

A SONG OF STRENGTH

BY P. H. B. L.

We have washed our hands of the
blood, we have turned at length
From the straight blind alleys of
death to the way of peace,
Gladly we labor, singing the song of our
strength,

The strength of man long-fettered
that finds release: —

The splendid body of man; — O hand
and eye

Working in trained accord; O flying
feet!

The play of muscle in leg and shoulder
and thigh,

Strong to endure or to strive, sub-
lime, complete; —

Man, who has bound the waters, en-
slaved the wind,

Tamed the desolate places, set his
span

O'er the abyss, unconquered and un-
confined,

Spending his strength in toil for the
glory of man; —

The climber setting his foot on the peri-
lous slope,

The hunter driving the wild thing
from its lair,

The traveler steering his course by the
star of his hope,

Never too faint to believe, too weak
to dare; —

The fisherman facing the storm while
landsmen sleep,

The swimmer,—poised for an in-
stant against the sky,

Filling the eye with beauty,—plung-
ing deep

With wet white shoulders thrusting
the billows by; —

The airmen, hovering, sweeping above
the hill,

The engine driving a furrow of flame—
through the night,

The long ships breasting the waves,—
they are with us still,

The strong clean things we have
made for our heart's delight; —

Strength of the mind and will, despis-
ing sloth,

Seeking the task unfinished, the goal
unguessed,

Sowing the seed in faith, entrusting the
growth

To the strength of their children
after their hands have rest; —

Strength of the maker, serving a dis-
tant age,

The poet shaping his dream to a
deathless rhyme,

The doctor fighting disease, the chem-
ist, the sage,

Grappling with nature, challenging
space and time.

So shall we sing as we labor, till faint
hearts hear

And turn from their sorrows to lis-
ten,— to cry at length: —

Lo, we have put away doubt, and cast
off fear,

Come, let us fashion the world to the
song of our strength.

The Spectator

SLEEPLESS

BY MARGARET KENNEDY

Street lamps in rows

Glitter and flare,

Where the road goes

Through the trees of the square.

Dimmer and dimmer

The pale moon goes down,

Where the hills glimmer

Watching the town.

No step in the street

Breaks the intensity;

Night-winds are sweet,

Breathing immensity.

Ere again the sun leap,

Ere again the day break,

Oh, God, give me sleep

Though I die ere I wake!

The New Witness