

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

There shall be no more sea!
Then presently
We shall turn listless eyes
On Paradise,
And carelessly behold
Jasper and beaten gold.
Aimlessly up and down
The streets of God's tall town
That was not built by hands,
Throughout untroubled lands
Where glassy rivers flow,
Our restless feet will go;
And to the crystal walls,
Whence the sight falls
And falters in the bright
Incredible light,
We shall come wistfully
Straining our eyes to see,
Wonderfully small and far,
Our sea-enamelled star.

How shall we sing
God's praises, wearying
For the wind and the fog and the brave
Thunder of wave upon wave,
For salt upon our lips
And the excellent beauty of ships,
For sound and sight
Of all our old delight?

God, whom our fathers wrought
Out of their travailing thought,
Deal with us generously—
Give us our sea!

“THE SUNDOWN SPLENDID AND SERENE”

BY KEVORK COSTIKYAN

IF there is one thing above all others which, despite its pathos, we should seek to regard without illusions, it is the supreme mystery we call death. That devastating catastrophe which dims the light of the most luminous personalities cannot be viewed either as exclusively one of the mechanical reactions of nature or, on the other hand, as a purely mystical experience which eludes all attempt at rational interpretation. Death is a definitive tragedy, an inexorable moral reality. It is endowed with incontestable spiritual finality. Whether it be the end of all conscious personal life, or the gate to a transcendent supernatural ecstasy that orthodox religion promises to its devotees, or something wholly different from either of these, it remains the one overwhelming challenge of destiny to which we can offer no adequate resistance. Immutable as nature herself, it is the circumstance of death that invests life with meaning and makes it so precious a heritage. For if we did not constantly envisage the shadow that hovers over us with its fateful summons, life would lose much of its enchantment.

In the presence of a reality of such grandeur, reason must be both dispassionate and imaginative. It must, in the first place, survey the pretensions of science and determine whether its legitimate province extends to the realm beyond death. Once this is determined, reason must invoke its more prophetic instincts to consider what intuitions of immortality are most consonant with idealistic aspiration.

With increasing assurance, modern science is encroaching upon the boundaries of those things that are unseen and eternal. Scientists of distinction declare with temerity that the psychical is as fruitful a field of empirical investigation as the physical, and that accurate observation and logical deduction are as feasible in the world of the spirit as in the world of matter. Even