



HON. HAROLD M. SEWALL OF BATH.

BY THE wharves where the waves are lapping; and the full tides intertwine
In the lee of the keelson's shelter; by the smell of the fragrant pine,
Where the ships were coming and going and the tall masts touched the sky,
We saw new worlds a-building—boys together—he and I.

He heard the world a-calling—"there's something to be done"—
The proof of his high-born purpose are the honors he has won—
For his was the call to service in the lands beyond the sea
Where he did his country's mission, in its full integrity.

There's a story that's told in the archives of those tense Samoan days,
When Sewall faced the issues of a thousand variant ways,
When his was the firm decision that must neither limp nor lag,
If the Faith of a Nation's promise, was to stand by a Nation's flag.

He has served the State as fully as he served us overseas;
He has done what he thought was righteous—not what he thought would please;
He has stood, to his conscience captive—no touch of shame or blame
To hold him to servile duty or to tarnish an honored name.

They were masters of men—the Sewalls—in those days of long ago;
And their ships were the pride of the people; and their fleets went to and fro
To the marts of the world beyond us, to those mystic ports unseen;
As they built and manned for Commerce, to the pride of our merchant-marine—

Was the call the wide-world gave him and the honors that he earned,
Was the stand for the nation's honor, in the service he returned,
But the echo of boyhood's purpose as he sensed with bated lips
The world's demand for Service, in the sailing of the ships?