

THE SPIRIT OF THE FLAG

By Henry Dorr

LONG ago I built my watch-tower on the stern New England coast,
And my altar fires were kindled high above the sounding shore;
I flung my fearless banner to the winds which sweep the World,
There to wave in storm and sunlight, there to float forever more!

From my watch-tower, looking Eastward, I have seen a million sail
Sweep on from the horizon line with all their canvas spread,
And, lighted by my living flame that flashed across the sea,
Make bravely for the port where Law and Liberty are wed!

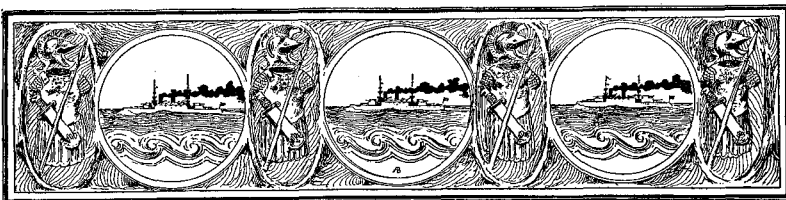
From my watch-tower, gazing Westward, I have seen the march of men
Over hill and glen and mountain, and through woodlands gray and dim.
I have seen them building cities; I have seen them cross the plains,
And only halt at last upon the far Pacific's rim!

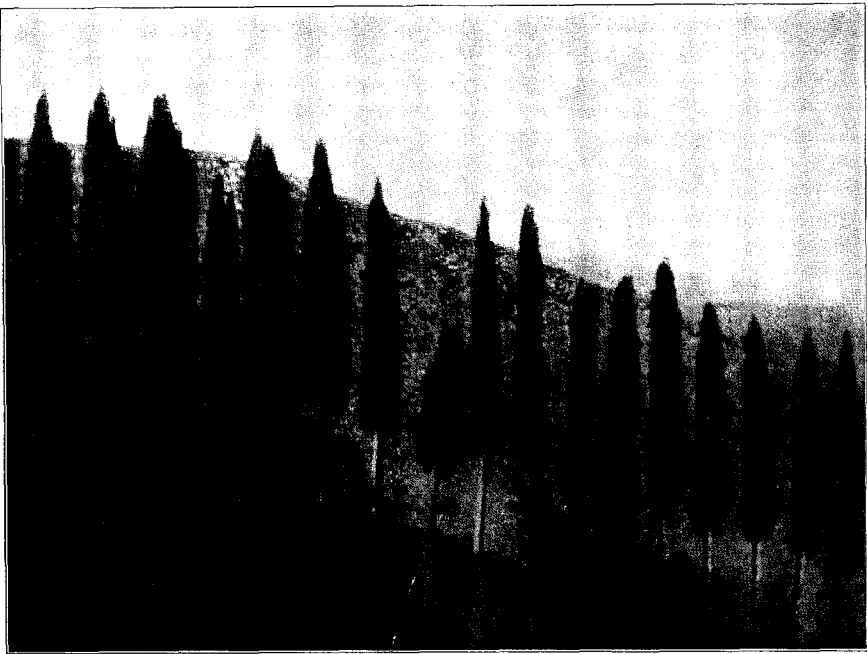
I have seen my fleets and armies at the rising of the sun
Spread my colors to the dawning and sail on in proud estate!
I have sent my troops and warships to the Islands of the Sea;
And have heard my cannon thunder at the Orient's ancient gate!

Are my battles waged for conquest and the glory of the sword?
Have my heroes fought and fallen to oppress and to enslave?
Know you not that Freedom follows where my stern battalions tread,
And that Liberty is crowned where my triumphant banners wave?

Liberty to live and labor; freedom, justice, and the law;
Neither tyranny nor license while my beacon fires still flame;
For my vengeance shall be swifter than the lightning's awful stroke,
Whether demagogue or tyrant plant oppression in my name!

Peace shall raise aloft her standard where my loyal troops have marched,
And shall brood upon the waters where my pennant is unfurled;
And the deep tones of my cannon shall be hushed forever more
When my banner sheds its glory through the confines of the World!





In thin defile along a climbing wall.

THE LOVER OF TREES IN ITALY

By Sophie Jewett

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane,

Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge.

—BROWNING, *De Gustibus*.

"I CANNOT understand," said a lover of Switzerland to me, "your content in Italy in the summer. I want depth of shade, and masses of green, and the coolness that comes from evergreen forests. Italy is beautiful, but it is so treeless." I listened, as one who has the taint of Italy in his blood listens to criticism of her, without resentment or jealousy, rather with toler-

ance and pity for the critic. Yet I suggested that the southern side of the Alps is Italy, not Switzerland; and I recalled the oaks and walnuts in the valleys and ravines of Umbria, the beeches of Vallombrosa and the hoary chestnuts of the Pistoiese Apennines, for, even to one who does not know its greatest woods, Italy affords abundant green shadow.

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