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THE BALLAD OF THE SAINT

BY THEODOSSIA GARRISON

The Little Cherubs whispered,
"What strange, new soul is this
Who cometh with a robe besmirched
Unto the Place of bliss?"
Then spake the Eldest Angel,
"The robe he wears is fair—
The groping fingers of the poor
Have held and blessed him there."

The Little Cherubs whispered,
"Who comes to be our guest
With dust about his garment's hem
And stains upon his breast?"
Then spake the Eldest Angel,
"Most lovely is the stain—
The tears of those he comforted
Who may not weep again."

The Little Cherubs whispered,
"What strange, new soul is he
Who cometh with a burden here
And bears it tenderly?"
Then spake the Eldest Angel,
"He bears his life's award—
The burden of men's broken hearts
To place before the Lord.

"The dust upon his garment's hem,
My lips shall how to it;
The stains upon the breast of him
Are gems quite exquisite,
Oh, little foolish Cherubs,
What truth is this ye miss?—
*There comes no saint to Paradise
Who does not come like this.*—Quoted.