

The Pinehurst Outlook.

VOL. I., NO. 28.

PINEHURST, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1898.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

MY DREAM.

An Allegory.

BY HENRY B. CARRINGTON, LL. D.

(Copyright Reserved.)

PRELUDE.

On open sea, beyond the sunset hour,
With oars in rest, beguiling time with hope,
That currents gracious would bear me safely on
While I reposed in idleness profound,—
Unmindful that the swiftly gathering clouds
Obscured the sky,—forgetful of the lamp
Once placed secure within my sheltering robe,
To light my way, and cheer my journey on
To mansions of enduring bliss,—
I drifted, passively, upon the waters.



I.
Far on before, outstretched the open sea,
While o'er its farthest bound there brightly
gleamed,
A canopy of light, thereby to mark the goal
Of all desire, the Mansions of the Blest:—
While I, too prone to seek from daily duty, rest,
Did drift upon the waters, silently.

II.
Some muttering thunders, in the distance far,
Gave note of trials unrevealed, in store,
Unless I nerved my soul to effort great,
Their threatening ills to face and conquer;
And deepening shadows warned me well,



That drifting only, upon a placid sea,
Was not to bear me onward by the way
Which reached the promised Mansions of the
Blest.

III.
My voice broke forth in loud and hot complaint
That ceaseless struggle marked the certain fate
Of all who ever made that journey safe—
And in the willful passion of my soul,
I cried for solid earth to stand upon,
Without the toils and perils of the sea:—
And as I keenly searched the thickening air,
I thought I caught some glimpse of kindly shore,
Which, close at hand, stretched out its length be-
yond,—

To lead, by easy, even course, direct,
Where shimmered still the burnished clouds of
gold

That over-capped, in distance far away,
Those glorious Mansions of enduring Bliss.

IV.
My lamp, neglected in my heedless course,
Had near gone out—its value counted naught,
As in my zeal, the longings of my soul

Had merged in one great sigh, the ready shore
To reach, and thus some easy way to find,
And lead me on to Mansions of the Blest.

V.
My skiff had stranded. * * * * *
The sea was frenzied in its leaps and bounds,
No smooth congenial strand its pathway gave—
Where I in fancy traced a highway clear;
But one vast range of adamantine cliff
The sea hurled back which smote against its face,
And made the trembling voice of earth declare—
"No son of earth shall safely venture there."

VI.
I took my long neglected lamp in hand,
And by its feeble glimmer saw, at once,
That out, beyond the war of wave and land,
The sea was peaceful, still, and undisturbed,—
And that prompt effort of my heart and hand,

If rendered while the daylight lingered by,
Had quickly sped my destined journey through
To promised Mansions of perpetual Bliss.

VII.
Far as the utmost reach of straining sight
The towering cliff, in majesty arose—
Beyond the skill of mortal art to climb,
Or wing of boldest bird to over reach,
While fitful eddies of tempestuous waves
Commingled flitting spray and pounding surf—
Tearing huge crests from mountain billows vast—
To hurl them fiercely, as in maddened rage,
Against the solid mass—that sent them, shivered,
Back to waves, and to the waiting sea, again.

VIII.
That passive cliff, so grand and so repulsive,
Stretched out its course as did the mighty sea,
Beyond the range of mortal sight to grasp,
And at its base an endless windrow formed
Of maddened, fragmentary waters:—
And these, as soon as formed, new shapes as-
sumed,
Coiling and writhing in impassioned strife
Like some constricting monster of the deep—
With venom charged, on ruin only bent,
Defying heaven and earth—to work its will,
And bar my path along an even strand,
To far-off Mansions of enduring Bliss.

IX.
I raised my lamp again, once more to look
Upon the waste beyond the surging mass,
And still, that outer realm was peaceful:—
And as I held the lamp aloft, I saw
That should I launch as some great wave with-
drew,
My rescue were at hand and pathway gained,
My voyage to renew, with hope assured
To reach, at last, the Mansions of the Blest.

X.
My lamp was quickly closed—poor fool—to think
That by the random glow of distant stars
Which cast their vagrant rays through rifted
clouds,
I might spring forth upon returning waves,
And find, by action bold, a quick deliverance:—
And yet, with rash conceit, each nerve on strain,
I launched my skiff, and pled obedient oars,
Intent alone to leave the once sought shore.

XI.
My ill timed venture met a mighty sea,
And just as mounting spray and compact clouds
Enveloped all around in gloom profound—
Grasped in the strong embrace of rushing
waves—
Lifted upon their crest,—their sport—their toy,
I fell upon the shore in mute despair,—
Hopeless of relief, my courage vanquished,
Yet still too proud the grievous fault to own,
Which through my guilty confidence had changed
My means of safety sure,—to failure dire.

XII.
Weary and faint, I lay as in a trance,
With memories flitting through my aching brain,
Of days gone by—of childhood's happy hours—
Of counsels sweet, and chidings not a few,
Of willful acts of wrong, or indolence
In duty well-enjoined, and warnings too,
That life must ever have within itself



Some better force than fickle nature gives,
And that the lamp, entrusted to my care,
Was meant for service in the hour of need,
And answered service as I kept it bright,
And stronger grew, to help, as need increased.

XIII.
In half despair, 'mid darkness deepening fast,
Now fearful lest no spark of fire remained,
I drew it forth, in wonder to behold
Its flashing beams, flashing as ne'er before,
The cliff shone forth in cold and stern relief,
Impassable, as 'twere a gulf,—in height
A thousand fathoms ere lost in clouds:—
And still, more furious than before, the surf
Tossed up its feathered spray and lashed the
shore
In wild remonstrance "that a single step were
death"—
And "madness only could possess the brain
Of him who sought to make the ragged shore
A pathway to the Mansions of the Blest."

XIV.
I brushed the gathered moisture from my lamp,
With grateful sense, not realized before,
That to its kindly offices and light
My life was due,—and still more clearly due
An avenue to safety sure, complete:
But that my rash, imperious will alone
Her light refused, her kindly guidance spurned.

XV.
With springing bound to the foremost line
Of gleaming sand receding wave disclosed,
I swung my lamp aloft and sent its glow
Abroad, in time to catch an instant view
Of placid sea in which the waves were spent:—
And quick as thus I saw revealed the cause
Of failure of my first attempt to launch
My skiff and gain a sure deliverance,
I caught the craft and stood, with patient hold,
To wait and watch the hour for fresh endeavor.

XVI.
I lost all thought of cliff and sea-lashed shore,

Intent alone to watch with patient care
The ebb of some sufficient messenger
To float my waiting craft and bear me off,
My voyage to renew, with better hope:
Firm in the purpose I had calmly formed,
To know no other source of strength and light
But speed where 'ere my lamp the brightest
gleamed,
I watched the beams which shot across the
waves,
Submissive to obey.

My guiding oar
Was trained to press against the solid cliff,
And thus the quicker, to surrender all
To care of first sufficient sea that came.

XVII.
One mighty swell advanced in solid mass,
Smooth as glassy surface, brightly gleaming,
Its front unbroken by the wonted crests
Of boiling foam and lashing breakers.
Self-balanced, waiting for the strange encounter,
I felt the lifting wave, forcing at first
My fragile bark against the solid cliff;
But quicker than the thought, I used my oar
And met the inviting wave, with glad surrender.

XVIII.
Again upon the open sea, not drifting now,
Nor plying oar, but sitting at the helm
With sail outstretched, to catch each fav'ring
breeze

I bear my course direct to lifting shore
Whose heights are over-arched with glory bright.
Those early driftings, my bark had backward
borne,
While I, supine, the fond conceit indulged
That, be the current as it might, the end
Could have no other issue than the best,
To rest at last, in Mansions of the Blest.

XIX.
My lamp, so faithful in the hour of need
Is bright as air, but needs no trimming more;
For now, as near celestial fires do glow
To feed it with their own celestial flame,
That all is brightness, all is fraught with cheer:
The end of pain and toil is drawing near;
The sky is cloudless; the moon and gleaming
stars
Are paled in presence of supernal light;
The air is fraught with odors, measureless
In their refreshment, so benign and pure;
Melodies are borne by every pulse of sound,
Until each sense is ravished by the spell
Of some divine, supreme enchantment.

XX.
The waiting shore reveals the blessed throng
Of those who earlier reached the promised goal
By earlier sense of duty to be done;
Yet none repulse, or doubt my claim to land,
Until a bright-robed messenger demands
As a passport through the opening gate,
"Thy Lamp."

And then, as never once before
I knew the gracious gift to me vouchsafed,
When starting on my voyage long, this lamp,
Entrusted to my care, was pledged to be
My Light, my guide, and my deliverer,
Until, the journey done, its gleam should blend
With universal brightness of the Throne
Which rules supreme o'er Mansions of the Blest.

(Concluded on Page Two.)