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CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

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Love surely in some form  
Bade them brave night and storm, —  
Was the dark binnacle that held them true,  
Those tiny mariners  
No unknown voyage deters,  
When the old migrant longing stirs anew.

And who has understood  
Our brothers of the wood,  
Save he who put off guile and every guise  
Of violence, — made truce  
With panther, bear, and moose,  
As beings like ourselves whom love makes wise?

For they, too, do love's will,  
Our lesser clansmen still;  
The House of Many Mansions holds us all;  
Courageous, glad, and hale,  
They go forth on the trail,  
Hearing the message, hearkening to the call.