

The womanhood that trims the lamp
Whose opal light shall ever gleam,
Athwart the memory in dream;
Of home, on ocean or in camp,—

The womanhood that up and down
The wards where wounded soldiers lay
Walked while by her small lamp's clear ray
The bruised hands moved to touch her
gown.

The womanhood that held the hands
Of the Christ-child upon her lip,—
The womanhood that saw the drip
Of His life blood upon the sands.

The air is filled with boding sounds;
Right struggles in the coming stress,
While Reason in an alien dress
Gives the pale Christ again his wounds.

Truth is of God; it claimeth not
To stand on any earthly base;
Wars rage, ambition shows its face
In places by the dollar bought.

Yet myriad stars cry out to thee,
The spreading sea this message rings.
From the high hills of God there swings
Truth's pendulum untouched and free!

The right will triumph; let us then
Work on the side yet sure to win,
And waste no hours with soft-lipped sin,
However sweet the tongue or pen;