FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS: A POEM

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Footsteps on the Seas: A Poem by A. D. T. W.

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A. D. T. W.

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Footsteps on the Seas:

A POEM.

mrs Br A. D. T. W. helney

"AND THE GATHERING TOGETHER OF THE WATERS HE GALLED SEAR; AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD."

BOSTON:

CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY, 117, WASHINGTON STREET.

1857.

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BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON, No. 22, SCHOOL STREET. THE concluding portion of this Poem was written while tidings were being received of the successful progress of the Atlantic Telegraph fleet; and, although the great enterprise is suspended for a time, the Author believes it is not anticipating too strongly to allow the

lines to stand as they were written.

NOTE.



FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.

ATHWART the globe there lay two giants chained;
Pillowed in mighty icebergs; stretching wide
Their Titan limbs, river and mountain veined,
Down, through eternal summer, to the tide
Whose stormy surges lash the Antarctic Pole.
Around and underneath, the eternal roll
Of floods that earlier to being sprung,
And into order all their torrents wheeled
To the great measure that majestic pealed
When the high stars their morning anthem sung.

N Y F L

Separate they lay, and looked on separate skies;
Where the Sun built in turn his burnished throne,
And Night came watching with her golden eyes,
Or the fair Moon rode royally alone.
The solitary Continents! that stirred
Each with its own new promises of life,
Forth starting at the summons of a Word
Calm spoken over the chaotic strife;
Till, last of all, to crown the waiting earth,
And bear the eternal sceptre of control,
God breathed upon the imperial human birth,
And Man became at once a living Soul!

Yet into mysteries born, — the heir of wealth
Locked from possession, sealed with secrecy,
Till stalwart Toil, and Time with step of stealth,
Break the strong spell, and bring the masterkey, —

Untitled, unproclaimed, the monarch waits At the barred portal of his palace gates.

So the brave impulse of true royalty

Quickens within him to arise and strive;

Rich elements of life around him lie,

Wherein the soul that laboreth may live;

His lifted brow grows glorious with thought,

His right arm restless with instinctive skill;

Heaven's own high inspiration he hath caught,

And learns to work its delegated will.

Then, over the unmeasured, wild extents

Of the great, forest-bearded continents,

Bose human homes; the separate worlds grew
fair,

And all life's harmonies were gathering there.