

THE MESSAGE

"Oh, hush!" you said; "oh, hush!" The twilight hung
Between us and the world; but in your face,
Flooding with warm inner light, the sovereign grace
Of one who rests the brooding trees among—
Of one who steps down from a lofty throne,
Seeking that peace the sceptre cannot call;
And leaving courtier, page, and seneschal,
Goes down the lane of sycamores alone;
And, going, listens to the notes that swell
From golden throats—stories of ardent days,
And lovers in fair vales; and homing bell:
And the sweet theme unbearable, she prays
The song-bird cease! So, on the tale I dare,
Your "hush!" your wistful "hush!" broke like a
prayer.