



Poem.

“ Oh, powers of love, if still you lean
Above a world so black with hate,
Where still, as it has ever been,
The loving heart is desolate,—
Look down upon the lad I love,—
The brave lad tramping through the mire.
I cannot light his welcoming fire,
Light thou the stars for him above.
Now nights are dark and mornings dim
Let him in his long watching know
That I, too, count the minutes slow
And' light the lamp of love for him.

“ The sight of death, the sleep forlorn,
The old homesickness vast and dumb—
Amid these things, so bravely borne,
Let my long thoughts about him come.
However far he travels on,
Thought follows like the willow-wren
That flies the stormy seas again
To lands where her delight is gone.
Whatever he may be or do
While absent far beyond my call,
Bring him, the long day's march being through,
Safe home to me some evenfall.”

NOTE.—The Editors are grateful to the authoress for her kind permission to publish the above poem in “IN AND OUT.”