

A star serene — God keep it! — more than you :
Your chastened love, purer than summer's kindest sun ;
I kneel there, life passed, death most, greatest courage greatly
done,
And lift to Faith your promise and your words.

Eulaline! you mock me yet?
Sweetness shall break from the heart of the comb ;
And you must journey, weary, tearful, home ;
The full grapes of the promised South
I grasp to cool my soul's lips ; give your mouth !
And feed your sins, your needs, your pale, dear face,
With pity, pardon, love, and God's eternal ambient grace
To flow around us, so we may forget.

JULY FIFTEENTH, 1899.