

Our Saints.

'Tis not alone from legend and old story,
'Tis not alone from canvas dark with time
That holy saints crowned with celestial glory,
Smile down upon us from their height sublime.

Not only from church windows colored brightly,
Do their blessed shadows fall across our way,
Ah, not alone in niches gleaming whitely,
With folded hands do they stand night and day.

Who is there in this wide world who has not hidden
Deep in his heart a picture clear or faint,
Veiled, sacred, to the outer world forbidden,
O'er which he bends and murmurs low, "My saint?"

A face perhaps all written o'er with sorrow,
Whose faded eyes are dim with unshed tears.
And yet they hopefully look toward the morrow
And far beyond it into brighter spheres.

A face whence all the suashine of the morning
And brightness of the noon have passed away,
And yet, where clearly, surely, there is dawning
The wondrous radiance of that perfect day—

That perfect day when crowned with Heaven's brightness,
Without a pain or care or mortal need,
With conqueror's palm and robes of snowy whiteness,
Our blessed shall stand as very saints indeed.

Yes, God be thanked, though the pure saints of stoty,
And holy martyrs that the artist paints,
Are veiled with radiance and crowned with glory,
There still are halos for these unknown saints.

