

ETHNIC

ELLIS ISLAND

By C. A. PRICE

The Shapes press on,—mask after mask they wear,

Agape, we watch the never-ending line;
The crown of thought, the cap and bells are there,
And next the monk's hood see the morion shine.

Age on his staff and infancy's slow foot,
These we discern, if all else be disguise;
They fix on us an alien gaze and mute,
From the mysterious orbit of the eyes.

They come, they come, one treads the other's heel,
And some we laugh and some we weep to see,
And some we fear; but in the throng we feel
The mighty throb of our own destiny.

Outstretched their hands to take whatever we give,
Honor, dishonor, daily bread or tang;
Not theirs to choose how we may bid them live—
But what we give we shall receive again.

America! charge not thy fate to these;
The power is ours to mold them or to mar,
But Freedom's voice, far down the centuries,
Shall sound our choice from blazing star to
star!