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Two of Miller's best known poems are printed below.

COLUMBUS *

Behind him lay the gray Azores, Behind the Gates of Hercules; Before him not the ghost of shores, Before him only shoreless seas. The good mate said: "Now must we pray, For lo! the very stars are gone. Brave Admiral, speak! What shall I say?" "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!"" "My men grow mutinous day by day; My men grow ghastly, wan and weak." The stout mate thought of home; a spray

Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek. "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say, If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say at break of day: 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow, Until at last the blanched mate said: "Why, now not even God would know

Should I and all my men fall dead. These very winds forget their way,

For God from these dread seas is gone. Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say-"

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate: "This mad sea shows his teeth, tonight.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait, He lifts his teeth as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word: What shall we do when hope is gone?" The words leapt like a leaping sword:

"Sail on ! sail on ! sail on ! and on !"

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck, And peered through darkness. Ah, that night Of all dark nights! And then a speck— A light! A light! A light! A light! It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!

It grew to be Time's burst of dawn. He gained a world; he gave the world Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

> IN MEN WHOM MEN CONDEMN * In men whom men condemn as ill I find so much of goodness still, In men whom men pronounce divine I find so much of sin and blot, I do not dare to draw the line Between the two, where God has not.



OILA OFFICE

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