

PASSING BY

(An Irish Legend of all Soul's Eve.)

THE raindrops patter against the pane,
The wind moans by the door;
Herself, she sees that the fire is bright,
And then sweeps up the floor;
Himself, he tells the Beads, the while
The others answer low,
"God pity the souls that are out to-night,
And rest the dead we know."

So wise are we in our own conceit,
So versed in learned lore,
We smile to think that the holy souls
Should wait there by the door,
In that old-time land where the things of Faith
Are part of the woof of day,
Where, though there's always bread to win,
Yet so there's time to pray.

For us, who measure the things of Faith
By scientific brief,
A superstition, a fairy-tale,
We hold such vain belief.
We sift, we measure, we weigh, we test,
We hold the balance straight,
We war on the idols of yesterday,
Our creed is up-to-date.