

CROFTON UNIACKE MACLEOD

(Only son of R. R. MacLeod.)

FIVE years thou hast been dead,—but not to me,
Oh, not to me, thou soul of living worth !
The silence cannot keep thy quiet mirth,
Nor darkness hide the form I love to see.
Silence and darkness are as naught to thee,
And time and space are only of the earth
Where thy frail body died, when thou hadst birth
Of perfect freedom in eternity.

Often, thou com'st to me in dreams of peace,
Often, in thoughts of old-time happiness
In comradeship with thee;—and all so real,
I have no thought or dream that they will cease. . . .
But thou dost come and go, with airy press
Of thy freed spirit, in eternal weal.

1919