth and white oasis'd seas:  
We're left here, as helpless as ravens,  
When winter's breath whitens the lea.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Reflection.

Ah, ocean! thou tigress lean, sleeping!  
Thy sleek skin and smooth soothing purr,  
Now awfully warn us, you're cheating  
Us thus crisis'd—caged with your curs.

Thou green sleeping or surging serpent!  
With nimble head, nodding the stars;  
To ride on thy scaly rind storm-spent,  
More fell, than the blood belching Mars.

These rising seas soon will us shipwreck,  
For Neptune tolls his watery hate:  
Yet some dare to pace the canting deck,  
As sailors sneer their lubber gait.

Ah, shipwreck! thou art means to man's weal:  
Nor evil is it when 'tis seen,  
As stoics saw; for fire glass anneals;  
And tempered are men with tests keen.

We're midgets and minims and clay clods,  
Like atoms that swim the sun's rays,  
Soon swept and buried by these green sods,  
In graves where our gold and guilt lay.

The breakers of fortune—this Fate's squall—  
Will wreck our craft; and what is worse  
Our live's light put out; and us appall,  
The yeasty waves rocking, our hearse.

'Tis strange, when death's jaws are us champing,  
We've leisure to con odd ends o'er:  
Youth's acres and age's, fast tramping,  
With ferrets for sins and for sores.

How one sees with clearer and keen sight,  
Of horny hands, hard hearts the loss;  
Of mildewed years, mottled minds, the blight;  
As hungry seas tumble and toss.

What God has wrought in mortal's brief span,  
Comes in flashes now that us stun;  
And links far off destiny with sands  
That in these poor hour-glasses run.

The conscience has bolts that rive youth's hour;  
Meridian's highway hard press:  
They search as sly sleuths, darksome bowers,  
And hie across night's wilderness.

Delirious dream! do you now cease,  
That mortals are wont to call life?  
That mosaic substance for time leased—  
Of peace and war, of love and strife?

\* \* \* \* \*

### **The Band.**

Ah! our band is playing their old hymn,  
In symphonies sweet, as of yore:  
"We're nearer our God, oh, so near Him;"  
The waters in harmony roar.

Their muffled drum's rolling its sad beat—  
Its wailing and weird sad tattoo:  
No more the musicians will there meet  
Together, or say fond adieu.

Their lyrics will soon soothe and astound  
In golden fanes, where banners spread;  
They'll bivouac His white throne around,  
Immortal musicians! they've sped.

No more they'll hear the morn's mild alarms,  
Nigh the noon brayed of the thick night;  
No more they'll kiss their bonny sweet barns—  
Horizons at home strung with light.

They'll hear no more, the early ships blow—  
The reveille of the grey morn;  
Nor greet their pals with hearty hallo,  
Nor dance to the piper and horn.

They trembled in lines, as with fresh wounds;  
They recked not their leader's roll call;  
They stood waist high in waters, then swooned,  
And sank 'neath the ocean's blue pall.

They'll soon parade 'neath other banners,  
Where angels watch the livelong night;  
Now widowed of their clayey manors,  
They'll sing at God's hearth glowing light.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Plunge.

Now soaring red rockets proclaim high,  
With booming guns, the parting knell  
Of life's agony heaving a sigh,  
As our craft last digs surging swells.

Are these martial drums I hear beating;  
Or are they our boilers below,  
With noises of shrieking and seething,  
In bunkers, in hold and in stow?

The wells of the deep seem o'erflowing,  
Like smoke up the flues of the ship:  
Shall we leap with our lives and loved ones,  
E'er ever the ship downward slips?

Alas! for the cities of mortals,  
On land, or on high, or at sea,  
That grunt, sweat and sink with their fardels,  
And whatever souls in them be!

The heart sees a rainbow that reaches—  
Rests its foot on the other shore;  
The soul like a roe leaps the beaches,  
To saunter and sing evermore.

Ah! now we are sinking, we'll soon sup  
With angels on high 'mid the stars;  
They'll chaperon our weary souls, up  
To heavenly sheen shores afar.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Address to Death.

Why stand aghast? O, God! what form's that,  
With scythe brandished over his head?  
What locusts are leaping? Are these rats?  
Why choose they sea waters to beds?

Ah, there! see him whetting his sickle!  
What reaping think you must he do?  
No grass grows on these prairie circles:  
He must mean to mow down this crew.

Lo! his bony form is approaching!  
He shudders to perform his task;  
On nature's plump preserves encroaching,  
He's now forced to doff his dark mask.

Oblivion, utter, dank and dark!  
Your work is complete: there's no trace  
As day dawns; the sea's naked and stark  
Of palace ships, sparkling with grace.

Examples gross as earth or sun's glow  
These; e'en angels ought them conserve.  
Let actors on Neptune's stage this know;  
Eternal art must be observed!

Time strikes; cities crumble; men decay:  
They all totter, rush to their end:  
The sea empires like land, all prone lay,  
Corruption's law etches this trend.

The waters that late did but calm glide,  
In vortexes sucking now falls;  
And in vast vales, and mountain chains ride  
To the skies, as caves groan and waul.

King Neptune had phalanxed his forces,  
His bottoms, his billows, his bergs;  
The Titan rushed into his meshes  
And retired a hearse 'neath the surge.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Neptune's Victory.

King Neptune's war pennants are soaring,  
On the mystic staves of his might;  
For thousands of souls are left dying  
In tomb trenches he dug that night.

His trident he flings against heaven  
For victories gained over earth;  
His enemies now die, down trodden,  
And he swells his great heart with mirth.

On earth there is weeping and wailing,  
For loved ones thus ripped from her breast;  
The Titanic once proudly sailing,  
Has sunk and forever's at rest.

Now heaven's high towers are lighted;  
A multitude knocks at the door;  
The angels of God sing, delighted,  
To welcome our darlings adored.

The seas are now sleeping soft the while,  
'Neath stars weeping, broken and faint;  
As lovers alone muse on their stiles;  
The owl hooting minstrelsy's plaint.

As some albatross riding high roads,  
Its victim's gore nowise appears;  
The vultures view where wealth used to ride;  
The ocean alone weeps salt tears.

What now is fane, palace, arch or nave  
To mothers and maids blushing morn,  
That destiny suborned could not save  
To longer this sphere us adorn?

'Neath raging seas two thousand fathoms, sleep  
Heroic dead, where thunders toll:  
Serene and soft and calm, be the deep  
And strong joys, that solace their souls.

The hero's fate, they faced with brows grim,  
Their names has writ on rolls of fame:  
This blue mausoleum, with sand rim,  
Spared others, to bury in shame.

Oh, dear hearts, then sleep ye! The years creep  
On their way, till we pass the strait  
Of rugged death, whose headland still sleep  
In the moulten gold burnished gate.

Ye brave sleep! who sank too soon to rest;  
May mermaids guard your corses cold!  
Let kinsmen and kind your souls aye bless;  
And strew rue on these watery knolls!

The waves ride, of heroes, the damp dust—  
Of sepulchred bodies below:  
No granite shaft, trophy, or quick-bust!  
The waters of brass have no glow.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Pilgrims.

Their Angelus daily the fays have rung ;  
Anon! their kin as pilgrims stray :  
The seas, white-cowled, their vespers have sung ;  
Their angels guard these mounds as clay.

Ah, lightly tread stem and stern! oh, stay!  
In deep Amalete's gulf they sleep.  
The Naiads, Nereids, Gnomes and Fays,  
Their watery watch will aye keep.

These flowers their perfumes will diffuse—  
Their pollen incense—everywhere ;  
Spray essential oils from their heart's cruse ;  
About here, enchanting the air.

The fumes of their altars rise from coals ;  
Their thuribles sweet, scent the dawn :  
They exert their energy, sweet souls ;  
Then close up their temples forlorn.

O'er wide, widowed oceans, wild willows throng  
To weep, on these watery mounds ;  
On God's surging acre to sing songs,  
And exorcise demonic hounds.

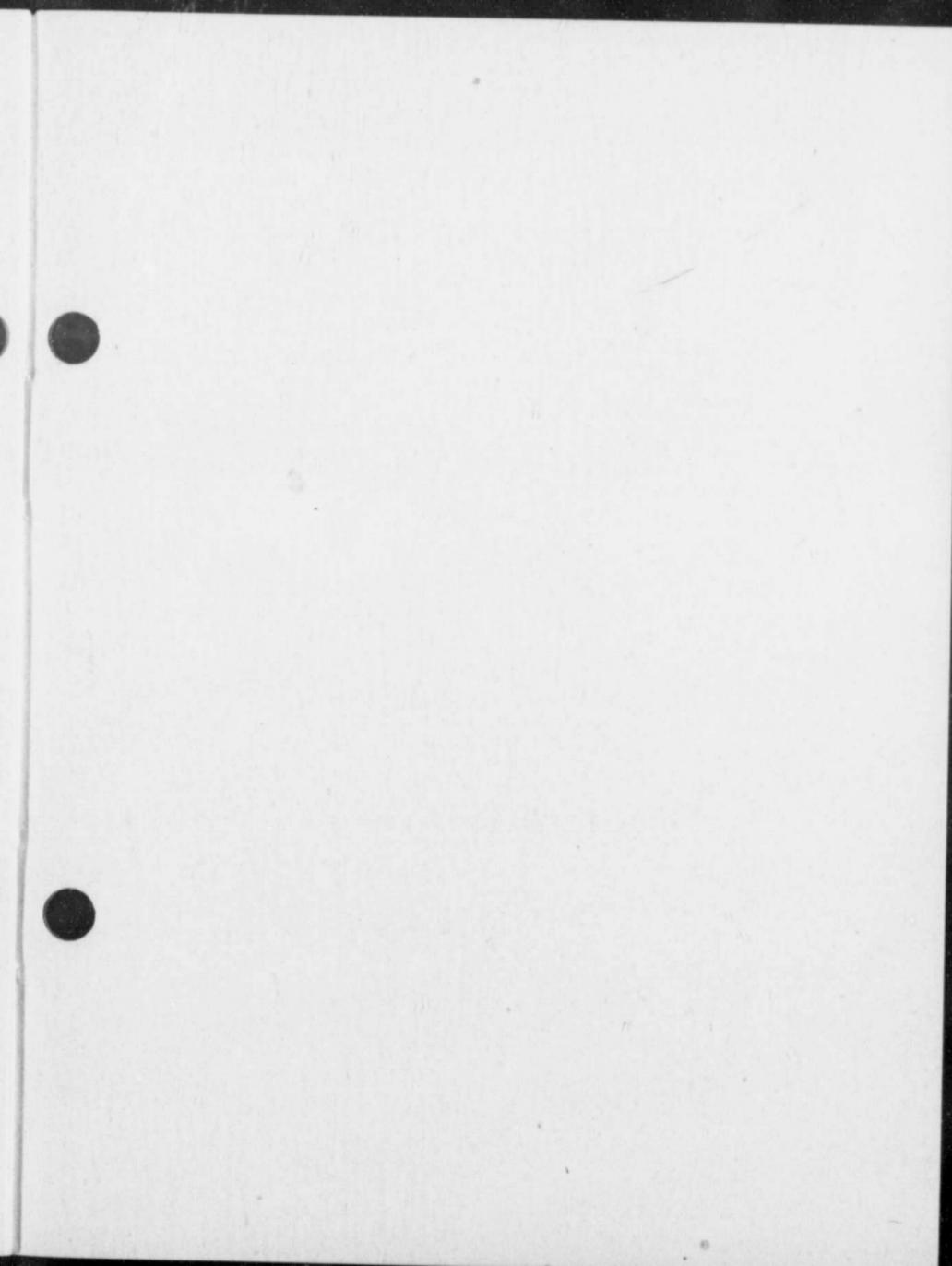
The gay Babylon that sails o'erhead,  
A moment slacks up to admire—  
Devotion to sleepers in their stead,  
Who, as life-boats parted, retired.

Vast mines and marts and toiling commerce,  
Halt in one mad rush for their gold;  
Lift arches of praise; arts of peace nurse;  
As did the knights gallant of old.

Ah! who has not oft tiptoed the strand,  
To see stranger souls, or them greet  
And light pattered on sombre, sad sands,  
As messenger sprites kiss their feet?

The voices of mocking men, deter  
(As jackals sneer at winter's sleet)  
The wandering souls, where the waves purr,  
From councils, as meek waters meet.

Consistories, synods in caves hold;  
Consulting they meet in the deep,  
Rapacity, pride and speed to scold,  
And curse them in nightmares of sleep.





# Lectures by the Author

will be delivered, publicly or privately, on any of the following subjects by arranging with Messrs. W. E. Blake & Son, Toronto, Phone Main 1547.

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