

CARBON GLACIER.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

I hail thee, river of ice and snow,
 Thou source of our valleys' fertile soil.
 I climb thy seamy sides to know
 A tithe of thy patient, ceaseless toil.

Grind, grind, grind,
 Huge stones to dust, O stream!
 Grind, grind, grind,
 Till thy sides as mirrors gleam!

Thy open lips of ice doth pour
 A gushing stream in noisy flood,
 A stream released in joyful roar,
 Behold! the glacier's milk-white blood.

Grind, grind, grind,
 To crumbling dust these stones!
 Grind, grind, grind,
 The mountain's shattered bones!

Was this great rock by Titan tossed
 Thy cold, brown breast to crush and bruise;
 Or didst thy maiden, wintry frost
 Launch playful boat for seaward cruise?

Grind, grind, grind,
 The rocks however hurled!
 Grind, grind, grind,
 Thou millstone of a world!

How weak the pen, how vain the brush
To catch the hues of this deep gash!
How here revealed thy power to crush,
How awful is thy breathing's crash!

Grind, grind, grind,
In cruel jaws of ice!
Grind, grind, grind,
A Devil's Paradise!

New life from death, eternal whirl,
How brief each puny span of life!
How long the atoms, grinding, swirl
Ere seized anew for a season's strife!

Grind, grind, grind,
To powder every stone!
Grind, grind, grind,
New life will death atone!

I mount thy shoulders' utmost height,
Where threat'ning ice-cliffs poise and nod,
Where avalanches roar in flight
Like falling demons cursed of God.

Grind, grind, grind,
And grind exceeding fine!
Grind, grind, grind,
My Master's will and thine!

August 5, 1909.