

AND HERS

Last night he came in, laughing at the snow,
 Laden with pretty bundles, casting all
 Into my arms, then with his head bent low,
 Whispered: "'Tis Christmas, dear, do you recall."
 With one swift kiss, I, laughing in his eyes,
 Tenderly told the story, ancient quite
 In others' ears—but to his, wondrous wise—
 Then woke, and wept, and wondered, in the night!

THE DREAM

The world shall know our little name
 To speak of comfort, hope and cheer;
 Then leave us to our fireside
 To live and love, my dear.

We'll hail and pass all gypsy folk,
 That roam the hills with grey mists hung,
 And hoard the gold of sunset skies
 In lavish glory flung.

There'll be no clamor at our door
 When night comes on and you are there,
 Beside my fire for me to watch
 Its light upon your hair.

It's such a little dream to keep
 Of when there shall be no more war—
 But just dear happiness renewed
 We've dreamed in days before.

A WOMAN

She stands superb in her glad rights—
 A woman, with a woman's soul,
 She holds no tenderness too rare—
 No sacrifice too whole.

No loving she would name too great;
 No giving, her rare heart witholds;
 No doing but she undertakes,
 No keeping but she folds.

No strength, but she would fain be strong;
 No comforting but swift she gives;
 No purity so heaven-kept,
 No sin, but she forgives.

No prayer, but God doth know her heart,
 And loves to hearken to her call;
 She stands superb in her glad rights—
 A woman, that is all!