

WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN FLEET.

The outward shield of all your inward grace—
Your armament upon our sea to-day
Is here from havens half a world away,
(And in the shelter of this sea-bound place
We speak the same tongue, standing face
To face,
And make you welcome in your might's
array.)

Yes, we salute you; we, who speak the
tongue
Of him who trod Virginia long ago,
(When England's glory on the waves
did flow
Far out, like sunbeams of the morning
flung,
And life was narrow and the world was
young,
While thoughts of men in splendid
dreams did grow.)

Yet not more splendid than has been
revealed—
Yet not so great, that time could not
unfold
Hope dearer than the fruitless dream
of gold.
It, asking Freedom, Fate could never
yield
In hedge-bound confines of an English
field,
Flew with the sunset, where the waters
rolled.

And found a region marvellous and new,
Where Nature reigned defiant and
austere,
That might have crushed a weaker
race with fear,
Than those strong Pilgrims, great of
heart and thew,
And brave like Standish—like Priscilla
true,
Whose faith and works we cherish and
revere.

And Freedom found its heritage of
dreams,
Where lay no net of Custom for its
feet,
And felt the darkness from its path
retreat;
And saw the morning turn with golden
beams
Earth into heaven, that she sometimes
seems,
When fair Fulfilment makes our lives
complete.

Yet, evermore from England's seeming
ways
Our race had come with freedom for
its boast,
And built its cities up and down the
coast,
By rivers' mouths and lordly sheltering
bays;
And you, the heirs of all those strenuous
days,
Of all our guests, shall share our
bounty most.

And State by State grew north and south
and west—
The English Empire widening over
sea,—
Her first great strides in outward
destiny.
To all the world of Europe manifest,
And drew brave children from her crowd-
ed breast,
Who heard the clarion-call of Liberty.

Old England was a younger mother then,
With heart too narrow for the needs
of Youth,
And soul too sealed by Custom for the
Truth;
Else could she harken to her wisest,
when
They saw estrangement in a freer men,
Through her exactions and her modes
uncouth.

"The King is dead, but lo! the Heir is
born!"
So has it been and will be to the end.
God never meant, that hearts of men
should bend
To breaking point, through cruelty and
scorn,
But rise triumphant, on some fateful
morn,
And all their hopes, exultantly, tran-
scend.

And thus, to-day, we're honoured with
your fame,—
You're onward march of freedom, and
we feel,
In these, your deadly battleships of
steel,
With lightning and with thunder bound
and tame,
Peace, more than strife, they symbol
and acclaim,
These guardians of your mighty Com-
monweal.

What do they guard? What strength
and sweetness, they
Shield with their silence on the laugh-
ing tide?
A splendid fabric of a nation's pride!
In one with Right and Wrong, as all dis-
play,
But strong with threads, that none may
well gainsay,
Wrought with hearts' blood and des-
tined to abide.
For high achievements do we hold you
great,
And feel the honour thus to clasp your
hand
With truest kinship, you may under-
stand,
And give you welcome, and unbar the
gate,
And bid you enter, while we demonstrate
An English greeting in a southern land.

Auckland. H. YOUNG.

A SONG OF WELCOME.

Unsurpassed in beauty,
Are Hauraki's isles;
Whether wintry seas run high,
And the white gulls inland fly,
Or the sun-kissed beaches gleam
Fair as isles of lotus dream,
'Neath the drowsy azure sky,
And glad summer smiles.

See the great Armada,
To our coast she swings,
Where the mist-wreathed islands lie,
Where the scudding cloud-drifts fly,
Where the great white combers roar
Grim defiance to the shore;
Heeding not she draweth nigh,
And our welcome rings.

Welcome to thee, brothers:
By our flags unfurled
Let us honour thee to-day,
While within our gates ye stay.
Is it naught that ye should roam
To our rugged island home,
Wandering down the water-way
To the outer world?

Perils of the steam-tube,
Breakers on the lee:
Haply we will never know
All that ye did undergo.

Seaboards of a continent
Know the watches that ye spent,
Struggling with man's ancient foe,
Unconquerable Sea.

Britons were your fathers,
We are British bred.
Blood of our blood must ye be
In the coming history;
When the Hydra-headed beast,
Slowly rising in the East,
Turns its eyes upon the sea,
And its fangs are red.
Memories of sea-kings,
Singing as they died;
Viking visions, how they rise,
Quickening hearts and dimming eyes.
May the splendid heritage
Of that grim heroic age
Yielding naught to compromise,
Ever with you bide.

Rangitoto rocks not
What the war-god plans,
Calmly watching, passion spent,
With her great sides torn and rent,
Sphinx-like keeper of our gates.
Crouching low, she waits and waits—
Type of Nature's forces pent,
As ye are of Man's.

Gaily drop your anchors
Sea dogs on the chain.
Strong in peace, ye will be free
When our common destiny
Bids the Anglo-Saxon race
Guard her well-won pride of place,
Undisturbed supremacy
Of the world-wide main.

R. H. ASHCROFT,
Mt. Eden.


THE GUINEA POEM.

A CHEQUE for £1 1/ has been sent
to the writer of this verse, Mrs. A. E. G.
Winton.

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