

THE LOVE OF THE AGES TO COME

By Eric Duncan



Midnight and silence. From the dark blue sky
The glorious stars that on these fields look
dawn

Have seen the flight of ages winging by
And mighty changes that have with them flown;
And when the crumbling pyramids are blown
In clouds of dust along the desert plain
The dwellers then in each terrestrial zone
May still—with wider view than we obtain—
Behold that radiant host, an undiminished train.

O ye unnumbered worlds, with which I tread
The march predestined, stretching out of sight,
A last eclipse may a'er your faces spread;
To me—to conscious me—there comes no night;
What matters it to him whose pathway bright
Lies upward on to the immortal dead
That scant and straggling locks are turning
white

Or one more year of earthly life has fled?
He trusts his Captain's ward, his everliving Head.

Fleet years, if ye but teach me still to take
My cross with humble courage and content,
To act or reason wisely for his sake
Who is my life, then speed your vanishment!
And what of wife beloved from heartstrings
rent?

Of only son cut off by war's fell blow?
Nay, murmur not; these blest ones merely went
To his great home to whom thou didst them owe,
And pain and woes of age that home can never
know.

The joys combined in mother's comforting,
In father's strength, renewed forevermore,
In woman's truth, in child's gay welcoming,
All, all await thee on that august shore;
The love that passeth knowledge to explore
Shall be thy tireless occupation then,
That love—which all things shall at last
restore—

Be hymned by voices now beyond our ken
And circling spheres of space, world without end.
Amen.