

## THE OLD HARBOR

*By* FRANCES R. ANGUS

The tidal river still flows far inland  
Edging with silver stream the green-tongued point  
Where elms are spaced with dignity, and pines,  
That press together up the gentle hills,  
Sing of the sea. Behind tall trees colonial  
Houses gleam; verandas, porticoes  
And gardens breathing space and leisure. The church  
Still crowns the village height, the spire by Wren  
Still changes with the skies, white-grey, mauve-slate.

And once this picture glowed with life, and people  
Lived within these spacious houses, content  
With simple joys, and duties they thought sacred.  
The church bells rang for all the country-side,  
The river teemed with eager craft. But now  
The wharves are mossed with green or fallen, the bells  
Ring sadly in a vacant world; the idle  
Houses mourn their usefulness, the owners  
Following new ways by sea and air,  
Now seek diversion, thrill, significance  
Throughout a world of speed, confusion, doubt.