

The Church

The stars within the night's dark deep were drowned,
Winds from the cave of Aeolus had flown,
And fields of Peace with leaves and twigs had sown,—
While rain cut sinuous channels in the ground.
Deserted were the streets—I heard no sound,
Save a child's voice; and as a boy doth try
To find a hidden locust by its cry,
I followed that thin voice until I found
Two ill-clad children, safe from the storm's harm—
On the church-steps they held each other fast.
An impulse drove them to that sheltering arm,
And told them 'twas the home of Charity—
Where Innocence is hidden from the blast,
Where storm-tossed souls can nestle at her knee.

ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER.

St. James Manse,
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Nova Scotia.