

[*The London Mercury*]

THE EVENING SKY IN MARCH

BY JOHN FREEMAN

Rose-bosom'd and rose-limb'd,
With eyes of dazzling bright,
Shakes Venus mid the twined boughs
of the night;

Rose-limb'd, soft-stepping
From low bough to bough,
Shaking the wide-hung starry fruitage
— dimmed
Its bloom of snow
By that sole planetary glow.

Venus, avers the astronomer,
Not thus idly dancing goes
Flushing the eternal orchard with wild
rose.

She through ether burns
Outpacing planetary earth,
And ere two years triumphantly re-
turns
And again wavelike swelling flows;
And again her flashing apparition
comes and goes.

This we have not seen,
No heavenly courses set,
No flight unpausing through a void
serene:

But when eve clears,
Arises Venus as she first uprose
Stepping the shaken boughs among,
And in her bosom glows
The warm light hidden in sunny snows.

She shakes the clustered stars
Lightly, as she goes
Amid the unseen branches of the night,
Rose-limb'd, rose-bosom'd bright.
She leaps: they shake and pale; she
glows —
And who but knows
How the rejoiced heart aches
When Venus all his starry vision
shakes:

When through his mind
Tossing with random airs of an un-
earthly wind,
Rose-bosom'd, rose-limb'd,
The mistress of his starry vision arises,

And the boughs glittering sway
And the stars pale away,
And the enlarging heaven glows
As Venus light-foot mid the twined
branches goes.

THE FLEETS

BY M. G. MEUGENS

Are you out with the Fleets through
the long, dark night,
Admiral Drake?
Are you keeping watch, when with
never a light
They patrol the seas and wait for a
fight?

In that far South Sea were you stand-
ing by,
Admiral Drake?
Did your masthead catch that wireless
cry?
Did you in sorrow watch them die?

Once more at the guns do your gun-
ners strain,
Admiral Drake?
Do their voices ring o'er the decks
again,
'Have at them, boys!' in the old re-
frain?

When the shining death leaps through
the wave,
Admiral Drake,
Are your boats all out in a rush to save?
Do you stand to salute the death of the
brave?

Are there others out on the heaving
blue,
Admiral Drake?
Are Collingwood, Blake, and Nelson,
too,
In their high-decked ships, along with
you?

Oh, seamen of old, the shadowy gates
Swing wide to let you through,
And out o'er the seas your galleons
sweep
To fight for the flag anew.