

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

By William Herbert Carruth.

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod--
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high--
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod--
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in--
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,--
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates dringing the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight hard pathway plod,--
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

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