

*Our hands, our eyes, our limbs, our very lives
If haply we may help to smoothe their road,
And serve to lift them through the shadowed vale
Into the radiaunce of a brighter day.*



To a V. A. D.

MINE is a stubborn pen,
Mine an untutored tongue;
I must depart again,
Leaving our thanks unsung.

But be you well assured
Deep in our hearts we know
All that you have endured,
All that you must forego—

So though our lips be dumb,
Yet may you learn some day,
In the long time when the world comes
home
All that our hearts would say.

