

Life is Eternal

I am standing on the seashore. The ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand watching her till at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just at the horizon where sea and sky meet. Then a moment longer, and someone at my side says, "She's gone."

Gone? Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is still as beautiful and large in mast and hull and spar as when she left my side. She is still as strong and able to bear her load of living weight to her destined port. The loss of sight, her diminished size, is in me, not in her.

side says, "She is gone," there are others watching her

And just at that moment when someone at my approach. Other voices on the far shore take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

Henry Scott Holland (adapted)