

POETS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Under this heading are published as many as possible of the poems entered for the monthly poetical contest. See announcement in advertising columns for particulars.

The names of prize winners in the February contest are given on page 140.

No. 11.

SAFE.

Ah, who can speak in arrogant pride,
Of an erring brother's sin,
While round himself the treacherous tide
In deceitful ripples spins?
And who dare gaze with pitiful eyes
On a soul storm-tost, perplex?
The circling vortex widening flies
To embrace the scoffer next!
For who is safe? And who can defy
The deceitful whirls that wait
In the tossing sea of fate?
Count them as safe who, anchoring, lie
Undisturbed by life's rough breath
In the harbored calm of death.

Oakland, California.

MARY LAMBERT.

No. 12.

A RENCONTRE.

We are standing tonight by the portal
Of the grave of our buried past,
And out of the damp and the darkness
You would call the dead Lar'us, at last.

With hands none too gentle and kindly,
You have parted the unwilling sod,
To scan what we once would have hidden
Away from ourselves and our God.

There was shame, there was guilt in the hiding,
And the years no forgetfulness bring;
But the mind is e'er turning and seeking
Itself in still Lethe to fling.

And you! Holds your heart naught that is human,
'Tis that horror your eye now allures?
My share was the shame and the sorrow,
But the wrong of it surely was yours.

If to you there is nothing appalling
In this skeleton buried here;
If the deeds of your lifetime have left you
Too hardened to care or to fear,

Yet why need you play with my anguish?
Does that give your malice delight?
All the bright, happy hours of a lifetime
Could not hide that one shame from my sight.

Then leave to this vigil we're keeping
The silence that burial demands;
No action can lessen my sorrow,
Or free from their sin stain your hands.

Albany, Oregon.

JEAN McCLEOD.

No. 13.

DAUGHTERS OF THE GODS.

(California Poets.)

Come, dry your tears, ye daughters of the gods,
Ye first who tread this rich and flowery mead.
See here the poppy nod
And laughs upon the warm and perfumed plain.
It opens wide its gay and golden bloom,
And gladdens heaven and earth. It fears not rain,
Or wind, or desert noon.
And ye have chosen it, to mingle with your lays,
And so, go forth and lift your hearts in praise,
Strike new and merry notes. The *Eschscholtzia** crown
Will ill befit that face,
With shadows crossed, with drooping tears, bent down,
Make sorrow slumb; have strong and god-like grace,
And gladden heaven and earth, if ye would win renown.

Lorin, California.

LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

* The *Eschscholtzia Californica*, the golden poppy, chosen as the state flower of California.

No. 15.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity! Thou art our friend, not foe,
And sent to raise, not crush, the better part in man;
Thy chast'ning hand wouldst haughty pride lay low,
And teach man's heart to humbly scan
His neighbor's faults, and not to breathe and fan
The flame, which turns adversity to woe.

He who has felt thy chastening rod
Has sympathy with misfortune and distress,
And would relieve a brother of his load,
Or hide his faults in a recess
Of silence, deep in his heart, where none would guess
That he a secret hid. True friendship's this.

Adversity! A refining fire thou art;
Thy flame consumes the dross, and leaves behind
A metal pure, of honest ring, whose outward part
Reflects the truthness of the heart.
And trusty friendship shows, unselfish, kind,
A priceless gem, unknown to art.

Whatcom, Washington.

M. MUIR PICKEN.

No. 16.

ALONE BY THE SEA.

I sit alone tonight, and o'er my soul
Sweep rushing waves of longing and unrest.
Without, upon the sands, sad breakers roll;
Within, a tempest rages in my breast.

Alone! Ah, more alone than moon or stars!
A dull companion—solitude—my friend.
I call across the night; the massive bars,
That to the fields of thought protection lend,

Drop down. I leap beyond and call to you,
A sigh, a moan, a dull, despairing cry—
The surf, the blast, perhaps a lost sea-man—
Deception cheats the sense! I bravely try

To brush away the tears; the sinking heart
To buoy with patient hope. Ah me! that we
Should soul from soul be torn so far apart—
That I should be alone, and by the sea!

San Francisco, California.

EMELIE TRACY V. PARKHURST.