

MOTHERS

THROUGH the vigils deep of the sable night
A mother sits in grief alone,
For her sons have gone to the battle front
And left on the hearth a crushing stone.
Beyond the stars that burn at night
She sees God's arm in pity reach;
It counsels patience, love and faith,
Heroic hearts and souls to teach.

The blue is spann'd and the tide goes out,
And the stars rain down a kindlier cheer;
And the mother turns from this throne of grief
To pierce the years with a joyous tear;
For duty born of a mother's heart
Fills all the rounds of our common day—
Yea, sheds its joy in the darkest night,
And fills with light each hidden way.

For Miss Ina Coolbrith.