

"BY THE LOVE."

"O wash my face and comb my hair, before
I see my father—'tis not too late yet?"
The touch of the ineffable child-trust
Pierced deep her heart, yet with assuring tones.
The words fell: "Philip, come, let us now go
To him."

The arras opened on a face
Noble and winsome sweet, though smiles were close
To tears. As azure bird on mountain stream
Halts a brief moment on some jutting crag,
Ere as a flash of streaming light it cleaves
The dewy darkness of the trickling dell;
So for a moment halted the sweet child,
Took one step forward, and then leapt into
The arms where death-shade once was deep as night,
But where commingling love now glads the gloom,
All lit by the sweet azure of the heart.
With head thrown back, and questioning eyes agaze:
"Father—you're—changed!" he said, "but by the
love,
We know each other—by the love, the love!"
The father's heaving heart did echo sweet,
"The love, the love!"