

HOPE AND FEAR

To Dr. John Stewart.

Fear spake to Hope. "My Neighbor and my Foe,
In every breast it is our lot to dwell,
Waging, thro' doubtful years, a conflict fell;
Nor truce, nor treaty can we ever know.
But now I glory in thine overthrow.
My brother Hate and I have cast our spell
O'er all the Earth, and turn'd it into Hell.
Therefore be thou Despair! Thy very name fore-
go!"

"My hour comes quickly," steadfast Hope
replied.
"Soon all the bells on Earth for joy shall ring.
To greet the birth of Him, who came to bring
Me to the Earth, with Triumph at His side.
Poor was the roof above His manger bed.
But Wise Men follow'd where His birth-star
led."

Christmas, 1916.