

292.—MISFORTUNE

Like mastless hulks that drift at sea, and toss
Now forward and back, with the vagrant wave;
Misfortune stripped of ease and joy's the slave
Of every creature, and of every cross.

She suffers here inexorable loss,
And seems a mausoleum but to crave;—
Six feet of earth,—a friend to dig her grave;
And last a coverlet of shaggy moss.

Mayhap 'twas Fortune all the while that, dressed
In rags deceived us loving so the earth.
For only those with joy are truly blest—
With innocence, with happiness and mirth;
Who still are Jesus' and His mother's guest;—
Their image too in life and death and birth.