

A SONG OF DAWN.

'Mid the ponderous roar of the breakers free, and the
 splash of the laughing spray,
The jolly old sea-god's daughters fair carol to rising
 day.

I hear them above the sea-blast wild; beyond the
 water's bourn
There floats the song: "Behind is daylight, and ever
 beyond is morn!"

I stood by the wet-lipped, sea-woo'd shore; the waters
 played light at my feet,—
The weary day was dead, and the breathing of life was
 calm and sweet;
Stilled for a space was the striving of men, and over
 the silver bay
There came the echo: "The day dawns ever,
 and ever beyond is day!"

Out on the hills the tinkling sheep-bells ring up the
 inclines steep;
The sun-rise over the tinted meadows arouses the
 world from sleep,
Above the noise of the cities' roar is the cry of nature
 borne:
"Beyond, beyond lies daylight ever, and ever beyond
 looms morn!"

I wander forth to greet the stars, and to bid the day
good-bye;
The trees upon the hill-tops bare grow dark as the day
doth die.
The world-twins, light and shadow, together mingle
and clash in strife;
For life is born of the striving of twain, so shadow and
light make life.

A sun-beam flooding a chamber with light; a moon-
path illumining the sea;
The cry of the gulls as they endlessly circle; the skirl
of the wind through a tree;
The ceaseless bustle of feverish men 'neath the star-
light's quiet scorn,—
All these are echoes of parting daylight—are tokens
that herald the morn.

And above the warring of races and creeds, and the
crash of the gods as they fall,
To the skies there rises an echo high above the outer
wall.
And ever a few shall hear that echo,—from Earth's
green bosom 'tis drawn,—
Behind, behind lies daylight ever, and ever beyond is
dawn.