

LOVE.

As of old the wildered dove,
Wandering over waters dark,
Finding neither fount nor grove,
Sought shelter in her home, the ark,

So, my little one, my love,
Turns my restless heart to thee,
Weary whereso'er she rove
O'er the inhospitable sea.

Time hath linked us heart to heart
With links of mutual memory,
Of gentle power, if aught would part,
To bind us close until we die.

If the world arise to sever,
Steals a tiny spirit hand,
Glides to reunite us ever
From the holy silent land.

Find the birthplace of sweet Love ;
All our fairest gifts may go,
Yet will He immortal prove,
Fairest of all gods we know !

Find his nest within the grove
Of mystic manifold delight ;
Though all the summer leaves remove,
He will abide through winter's night ;
Unsearchable the ways of Love !
Though all the singing choir be gone,
Love Himself will linger on.

Discover hidden paths of Love ;
Explain the common miracle !
Dear abundant treasure-trove,
Celestial springs in earthly well,
In human vase Heaven's ænomet !

Roden Noel.