

## The Ills of Yesterday



**Y**ES, let them pass, the ills of yesterday,—  
The deed unlovely and the speech unjust,  
The whispered hint, betrayal of our trust,  
That struck Faith's chalice from our lips away,  
And trailed her graceful garments in the dust ;  
Our own default,—the good we might have done,  
The battles lost that patience might have won,  
The "word in season" that we did not say !  
But let them pass, the things that grieved us sore ;  
Behind His back God casts the sins of men  
Repented of, remembering them no more,  
And shall not we who have been born again,  
And by His wondrous grace to Him brought nigh,  
Hold fast the good, and let the evil die ?

## The Missing Faces



**T**HE missing face that faded with us of old,  
Whose smile was as familiar as the light  
And as the light esteemed, e'en as our right,  
Grows not obscurer as the months are told,  
But clearer outlined and of finer mould ;  
Yea, much we marvel that its comeliness  
Won not more favor ere it passed from us  
To wider vantage, or the streets of gold.



The missing faces that have one by one  
Slipped from their dome to star some alien sky  
Still light the homeways ; for her galaxy  
The mother keeps intact her heart within ;  
And love endows with all the olden grace,  
Unmarred by stress of years, each missing face.