

THE PRODIGAL

Wise in the lovely way she went,
She left my hand that loved hers so,
Nor dreamed as song and laughter blent,
My heart and steps were very slow.

And oft her song stole back to me,
And oft her laughter hurt my heart;
Though she forgot so happily,
Our ways lay never far apart.

Then oh, I knew a cry of pain,
How glad I was to be so near.
And all her care was mine again,
And oh, how dear she was, how dear!

THE MYSTERY

When she turned from her way to come with me,
It seemed a tenderness too great to know;
Too strange a mystery that unquestioningly
Her woman's soul had come to trust me so.

When she unfaltering loved me day by day,
Answered my moods with watchful care and true,
Taught me so timidly all wiser ways,
Blindly I thought that all her love I knew.

But when she suffered silently with me,
When we together walked with grief and pain,
All of life's tenderness, love and mystery
Too great to understand, swept over me again.

IN THE WINTER NIGHT

The little house, so low and grey,
Stands silent in the clinging snow;
About its roof the willows sway,
In lonely wonder, to and fro.

The rose-vines, shorn of leaf and flower,
Creep up the windows, small and old,
And quite in keeping with the hour,
The pine trees' sorrows are unrolled.

The little house you chose with me,
All silent in the winter's night!
It calls and will not let me be,
While friendly mists bedim my sight.

God keep you, little house of grey.
She called you, "dear, and quaint and old."
Perchance she'll miss you some glad day,
Ah, then, your sleeping heart unfold!