

## Selected Poetry

### IN A CATHEDRAL.

"I worshipped in a foreign land,  
And though I might not understand  
The ceremonies of the priest,  
Nor follow in the very least  
The pleadings of his chanted prayer,  
Yet other wordless voices there  
Spoke to me from the distant years,  
Years rich with labor, love and tears.  
Carved pillars that for centuries  
Had listened to men's prayers and cries,  
A shrine where the Madonna stood,  
As pitying all womanhood;  
The living sunlight on the gloom  
Of some Crusader's grey stone tomb,  
Upon the dark Cathedral wall  
Above the War Memorial  
Two faded, tattered banners hung—  
Though alien I was among  
Things that still make our common life,  
Love, faith, joy, suffering, and strife."  
—E. D. E., in the *Glasgow Herald*.

### SPRING FIRES.

The running rings of fire on the Canterbury hills,  
Running, ringing, dying at the border of the snow!  
Mad, young, seeking, as a young thing wills,  
The ever, ever-living, ever-buried Long Ago!

The soft running fire on the Canterbury hills,  
Swinging low the censer of a tender heat-  
thensse  
To the dim Earth goddesses that quicken all the thrills,  
When the heart's wine of August is dripping from the press!

The quiet bloom of haze on the Canterbury hills!  
The fire, it is the moth that is winging to the snow,  
Oh, pure red meth, but the sweet white kills:  
And we thrill again to watch you, but we know, but we know!

The long yellow spurs on the Canterbury hills  
To a moon of maiden promise waken once in all the year,  
When the fires come again and the little tu-  
trills,  
And who will name or think on a January scare?

The lone, large flower of the Canterbury hills  
On the slender ti-tree will hang her hen-  
eyed head  
When the moon of fire has called her to the spurs and the rills,  
Dim and strong and typical of tintless river-bed.

The scent of burning tussock on the Canterbury hills,  
The richness and the mystery that waken like a lyre

With the dearness of a dreaming that never yet fulfils!—  
And we know it, and we know it, but we love the moon of fire.

—JESSIE MACKAY.

### THE CARILLON.

We sat  
On the cool, pale brow  
Of a jagged rock.  
  
A full red moon,  
Across whose face  
The night had gently  
Laid her fingers,  
Climbed the branches  
Of a feathery pine  
Till she rested  
On the rippling branch.

Fireflies stopped  
Their ceaseless dance  
To hang suspended  
Like tiny lanterns  
Spangling the silken scarf  
Of night.

Bells—low and resonant  
Like the deep spell of  
Wise men's thoughts,  
Sounds—lovely as the laughter  
Of a waking child,  
Sounds—lovely as the laughter  
Of a waking child.

Chimes—the sequined studded head  
Of a holy sister against the sunlight.

Music—the rush of sun-drenched waves  
That kiss the cool of evening sand.

Chopin on the rainbow colored hue  
Of a slender shell.

Love caressing the notes  
Of a silver-toned flute.

My soul  
A vibrant keyboard  
Resounding to the touch  
Of God.

—E. CHAMBERLAIN, in the *Boston Transcript*.

### RECLAIMED.

Blue water, black water,  
Swift water, backwater,  
All open water's calling to me—  
I was through, with a tidy sum  
For baccy, grub an' my tot o' rum;  
But my kit is packed, an' here I come,  
Back to the restless sea!

Coast packet, trade packet,  
Trim or decayed packet,  
Any windjammer's ship enough for me!  
Every voyage I've called my last  
Now for years, as I've shoreward passed;

But the salt wind calls like a trumpet blast  
Back to the restless sea!

Hard skipper, fair skipper,  
Rough skipper, square skipper,  
Any deep-sea skipper's right enough for me,  
If he's smart an' will crack on 'sail  
Till it's "first or founder"—or 'pump an'  
bail—  
He's my man till I've over-rail,  
Back to the restless sea!

High pillow, low pillow,  
Pine pillow, no pillow,  
Any old berth is good enough for me;  
But a lubber's end I can not bide,  
And I'm outward bound with the ebbing  
tide  
Till my hammock's sewed for the last swift  
ride,  
Back to the restless sea!  
—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON, in the *New York Times*.

### THE THRESHOLD.

Bright is the morning;  
Breezes, O breezes!  
And passionate sunlight  
Embracing the garden,  
Forlorn dewy garden  
Of roses and lettuce,  
Plum tree and pear.

And here in the doorway  
A pool of light twinkles  
Lucent and diligent,  
Veined with shadows—  
The warp of slim branches  
Of pear and of plum—  
That sway like harmonies  
Dumb, though the spirit  
Hears them and sings them;  
That sway like waters  
Roving in sylvan  
Solitude—solitude  
Full of desire.

How sweet the vagrant  
Fancy, rare Fancy,  
Flows on this golden air!  
Flows on unpassing,  
Urgent, but never gone,  
Circling, returning,  
Vortex that marries  
Ambrosial spirit  
To diffident clay,  
And yields with passion  
To youth its vision,  
The arrow of fury,  
Promethean fire.

To youth—the vision:  
To Age—the proof.  
When from her palaces  
Evening comes;  
A calm and quiet-eyed  
Where is thy treasure?  
Song no more sways thee  
Whose vision is ended,  
Lulled is the fancy,  
The bright soul sleeps.  
The bright soul sleeps.  
—A. E. COPPARD, in the *London Spectator*.