

The exile's bundle, and upon your feet
Strap the worn sandals of a tireless faith.

You are too great for pity. After you
We send not sobs, but songs; and all our days
We shall walk bravelier knowing where you are.

TO CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

IN THE FORTRESS OF PETER AND PAUL

BY SOPHIE JEWETT

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The liberal summer wind and sky and sea,
For thy sake, narrow like a prison cell
About the wistful hearts that love thee well
And have no power to comfort nor set free.
They dare not ask what these hours mean to thee:
Delays and silences intolerable?
The joy that seemed so near, that soared, and fell,
Become a patient, tragic memory?
From prison, exile, age, thy gray eyes won
Their gladness, Mother, as of youth and sun,
And love; and though thy hero heart, at length
Tortured past thought, break for thy children's tears,
Thy mortal weariness shall be their strength,
Thy martyred hope their vision through far years.