

Ambition and the will to serve—to be
Good citizens when at last came liberty.

I paused—for it was time for me to go.
The flames had vanished and the fire burned low.

The poet knelt before the embers red—
“You’ve made my hearth a sacred thing,” he
said.

“God grant that I may also find the spark
Divine to glorify the dark.”

And then beneath the stars I took my way
With a new courage for the men in gray.

ANNE P. L. FIELD.

November, 1915.



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