

### THE TEST

Our Lady of the Snows with tear-stained eyes,  
Lifts up her brave young head in tender pride,  
To give again her sons from out her heart  
To take the honored place of those who died.

Hers is a sorrow strange and cruel and deep,  
The wisdom of the world has found her soul,  
And proved her strong and resolute and pure,  
To pay with rich young blood war's awful toll.

She who can face unflinchingly a nation's test,  
Can meet with old true valor, chivalry's claim,  
Will find her proud reward on history's page,  
Will hold the keeping of an honored name!

### THE MOTHER

How did she watch the troops go by?  
Breaking heart and tear-dimmed eye;  
Proud, with a beautiful saddened pride,  
Stepped for a little by his side.

Then with a gloom she could not know  
Would be given her, long ago—  
Wept in his empty room alone,  
Calling and longing for her own.

How did she write him day by day?  
Courage and cheer along the way,  
Reading her letters through and through,  
To see that the glad-note rang full true.

How did she wait for his return?  
With a firm belief that she could not spurn;  
With prayer she had breathed in his baby days,  
That he might be kept in all his ways!

### THE DIFFERENCE

All the old madness and gladness of springtime,  
Petals of blossoms adrift on the breeze—  
Blue gleam of bluebird and wonder of violets,  
All the shy trembling of leaves in the trees.

All the old restfulness far in the blue haze,  
Blurring the hills and the woods and the sky—  
But the new fear and the prayers of the waiting ones,  
Brave hearts unanswered still questioning why.

All the old glamor and dreams of the springtime,  
And you who shared them—somewhere at war!  
Then to remember is sadness and mockery—  
Springtime without you—ah, what is it for?