

A plate that was thumbed at old Tournai
In a forgotten pottery;
A film of cobweb lace that may
Have woven its Odyssey
From a little nun in the cloistered sun
Down a still canal to me;

A cup of crystal; a cross of gold;
A Christus of ivory,
The Face, in the reverent centuries' mould,
Redeemed of its agony;
Archangels four in azure and or
On a jewelled blazonry;

A gilded cusp on the house of a king
Throned in a sun-lit square;
An oaken balustrade a-wing
Up a stately oaken stair;
A buttress caught in a dream and wrought
In wedded stone and air!

These are the things for which we seek
And give thanks on a velvet stool,
While the eyes of a Virgin Mother meek
Trouble the golden pool
Where the candles blaze through the incense haze,
To the glory of Sainte Gudule.

Headquarters-in-the-Field
C.E.F., 1918.

