

THE TRUANT

Where was my heart when they planned for me
All that seemed wonderful best and grand?
It was adrift with you o' my dreams.
Trysting in Sunset Land.

Where were my eyes when the tale was told
All of another whose love might be won?
They were answering your eyes in a wonderful way
As we followed the path of the Sun.

Where was my love when they talked of love,
They who knew just how love passes away?
It was cherishing you, dear Gift of God,
In the light of Eternal Day.

ELEANOR HAZZARD PEOCOCK

You looked upon the gift God gave to you
With reverent eyes and soul all bathed in prayer,
And gave to Him the wistful perfecting
Of that which His own touch had made so rare.

And in the giving, lo, you gave yourself,
To be the soul of music and of words,
To laugh with brooks, to breathe the breath of flowers,
To echo forth the lilting song of birds.

To picture desolation, terror, death—
To Love with all a lover's yearning care—
To bow with Publican in penitence—
To mock the Pharisee in righteous prayer.

But, ah, supremest gift of God alone—
To take the Master's hand and walk with Him,
Into the woods with all its minist'rings,
And think His thoughts there in the sacred dim.

"The eternal fitness" of your woman's soul
To meet the soul of poet and of song;
Must give the world God's true interpreting
To touch a need that it has known long.

WE LAUGHED TOGETHER

We laughed together long ago,
At something no one else thought funny;
And lo, I saw such beauty glow
Upon your face so sunny!

We've laughed together all thro' life,
When no one else would dream of smiling;
My happy-hearted, winsome wife,
All dreary hours beguiling!