

THE SOUL'S QUEST

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She bears it through the length of years ;  
The rough wood drives away her fears,  
The blood-stains check all earthly tears.

Through daily round of deed and psalm,  
She moves in silent strength and calm,  
The cross her solace and her balm.

She bears it round from door to door,  
And lonely hearts that ached before,  
Find joy and peace for evermore.

So in the present, people say,  
Of holy deed and prayer alway,  
She finds to-morrow and yesterday.

Coggeshall, Essex,  
November 12, 1886.