

EASTER SEAS.

A watery blue sky darkened by grey clouds, was faithfully mirrored in the grey seas below. It was Maundy Thursday. A strong, westerly wind was ruffling the surface of the waters and slowly, great waves were beginning to mount. The air was fresh and salt, and in spite of coming gales, it was good to be walking by the seashore—so very good.

Strong, brisk breezes blew away the cobwebs from the mind, and in their place beautiful images and great thoughts delighted the brain. Rhythmically, the moaning of the roughened seas became sighing and soothing and one almost caught the voice of the rising waters: "Do not despair, take heart, for though the road is rough, the reward is great! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor can any tongue tell of the wonders . . ." Whence came these words, and why?

Slowly and gustily, the wind rose, black clouds eclipsed the blue of the sky, and the rain came. The waves grew menacing and dashed upon the cliffs. The horizon was lost in mist and the gentle contours of the distant hills faded from view. Darkness fell and squalls broke and thus Good Friday came in tempestuous dawn. It was cold by the water's edge, but by noon the waves had subsided greatly. The sea was grey and dull, reflecting the spirit of that Tragic Day. Yet even so, the sea brought peace, and a sense of finality held the spirit. Life in the great cities seemed far away, unreal and meaningless. Only here, by the wide ocean did events appear reasonable and significant. Far beyond the boundaries of sea and sky, beyond the furthest stretch of man's imagination lay the Vision Splendid, which, without doubt, we shall come upon one day, to live eternally in it or to gaze upon it forever as a lost hope.

A chill reminded us of the tardiness of spring and regretfully we turned for home. Along the damp sands,

to the low murmuring of the seas, and the softly falling darkness we left the shore for another day. Holy Saturday brought back the gales. Huge Atlantic breakers heaved themselves against cliffs and rocks. Spray was dashed high and fell back in salty showers and the noise of the angry sea was thunderous. Rain fell steadily and the beach was utterly deserted by man. It was still blowing hard when night came on.

Easter Sunday dawned clear and bright. It was windy and the air was crisp and cold, but the tang betrayed the nearness of the sea. The sky was pale blue and the birds twittered gaily. It was indeed a day of promise and our feet fled to the beach. Yes, the waves were gentler and quieter and once more the bewitching voice of the waters called: "He is risen, He is not here, Alleluia, Alleluia." And the voice was caught away into the depth of the seas. By noon, the brightness and the promise seemed to fade slightly, though the wind was less boisterous and the air less cold. Soft showers of rain fell, but the gladness of the Day of Days persisted and by eventide the sea was calm and the skies again cleared.

Easter Monday was beautiful as we walked through the green and fragrant chimes. Birds sang, the sun shone, sticky buds glistened and almond blossom everywhere was gay in pastel pink. Crimson-tipped rhododendron buds were bursting with energy, and down by the shore the waves literally lapped and rippled on the sands. Happy crowds walked along the sunny promenade and gaiety prevailed.

Oh—magic sea, dear wide and boundless ocean, the time has come to part. Once again, duty calls and we must away to the crowded cities. Not for a while shall we hear your murmuring, plaintive voice, nor watch your waves break upon the shore, but we shall remember you. When work grows stale, when energy fails, and when all seems worthless and dull, then we shall return for peace and recollection once more.

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