
Ye Are All Drops of the Same Ocean

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ing symbol, which can reach the brain through the eyes, in the visual, concrete, imaginative way, has seemed to make the ballet concentrate in itself a good deal of the modern ideal in matters of artistic expression. Nothing is stated, there is no intrusion of words used for the irrelevant purpose of describing; a world rises before

one, the picture lasts only long enough to have been there: and the dancer, with her gesture, all pure symbol, evokes from her mere beautiful motion, idea, sensation, all that one need know of events. There, before you, she exists, in harmonious life; and her rhythm reveals to you the soul of her imagined being.—*English Review*.

"YE ARE ALL DROPS OF THE SAME OCEAN"

BY AELFRIDA TILLYARD

God is the ocean. When the winds of Time
Beat on the surface of that ageless sea,
Nations arose. Crested and girt with foam,
Proud with the might of the resistless wave,
In restless clash they strove. And he who rose,
White-crowned, to dance an instant in the sun,
Higher than all the rest, broke, crashed, swung down
Forgotten in the dark translucent deep.

Night o'er the sea. The winds have furled their wings;
The turbid foam half-dreaming shrinks to rest,
Wave curled on wave, and crest on shattered crest,
Until the last faint irised bubble dies.

Calm as creation's dawn, the sea unruffled lies.