

Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!
But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand
My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord! They're grand--they're
grand!

Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made beasties stood,
Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin' all things good?
Not so! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex,
Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man--the Arrtifex!
That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste an' slip,
An' by that light--now, mark my word--we'll build the Perfect Ship.
I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve--not I.
But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. All thanks to Thee, Most High!
An' I ha' done what I ha' done--judge Thou if ill or well--
Always Thy Grace preventin' me....

Losh! Yon's the "Stand by" bell.

Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The mornin'-watch is set.
Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no Pelagian yet.
Now I'll tak' on....

'Morrn, Ferguson. Man, have ye ever thought
What your good leddy costs in coal?... I'll burn 'em down to port.

THE MIRACLES.

I sent a message to my dear--
A thousand leagues and more to her--
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,
And Lost Atlantis bore to her.

Behind my message hard I came,
And nigh had found a grave for me;
But that I launched of steel and flame
Did war against the wave for me.

Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,
To bid me change my mind again--
He broke his teeth along my rail,
And, roaring, swung behind again.

I stayed the sun at noon to tell
My way across the waste of it;
I read the storm before it fell
And made the better haste of it.

Afar, I hailed the land at night--
The towers I built had heard of me--
And, ere my rocket reached its height,
Had flashed my Love the word of me.

Earth gave her chosen men of strength
 (They lived and strove and died for me)
To drive my road a nation's length,
 And toss the miles aside for me.

I snatched their toil to serve my needs--
 Too slow their fleetest flew for me--
I tired twenty smoking steeds,
 And bade them bait a new for me.

I sent the lightnings forth to see
 Where hour by hour she waited me.
Among ten million one was she,
 And surely all men hated me!

Dawn ran to meet us at my goal--
 Ah, day no tongue shall tell again!--
And little folk of little soul
 Rose up to buy and sell again!

THE NATIVE-BORN.