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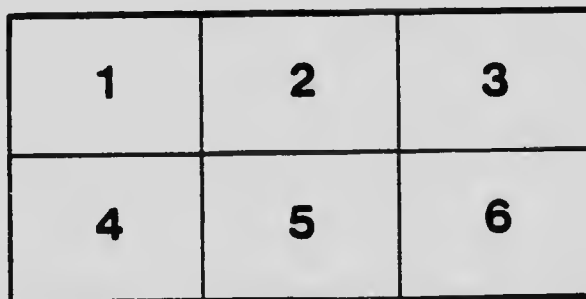
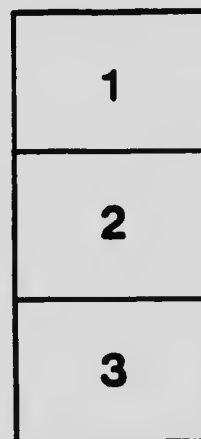
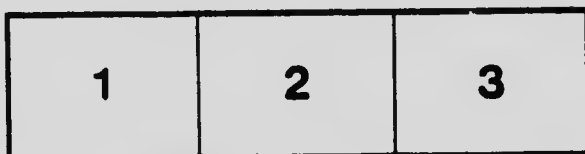
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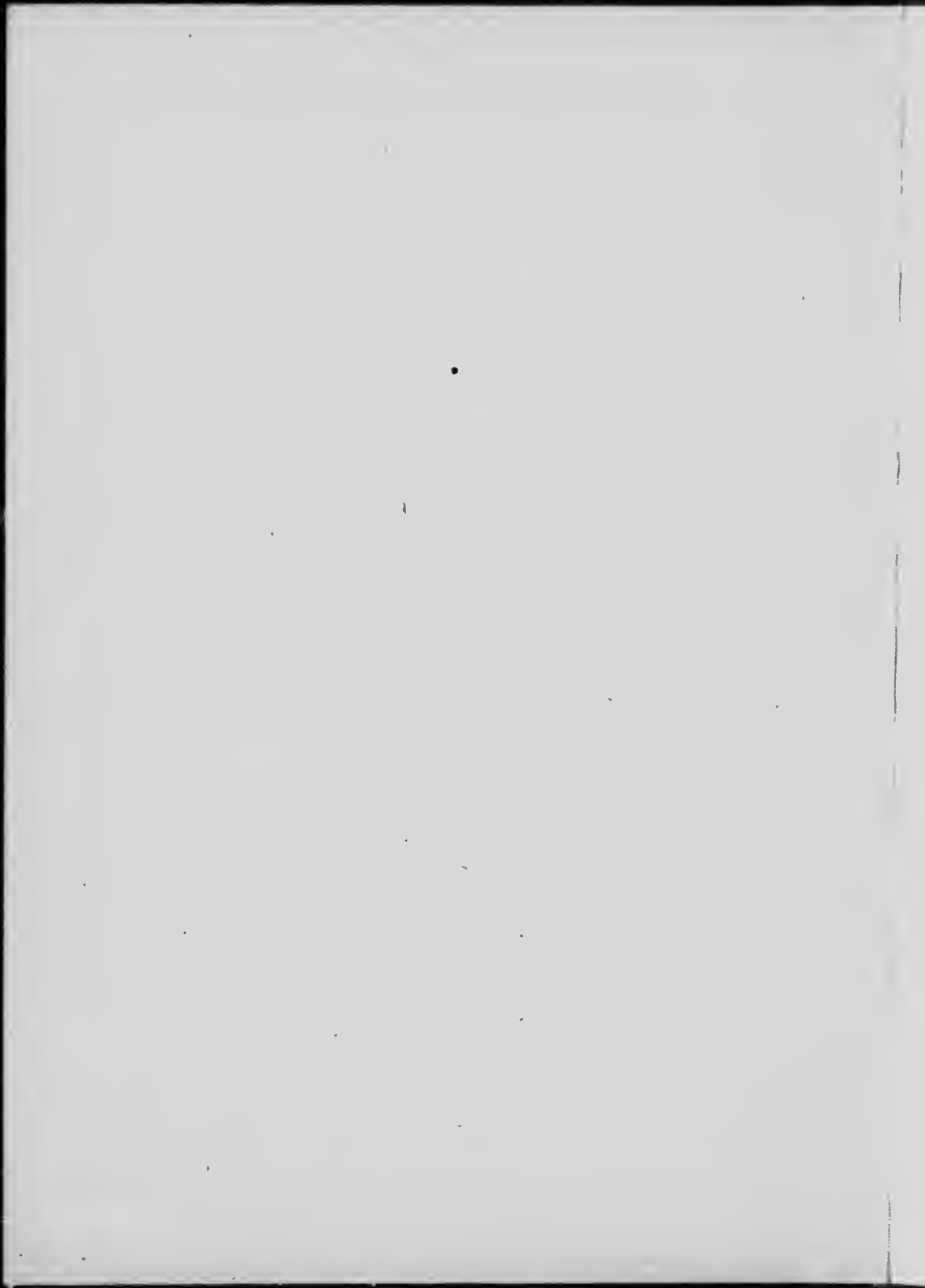
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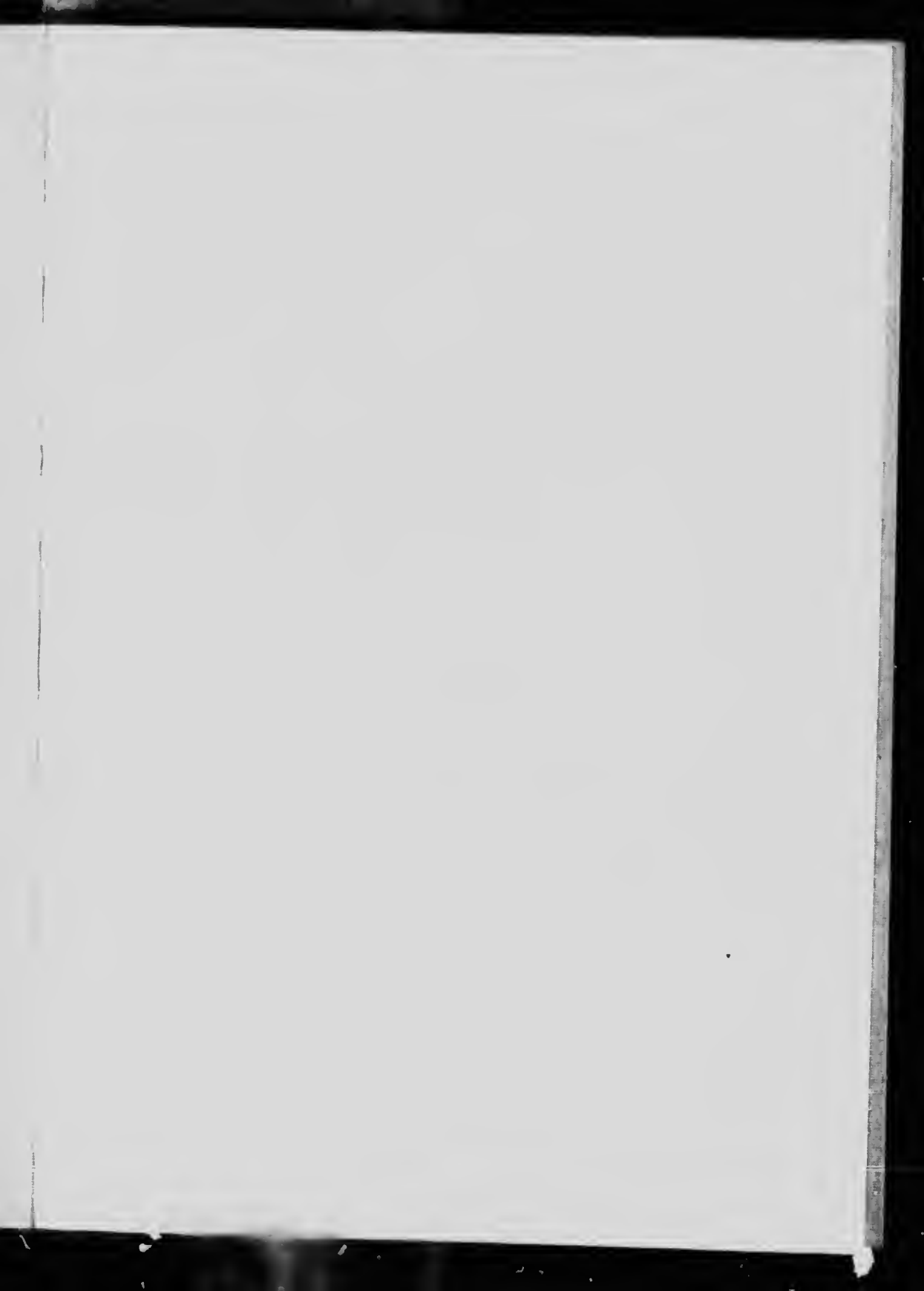
Happy Christmas

From

Katharine S. Mills.

1918.









THE  
BOSTON EDITION.

ANGEL OF PEACE.

FROM PAINTING BY KAULBACH.

SELECTED VERSES

BY

KATHARINE S. MILLS

Montreal, 1918



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**Montreal, 1918**

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#### PREFACE

*I began scribbling verses when I was twelve years old; and have continued do so (when the spirit moved me, and pressing duties permitted), up to the present time.*

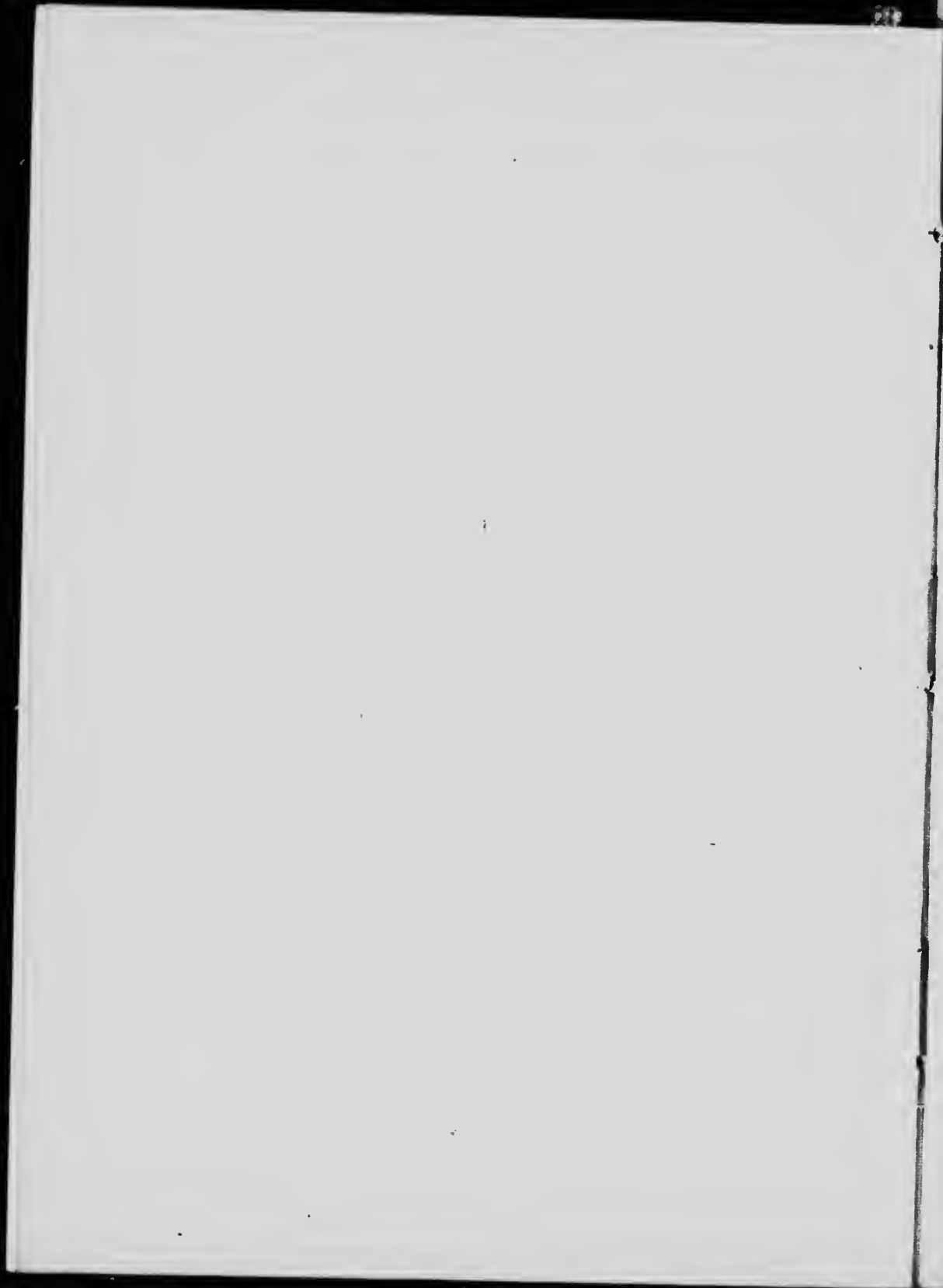
*I am selecting a few verses for publication,—though well aware of their imperfections,—at the request of friends.*

K. S. M.

Montreal, 1918.

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## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

The church bells are sweetly pealing,  
Ringing out the Christmas chimes;  
But our joy is mixed with sadness  
As we think of dear old times,  
When, as children by the fireside,  
We all joined with thoughtless glee,  
In the games and merry dances  
Round the laden Christmas tree.

Ah! those days are gone forever,  
And our thoughts and mem'ries glide  
To the absent friends once with us,  
At this happy Christmastide;  
But no earthly grief should shadow  
The pure gladness of our strain,  
As with carols bright we welcome  
Dear old Christmas once again.

Though we yearn to hear the music  
Of hushed voices once so bright,  
Though we long to see loved faces,  
That have vanished from our sight,  
Yet we know their joys are greater  
Than when on this earth they trod;  
For they rest from all their labours  
In the Paradise of God.

As we linger on the threshold  
Of the fast departing year,  
Let no shade of sadness gather,  
That shall dim the Christmas cheer;  
Let our thoughts be those that waken  
Echoes of the *glad* old times;  
And with peace and joy we'll listen  
To the pealing Christmas chimes.



Let us turn with mental vision  
To that first glad Christmas night,  
When the flood of heavenly radiance  
Made the midnight shadows bright,  
When the voices of the angels  
Thrilled the silent, starry sky  
With their burst of wond'rous music,  
"Glory be to God on high."

Then with hearts attuned to worship,  
And with holy Christmas mirth,  
We shall greet the happy morning,  
Of our blessed Saviour's birth;  
We shall kneel in adoration,  
By the cradle of our King,  
And with fragrant prayers and praises,  
Truest Christmas offerings bring.

## CHANGES

*Song for the Old and the New Year.*

Hour after hour, the golden sands run lightly  
Through the fair glass—and thus the moments  
glide,

Softly and slow;—their tiny bounds o'erflowing  
Till they are lost, in Life's great rushing tide.

Day after day,—old Time with ruthless anger,  
In Earth's bright field,—among the busy  
mowers;

Thrusts his keen scythe, and with fell stroke he  
scatters

Sheaves full of ripened grain—and summer  
flowers.

Night after night, the shadows softly deepen,  
Draping the earth in darkness, sad and still,  
Till the fair moon, in silent splendor rising,  
Bathes in soft silvery light both vale and hill.

Month after month, through all the season's  
changes,  
From Spring's bright bloom o' tender green  
and gold;  
Through Summer's calm, and Autumn's golden  
harvest,  
Comes the Ice King in Winter's frost and cold.

Year after year, the bells at midnight sounding,  
Ring out with mingled joy and throbs of pain;  
Hark now! the passing bell, tolling out sadly  
For a dear friend, we ne'er shall see again.

Farewell, Old Year! Thou hast been tried and  
trusted.

We grieve to turn from thee and let thee go!  
But closely coming, on thy path appeareth  
A vision robed in garments white as snow!

'Tis the New Year, all spotless, pure, and shining,  
Radiant with Hope; a herald fair and bright.  
Ring out, ye joy bells! with sweet peals of wel-  
come

For the new friend, who comes with dawning  
light.

## THE SEASONS.

How beautiful the forest is,  
Through all the changing year,  
From the approach of early Spring,  
To Winter, cold and drear.

The trees are clothed with mantle green,  
In laughing joyous Spring,  
While hidden in the sheltering boughs,  
The birds begin to sing.

In Summer, when the gentle winds,  
And showers, refresh the trees,  
The swaying branches, music makes  
Like heavenly Symphonies.

In Autumn, when the trees put on,  
Their livery so bright;  
Through crimson, yellow, purple leaves,  
Filters the gold Sunlight.

When Winter comes, with quickened step,  
And winds so drear and chill;  
Which rustle through the forest bare,  
It brings new beauties still.

In softly falling flakes of white,  
Which Winter's cold hands throw;  
It clothes in dazzling robes, the trees,  
This pure, bright, spotless snow.

## UNCERTAINTY OF THE FUTURE.

In this world of care, and sorrow,  
In this vale of woe, and tears;  
We cannot look for the morrow,  
Save with mingled hopes and fears.

For we know not what shall chance us,  
In the future veiled and dim;  
But if only God be with us,  
We can cast our care on Him.

'Tis all hidden,—and not knowing,  
Often times our francies bright,  
Paint in colours rich, and glowing  
Pictures full of gladsome light.

Pictures of sweet hopes we cherish,  
Fond desires we long to gain;  
But too oft our day dreams perish,  
Leaving naught but grief and pain.

For the things we love too madly,  
And the jewels most we prize;  
Are torn ruthlessly and sadly,  
From our weary tear-dimm'd eyes.

When our spirits are near breaking,  
With their golden visions fled;  
When our hearts are torn and aching,  
And our brightest hopes are dead;

Then perhaps with Faith's clear vision,  
Piercing through the clouds and gloom;  
We shall see the bliss Elysian,  
Brightening far beyond the tomb.

Chasing all the grief and sadness,  
With the tender touch of love;  
Pointing us to joy and gladness  
In those realms of light above.

### THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.\*

'Twas a sweet still eve in summer,  
When fair Luna's beams were bright,  
And silver stars were twinkling,  
In the firmament, so light.

I was wandering in reverie,  
On the borders of a brook,  
When I spied out in the distance  
A sweet sequestered nook.

'Twas at the far end of the stream,  
And where wild flowrets grew,  
In all shades of the rainbow,  
Red, violet, white and blue.

When I reached this little corner,  
And had sat me down to think,  
Sweet strains of music seemed to come  
Just from the water's brink.

I rose up gently from my seat,  
Of moss and flowers blue,  
When just before me they appear'd,  
A beauteous, charming view.

'Twas just before me, as I've said,  
And by the silvery light,  
I saw a group of fairies clad,  
In gossamer so bright.

They seem'd to rise up from the ground,  
While from behind the trees,  
Delicious music, and sweet sounds,  
Were wafted on the breeze.

Soon from my sheltered hiding place,  
I saw them flitting round;  
And soon again, when all was still,  
I heard a silvery sound.

'Twas the voice of Titania,  
Their truly royal queen,  
Who told her subjects they could have,  
A revel on the green.

Their graceful step they all began;  
I soon before my gaze,  
The elves and fairies all are lost  
In the enchanting maze.

There was no dance like mortals have,  
No prim step to and fro;  
All 'twas beneath the moonlit sky,  
With the green grass below.

They danced under the waving trees,  
Entwined with wreaths of flowers;  
With light, elastic, airy steps,  
Through those enchanting bowers.

I watched them from my hiding place,  
And heard their merry revelry,  
As in the mazes of the dance,  
I saw their bright forms flitting by.

But soon the air which balmy was,  
Began to feel so chill;  
The moon now waned away,  
And all again was still.

The music suddenly had ceased,  
And no trace could be seen,  
Of all the fæe—<sup>or</sup> still more strange,  
Their midnight revel on the green.

\*One of my earliest efforts.

### ROSY MORNING.

Sweet sleep has fled far from my pillow,  
With the first early gleams of the light,  
And fair Morn, in her car filled with roses,  
Is chasing the shades of the night.

See how quickly before her, affrighted,  
The dark shadows all flee away!  
Resistless, and all with one pulse,  
They yield to her charm and her sway.

With her rosy-tipped fingers she scatters  
O'er the fair Earth her garlands of flowers,  
Which sparkling with diamond dewdrops,  
Are refreshed by these fairy-like showers.

All nature seems joyous and happy,  
And bathed in a magical light:  
Which makes me rejoice in its beauty,  
And fills all my soul with delight.

### DO I MISS THEE?

O, ask the Earth, so bare and cold,  
If, after Winter's chilling days;  
She yearns not for the Sun's bright rays,  
To flood each darksome spot with gold.

Then ask the dark and cloudy night  
That full of gloom, and sadness seems;  
If, unlit by the starry gleams,  
It misses not, the moon's soft light.

And ask the tender blooming flowers,  
That droop and faint with Summer heat;  
If, smiling fair, they do not greet  
With upturned face, the cooling showers.

Do I miss thee? You whisper low,  
All language seems too poor and weak  
To tell thee what my soul would speak,  
The answer well your heart must know.

## THE SEA OF LIFE.

I love to sit by the sad seashore,  
And look at the restless main,  
With its foaming white billows chanting  
Their mystic and weird refrain.

I gaze o'er the wild waste of waters,  
And watch the ships come and go:  
Some are carrying a freight of gladness,  
While others are laden with woe.

They are sailing steadily onwards,  
With canvas spread out to the breeze:  
Some are bound for a fairer country,  
And others, for darker seas.

Some are frail and delicate vessels,  
Tossed about on the waves like a shell:  
While many are strong, and seaworthy;  
And ride the waves nobly, and well.

I look at the ships coming homewards,  
Some are gallantly plowing the wave,  
With pennons of victory flying,  
So stately, so proud, and so brave.

Others come slowly inwards, storm-beaten,  
With sails furled, and broken top mast;  
They were too frail to battle with tempests,  
And are glad to be near home, at last.

My Vessel is out on the Ocean,  
And though storms often shake it, I know  
It is bearing me steadily onwards,  
With Faith and Hope, both at the prow.

And the Pilot, all loving and skilful,  
Is steering me safe for the land,  
Amidst all the surges and billows,  
With a steady, unfaltering hand.

We are nearing the glorious Haven,  
And I catch a faint glimpse of the shore,  
Where man, a ship has cast anchor,  
To be harboured in peace, evermore.



### A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

A few choice flowers were sent to me,  
By a dear friend, the other day;  
And every one of them, in turn,  
Seemed to have something sweet to say.

The first that claimed my notice, was  
The queenly Rose, with blushing face,  
She murmured softly words of love  
With untold modesty, and grace.

The pure white Lily of the Vale,  
With unpretending, simple mien,  
Breathed forth in gentle voice, and spoke  
From out its leaves of sombre green.

We yield our perfume in the shade,  
And covet not the praise of earth;  
"Humility," I thought it said,  
"Is oftentimes met with, in true worth.

The Heliotrope, with perfumed breath,  
Seemed promising a life's devotion,  
Which raised a thousand joyful hopes,  
And thrilled my heart, with fond emotion.

And next, the modest, blue-eyed flower,  
With gentle grace, and beauty fraught,  
Whispered in accents soft and sweet,  
The tender words, "Forget me not."

Then last, the Pansy nodding low,  
Amidst the other flowers so gay:  
Sent forth its wistful, tender plaint,  
"O think of me, when far away."

### AUTUMN SONG.

The forest trees are tossing high,  
Their branches in the wailing wind;  
And every murmur seems a sigh  
Which tells of joys, left far behind.

The Summer sunshine now is o'er,  
The long, warm, idle days are gone;  
The song birds fill the air no more,  
With melodies of joyous tone.

The Autumn days are coming fast,  
With change of foliage, rich and rare,  
The leaves are falling in the blast,  
And soon will leave the branches bare.

Our lives are like the changing year,  
With brightest hopes in sweet Springtide;  
But with the Autumn falls the tear,  
Which warns us, how life's moments glide.

We all fade as the Autumn leaf,  
And wither like the summer flowers;  
Our joys are followed oft by grief,  
As Summer sunshine is by showers.

But often, when the storm clouds low'r,  
The sun still shines with hidden ray;  
So in our lives the darksome hour,  
May but precede the brightest day.

## REST.

Wearied one eve with the problems,  
And strenuous duties of life,  
My spirit spread its tired pinions,  
And soared far from this world of strife.

The breezes of heaven bore it upward,  
Far beyond the fair crescent's gleams,  
While tremulous tones of sweet music,  
Were borne on the silver moonbeams.

And my soul, with hushed rapture listened,  
And breathed in, that heavenly strain,  
As the music's tender pulsations,  
Thrilled through the night air again.

Among the stars keeping their vigils,  
And shining in radiance bright;  
It rose and fell in soft cadence,  
And trembled in tones of light.

As if Angel hands swept the harp strings,  
The seraph tones rose high and clear,  
Then sank into dreamy silence,  
And died on the distant air.

The blended glory and calmness,  
Struck a chord of joy in my breast;  
And the heavenly harmonies cheered me  
And soothed all my vague unrest.

## DAWN.

In the far East, the dawn is breaking,  
The shades of night flee fast away,  
The sky is cold, and grey and purple,  
Sure herald of a glorious day.

The light increases every moment,  
The heavy clouds break one by one,  
And peeping from a misty curtain,  
Appears the veiled, but gorgeous Sun.

And soon he bursts in all his splendour,  
Forth from his hiding place, so bright;  
And with his beams of warmth and radiance,  
Bathes the whole world in gladsome light.

The birds have waked from their light slumbers,  
Amidst the boughs so fresh, and green,  
The air is vocal with their music,  
Which breaks forth from the leafy screen.

The sweet wild flowers that dot the meadows,  
Gold buttercups, and daisies white,  
With upturned faces greet the morning,  
And with mute lips express delight.

The dewdrops cling with tender softness,  
To flowers and grass with verdure clad,  
And sparkle in the brilliant sunshine,—  
All Nature seems so bright and glad.

And these; and all things in Creation,  
In joyful chorus tune their lays,  
And offer to the God of Nature,  
Their pure, and holy songs of praise.

## THE INCOMING TIDE

Wandering one day, by the shore of the Ocean,  
Watching the emerald billows that roll,  
Backward and forward, with ~~increasing~~ <sup>ceasing</sup> motion,  
Till they are gradually nearing their goal.

Like wild white horses, the surges rush madly,  
O'er the sharp rocks, in their soft curling spray;  
Booming out sounds,—sometimes moaning so sadly,  
Other times laughing, like children at play.

Then, as we look, we can see the rush ceasing,  
Gently, the waves flow along to the shore,  
And the wild tumult is slowly decreasing,  
Quiet, and calmness are reigning once more.

Sparkling and dancing, beneath the sun's splendour,  
In all their glory, and beauty, and pride,  
All that is sad, disappears in a moment,  
In the great joy of the incoming tide.

## PEACE.

Peace, throbbing heart!  
And let not anxious cares,  
Or thoughts, or sighings after earthly bliss,  
Cause thee to murmur midst thy bitter tears,  
Oh, why is this?

Peace,—longing soul!  
Thy pathway is through fire,  
And thou must struggle through the depths of woe,  
That thou mayst spread thy wings, and soar the  
higher,  
Thy Father wills it so.

Peace, troubled spirit,  
Wherefore dost thou grieve,  
And doubt the greatness of thy Saviour's love?  
He sees thy grief and anguish,—but believe,  
Thy strength is from above.

Peace,—perfect peace!  
He folds in sleep the flowers,  
And calms the tossing of the troubled sea,  
And will bring comfort in thy darkest hours,  
And, peace to thee!

### THE LOVED AND LOST.

The loved and lost! how sad these words  
When we look at them in despair;  
What visions dark, rise in our thoughts,  
What grief, so difficult to bear!

The loved! ah yes, that tender word,  
Which to our minds sweet memories bring:  
The light of life; the sense of which  
Makes us, to our dear idols, cling.

The lost; we say, when mourning o'er  
The death of some poor mortal here,  
“He is not lost,—but gone before,”  
Is whispered sweetly in our ear.

“Not lost,—but gone before,” the strain  
Falls on the ears of those who weep,  
Comforting with its soothing balm,  
“Asleep in Jesus,”—blessed sleep.

No cares, no troubles now on earth,  
No woes, but joys, for evermore,  
And heavenly music greets our ears,  
As Angels with him, upwards soar.

No sorrow in that land of bliss,  
But peace forever, and forever,  
No grief, no pains, no partings more,  
No ties with dearest ones to sever.

So with these thoughts, dry up those tears,  
And for the loved one, weep no more,  
The Angels whisper in soft tones,  
“He is not lost, but gone before.”

### THE PILGRIMS' PATHWAY.\*

I thought the time was noonday,  
I was wearied out and sad;  
For even the bright sunshine  
Had failed to make me glad;  
I had toil'd for many a weary mile  
On mountains steep and high,  
O'er rugged roads, thro' desert paths,  
Where not a tree was nigh.

Down valleys deep, o'er woodlands wild  
Through thickets dark and dense;  
I felt the thorns pierce thro' my feet,  
The suffering was intense;  
The bright sun with his burning rays,  
Beat down upon my head,  
The cross I bore seem'd rude and rough,  
And heavier, than lead.

I bent beneath the weight of it,  
But struggled on my way  
With aching heart and wearied limbs,  
I fear'd I'd gone astray;  
The path became more lone and wild,  
The hills more steep and high;  
The burning sun had sunk to rest  
Behind the azure sky.

The vault of heaven was over cast  
With clouds as black as night;  
The thunder roll'd, the lightning flashed  
With lurid gleams so bright;  
The rain pour'd down in heavy drops,  
More dreary grew the road,  
I was o'erwhelmed with weariness,  
And sank beneath my load,

I thought the burden greater was,  
Than I myself could bear;  
The tempest raged in fury wild,  
I could not but despair:

While lying helpless on the ground  
In pain, and suffering great;  
I looked around and saw my cross  
Had fallen at my feet.

I groaned beneath the anguish of  
My wearied soul and frame;  
And despaired of ever reaching,  
The bright land for which I came.  
In this dark hour of agony,  
Through shadows of the night;  
An Angel form, to me appeared,  
'Midst rays of heavenly light.

He touched my shoulder tenderly,  
And in soft voice, He said:  
"Fear thou not, O weary pilgrim,"  
"Raise thine eyes, and look ahead."  
My aching eyes then slowly raised  
Their drooping lids to see,  
The sight, that in my anguish great,  
The Angel whispered me.

I looked,—and up the mountain, at  
The foot of which I sank,  
I saw some faithful pilgrims,  
Toiling up the rugged bank.  
Ever onward,—ever upward,  
Unfalt'ringly, they raised  
Their long, long eyes, while with their lips,  
Their Saviour, Christ, they praised.

So thought I, all my troubles,  
Will be over, if I rise:  
And take my Cross and climb the mount,  
Looking upward to the skies.  
Encouraged by this hope, I rose,  
Helped gently, by my Friend,  
Who said to me, "Be not dismayed,"  
"Thou'rt near thy journey's end."



With lighter heart, my cross again,  
I laid upon my back:  
And with more firm and steady steps,  
Followed the pilgrims' track.  
The hill proved difficult to climb,  
But still, I hastened on,  
Remembering, that without a Cross,  
One cannot wear a Crown.

At last, I neared the mountain top  
And gazed with longing sight,  
I saw in the blue sky above,  
A Crown with rays of light.  
I asked my Guide, "O can it be,  
"That I that crown shall wear?"  
His answer was, "Indeed, thou canst,"  
"If thou, thy cross, wilt bear."

"When thou'rt oppressed with weariness,"  
"Or suffer from thy load,"  
"Then cast thy care upon thy Friend,"  
"Thy Saviour, and thy God";  
"For He thy fainting heart will cheer,"  
"Thy falling footsteps guide,"  
"Till thou hast gained a Crown, and rest,  
"Forever at His side."

\*These verses were suggested by a picture. *(The Crown of Safety)*

### THINE IS THE GLORY.

O Thou, all glorious Lord and Saviour,  
To Whom with reverence deep we raise  
Our souls in holy adoration;  
And with our lips, tell out Thy praise.

As the warm Sun, in golden splendour,  
Dispels the lingering shades of night,  
So may our hearts turn from all shadows,  
Revived by Thee,—the world's true Light.

The birds in leafy bowers hidden,  
Trill out in carols sweet and clear,  
Their worship of the God of Nature,  
And chase away all gloom, and fear.

The stars that light the dusky curtain,  
Which after sunset, drapes the sky;  
In harmony, and voiceless music,  
Proclaim Thy wondrous works on high.

The gentle moon, in stately grandeur,  
Her streams of silvery radiance flings;  
Across the gloomy, earth-born shadows,  
And glowing tribute, to Thee brings.

The harmonies of earth and heaven,  
Heard, or unheard, by human ear;  
In constant, rhythmic tones are telling  
Thy glory,—and Thy loving care.

#### PASSING AWAY.

The fleecy white cloudlet that floats in the sky,  
And veils for a moment the bright orb of day,  
The world's golden lamp, too, suspended on high,  
Are slowly, but surely passing away.

The stars and the planets revolving in space,  
Moving onward in harmony day after day,  
Each doing its work in its own given place,  
Are silently, steadily passing away.

The sweet, tiny flow'rets which brilliantly bloom,  
Too soon are arrested by Nature's decay,  
Tho' for a brief season they yield their perfume,  
They must in a moment, be passing away.

The forest trees waving their boughs in the wind,  
By the withering leaves on their branches  
betray,  
That Time, the great Reaper, is following behind,  
And that they in their grandeur must soon pass  
away.

The bright feather'd songsters, whose sweet  
voices ring  
With musical melodies—each seem to say—  
"Oh let me while living join in Nature's hymn,  
For I soon must be silent—I'm passing away."

The murmuring streamlet which purls o'er its  
stones,  
And sparkles and dances the long summer's  
day,  
Too soon will the sad air resound with its moans,  
And its bright babble cease when it's passing  
away.

The tempest tost waves of the great restless main,  
Which dashes its billows in foamy white spray,  
Roars out in deep thunder the wild, weird re-rain,  
"Ah me! 'tis too true, that I'm passing away."

At times all creation's frame thrills with heart-  
throbs,  
And its anguish and sorrow in accents convey,  
Wailing out in its voice, often broken with sobs,  
"Alas! we are rapidly passing away."

My heart thrills with feelings of mix'd joy and  
pain,  
When the echo comes back to me oft as each  
day,  
And at times (in sad moments), I join in the  
strain,  
"I am passing away—surely passing away."

I feel when God's angel with low tones of love,  
Whispers, "Child, leave this bright world, come,  
hasten away  
To realms that are purer, to regions above,"  
That I'll joyfully, trusting in Christ, pass away.

## EVENTIDE.

A crimson flush steals o'er the heavens,  
The golden sun sinks in the sky,  
And bathes in floods of dazzling glory  
The radiant earth, both far and nigh.

The patient toilers on life's highway,  
The heavy laden sons of men,  
With lightened hearts, tho' weary footsteps,  
Betake them to their homes again.

The darkness slowly, surely deepens,  
The shadows fall on land and sea;  
But Thou, O God, art watching o'er us,  
The darkness is as light to Thee.

The gentle moon her lamp has lighted,  
And floods the earth with silver beams;  
The sleeping children feel its radiance,  
And sweetly smile in happy dreams.

With each day's close our lives are passing,  
The shadows fall on every side;  
But Thou, dear Lord, Thy Word has given,  
There shall be "light at eventide."

## LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS.

Awake, awake, O Christian,  
The long, dark night is past,  
The Day Star is arising,  
The Dawn is near, at last  
The lands so long enshrouded  
In darkness deep and drear,  
Are longing that th' tidings  
Of God's love they may hear.

A cry comes o'er the mountains  
And floats upon the breeze;  
From tropic shores and islands,  
And from the Arctic Seas.  
'Neath gleaming constellations,  
The Pole Star in the North,  
From Yukon's ice-bound borders,  
The yearning cry comes forth.

From far-off Australasia,  
Where in the starry sky  
The Southern Cross burns brightly  
Again there comes the cry.  
In valleys fair and smiling  
Where Christian ne'er hath trod,  
The weary hearts are sighing  
For Thee—the Unknown God.

Where o'er the slopes of Persia  
The fiery Crescent gleams;  
From distant, dark Uganda,  
And Niger's deadly streams.  
From China's unloved daughters,  
From flower-crowned Japan  
The cry is heard—"O tell us,  
God's wondrous' love to man."

From lips of suffering sisters  
'Neath India's glowing sun—  
From earth's dark cruel places,  
From many a weary one;  
The cry—"O come and help us,  
Who grope as in the night,  
Our eyes are blind and sightless,  
O, show us the true Light.

"O hear our cry, good Christian,  
And in our sore distress,  
Reveal to us the Saviour  
Who longs to love and bless.  
And then with hearts uplifted,  
And grateful voice, we'll raise  
To Father, Son, and Spirit  
Our joyful song of praise."

## BEYOND.

Could we but know what lies beyond  
The changing waves of life's deep sea;  
Could we but pierce the misty veil  
Which parts us from eternity;

Perchance the trials which so oft,  
Bring tears of sorrow to the eyes,  
We should receive with welcome smiles,  
As Angel's visits in disguise.

The ships, storm tossed by heavy gales,  
And dashed on foaming billow's crest,  
Shall there be calmly anchored safe  
In that fair haven of the blest.

The days so full of dark despair,  
The sorrows which we strive to hide,  
Shall come no more—there shall be light,  
Yes! glorious light—at eventide.

The cares that racked the aching head,  
And filled the heart with grief and fears,  
Shall vanish in that bright beyond,  
And smiles of joy succeed the tears.

The minor strains, which often sigh,  
Blend with the sweetest melody,  
Shall change to jubilant refrains  
In bursts of heavenly harmony.

The fairest flowers that bud and bloom,  
And fade, and droop at noonday heat;  
Shall brighten in that land beyond,  
And fill the air with fragrance sweet.

The darkness and the clouds of earth  
Are but faint shadows on the way;  
The glorious sunshine lies beyond,  
The dawn of an eternal day.

**"Be Thou Faithful Unto Death; and I Will Give  
Thee a Crown of Life."**

A crown of life, dear Saviour, hast Thou said,  
For me—if "faithful unto death" I prove?  
A glorious gift; fairer than aught on earth;  
The final token of Thy changeless love!

Why should we not be faithful? Art not Thou  
At hand to strengthen us when sorely tried?  
Thy face has never yet been turned away  
From weary pilgrims when to Thee they cried.

What though the way at times be rough and dark,  
The Lord our God can make the darkness light;  
He bends to listen, when on faith's pure wings  
The heart's petitions take their silent flight.

Dear Lord! I think of Thee and, of Thy Life,  
And of the thorny pathway Thou hast trod;  
In all things Thou wert faithful—to the cross:  
To lead our wavering, wandering hearts to God.

To lead us to that Heaven, where shade of sin  
No more obscures our sight: where untold joy  
Exceeds by far our wildest dreams of earth;  
And no more sorrow can our bliss destroy.

"Be faithful," still I hear His gentle words  
Of mingled tenderness, and deepest love:  
"Cling to the Cross," fair flowers spring round  
its base;  
And bloom in deathless amaranths above.

"Faithful!" dear Lord, 'tis not for very long,  
That we must bear the cross for Thee below;  
A little while, it may be, and Thy hand  
Shall place the crown of glory on our brow.

**"ALL THINGS PRAISE THEE."**

The anthems of the everlasting hills,  
God's power and wisdom, and His greatness  
show;  
The glory and the grandeur of His works,  
His wondering, and adoring creatures know.

The lowly valleys, smiling, fresh and fair,  
The sparkling stream that rushes at our feet,  
The trees in all their varied foliage clad,  
And the bright flow'rs that send forth fra-  
grance sweet.

The mighty mountains, reaching to the skies,  
Their towering peaks in rosy sunset, glow:  
Majestic, through all seasons of the year,  
And glorious,—with their gleaming crown of  
snow.

The lakes and rivers, blue as sapphire stone,  
The starry skies, the quiet woodland dell,  
In silent language, offer up their praise,  
And of God's glory, and His goodness tell.

**"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."**

What time the chilling shadows fall,  
On stricken hearts, and those who weep,  
God's Angel whispers to the soul,  
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

The earthly form, oft racked with pain,  
And wearied with the stress of life,  
Fought the good fight; and now in peace,  
Rests as a victor, from the strife.



It is not death! the spirit lives,  
And loves, moves, serves in higher sphere,  
And if God in His mercy wills,  
May minister to loved ones here.

In His good time, the sleeping ones,  
Awaked by Jesus, shall arise,  
Clothed in immortal form, and be,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies.

“Until the Day Break, and the Shadows  
Flee Away.”

We love to watch the sunset tints,  
In glowing mantle, earth enfold,  
Of crimson clouds, with purple bands,  
And palest azure, fringed with gold.

We watch the brilliant glories pale,  
And fade, and vanish silently;  
The misty grey toned hills grow dim,  
And twilight falls on land and sea.

A sadness creeps into our hearts,  
We know not why;—but yet we feel  
Something has gone, that made earth bright,  
And o'er our minds, the shadows steal.

But as,—still lost in thought,—we gaze,  
The glittering stars illumine the night,  
The crescent moon, with tender glow,  
Shines forth with silvery beams of light.

Again, these beauties pale, and die,  
As night's dark shroud descends on all  
Earth's glories, and the hills and woods,  
Are covered with a sable pall.

But sombre darkness may not last,  
The shadows fade, and flee away;  
The coming harbinger of light,  
Dispels the gloom at break of day.

## IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The winter's day was drawing to a close,  
The sun was sinking to his early rest,  
And shed departing rays of light upon  
The painted chancel window in the west.

The figures of the Saints seem'd living fire;  
And floods of golden glory brightly fell  
Upon the organ and on surpliced choir,  
Whose sweet-toned voices in loud anthems swell.

The Litany is over, and the Priest  
Within the chancel rails now stands, and prays  
That God will give His people peace untold;  
And that His blessing may be theirs always.

And now the strains of the great organ rise  
And fall in waves of melody, which fill  
The vast Cathedral with celestial sounds,  
And leave sweet mem'ries in the hearts they  
thrill.

Again the voices of the choir are raised  
In sweet Recessional, and one by one  
They walk into the vestry, and the strains  
Die in the distance till the Hymn is done.

Some spell is o'er me, and I cannot move,  
Although the worshippers have long since gone  
From out the sacred building, and left me  
To linger in the deep'ning gloom alone.

My heart is sad, and longs for sympathy,  
My eyes are heavy with their unshed tears,  
And in the gathering darkness as I gaze,  
I see the phantoms of the bye-gone years.

The one most dear of all, who is gone before  
To join the company of Saints above,  
I feel quite near me, and my spirit yearns  
To hear once more my Father's tones of love.

Just where *I'm* kneeling, *he* so oft has knelt,  
And with bow'd head pour'd forth his soul in  
prayer,  
To Him who loves us with a fadeless love,  
And deign'd for us the weary Cross to bear.

The last faint rays of light are stealing through  
Our window to his memory—and I see  
The figures traced in color—and the words  
Which are so comforting and sweet to me.

They bring a soothing message to my soul,  
And in my sorrow from them I derive  
A God-sent peace—"For though in Adam we  
All die," "In Christ shall all be made alive."

Oh! heav'nly Faith! which leads our thoughts  
beyond  
The Grave and gate of Death, on wings of love  
And raises our oft troubled, aching hearts,  
From all earth's griefs, to that fair land above.

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot tell how long in rapture lost  
I sat—and dreamt of that bright glorious  
Clime,  
Where rivers flow, and flow'rs so sweetly bloom,  
Forever clothed in freshness of springtime.

Where play the harpers upon golden harps,  
And Saints and Angels in their bright array,  
With all who've pass'd thro' tribulation great,  
Sing praises to their God the livelong day.

Where night is banish'd, and where Death and  
pain  
No more may enter, and where sorrows cease;  
Where God shall wipe away all weary tears,  
And give to His beloved ones perfect peace.

Unwillingly at length I left my seat,  
And in the evening shadows took my way,  
In solitary silence to my home,  
With light within my heart more bright than  
day.

And though at even-tide I oftimes sit  
And dream, and look back o'er the shadow'y  
past,  
My heart is calm, and feels no more the gloom  
Which once such suddened thoughts around me  
cast.

For now I look beyond the sorrows here,  
The sadness and the partings, and my soul  
Forgets earth's trials in the onward race,  
And presses forward to the heav'nly goal.

(Written after my Father's death).

## SUMMER DREAMS.

### Sunset.

#### Part I.

A golden, mellow glory now fills the summer sky,  
The scented air is vocal with the sweetest min-  
strelsy;  
The murmuring hum of insects, and the warbling  
of the birds,  
Make a song of joy and gladness, more eloquent  
than words.

The day has been all sunshine, for the rain that  
fell last night  
Has cooled the sultry atmosphere, and made the  
flow'rs more bright;  
The grass has look'd more verdant, and the trees  
more fresh and green,  
And the golden hearted lilies are resplendent in  
their sheen.

The breeze is blowing gently, and, from the dis-  
tant tower,  
The sweet Angelus is ringing and chimes out the  
sunset hour;  
What gladness born of heaven, what peace no  
words can tell,  
Is wafted on the zephyrs with the music of that  
bell.

It speaks to hearts sore-laden, and by sin and  
grief distrest,  
It whispers messages from Him, who gives the  
weary rest;  
It tells them that the way to Heaven is thro' the  
open Door,  
And that coming at Christ's bidding they are safe  
for evermore.

Perchance a sin worn wanderer, whose aching  
feet have trod  
The weary road of pleasure, is reminded of his  
God;  
And it may be with sad spirit, and with contrite  
heart he steals  
Within the Church's sacred walls, and penitently  
kneels.

The bells ring out a message to the happy ones  
as well,  
And they seem of heavenly gladness and eternal  
bliss to tell,  
For, oh! how wondrous bright must be that city  
over there!  
When this sin-weary world of ours appears so  
dazzling fair.

Oh! my soul is fill'd with rapture at this quiet  
vesper hour,  
With the bells so softly ringing from the Church's  
old gray tow'r,  
And I would all knew the gladness and the joy  
so full and free,  
As I listen to the message that these sweet bells  
bring to me.

### Evening.

#### Part II.

The golden light still lingers in the rich and  
ambient air,  
And the soul's most fervid longings are express'd  
in silent prayer,

And a wave of sweetest melody is borne upon  
my ear  
From a distance—softly dying—and yet seem-  
ing strangely near.

And my thrilling spirit yearns and longs to catch  
that glorious strain,  
If perchance it may be louder—and I hear it  
once again;  
And with beating heart I listen with anxiety  
untold,  
For the music of the seraphs, upon their harps  
of gold.

And the day is closing round me, and the sun  
has passed from sight,  
And the sky is palest azure, streak'd with yellow  
lines of light;  
And the twilight softly deepens, yet I still keep  
watch and wait,  
For a glimpse beyond the sunset, into Heaven's  
pearly gate.

The birds have gone to sleep among the branches  
of the trees,  
And the silence is unbroken, save by the gentle  
breeze,  
And Dian's silver bow is hung far, far up in the  
sky,  
And the stars come out like daisies in the sap-  
phire fields on high.

The night comes on apace, and now the fitful  
shadows fall  
Athwart the velvet lawn, and keep close to the  
garden wall,  
Like phantoms in the moonlight, while they vainly  
strive to hide  
Their wavering forms, so silently and stealthily  
they glide.

The shimmering rays that stream upon the  
honeysuckle bow'r,  
Have roused me from my dreams, and tell the  
lateness of the hour,  
I see the house among the trees is all ablaze with  
light,  
So I must leave the flow'rs and birds and bid  
them all "good night."

(Written in the Garden at Fairmount.)

### A CASTLE IN SURREY.

The lordly castle crowns the hill,  
In dignity and ancient pride,  
While smiling fair, the Surrey vale,  
Lies clothed in verdure, far and wide.

The ivy covered battlements,  
The picturesque, and massive tower,  
Whence long ago, men scanned the slope,  
The lattice of my lady's bower.

Bring pictures of the olden times,  
When pluméd Knight, in fine array,  
With token from his "ladye fair,"  
Rode boldly forward to the fray.

The tall and hoary Norman Keep,  
Once guarded by brave armoured men;  
Though now, in ruins:— as we gaze  
Brings the past ages back again.

The moat, and bridge, the huge courtyard,  
Once rang with shouts, and martial tread;  
And phantoms rise, before our eyes,  
And bring back memories of the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

In this dread time of woe and grief;  
When England's flag; and England's name,  
Stand for the Right: her warriors brave,  
Add Might, and Glory, to her fame.

*Fairmount (1840). Seat of Bishop of Winchester.*

### A WAR PICTURE.

Oh! the tumult, the shouting, that rends the still  
air,  
The clashing of arms; and the torches' red glare,  
As with unflinching courage, men rush to the  
fray,  
And meet the fierce Huns, ranged in battle array.  
The dread sights, and wild noises that strain  
ear and eye,  
As our soldiers march onward, to conquer, or die;  
The roaring of cannon, the shriek of the shell,  
The mad pandemonium, like echoes from hell!  
From the blue vault of Heaven to the ground  
underneath,  
Fall thick as the stars, the dread missiles of  
death,  
And the treacherous poison prostrates our brave  
men,  
As they struggle, though choking, to rise up  
again.  
Death reaps a rich harvest, and the men brave  
and bold,  
Fight more gallantly, proudly, than any of old;  
As they pass through the Valley, from darkness  
like night,  
To the home of the Victors, and Eternal light.

### THE ANGELS OF MONS.

In ravaged, and battle-swept Belgium,  
Where our cruel, and blood-thirsty foes,  
Bore down with fierce hordes to the conquest,  
Tryin? "Might" against "Right," to oppose.  
When the armies drew up for the fighting,  
And our soldiers seemed nearing a rout;  
When the enemy's onslaught was crushing,  
And victory seemed theirs, beyond doubt.

hudi



All suddenly seized with a panic,  
They halted, and turned in retreat;  
And instead of the victory expected,  
To them, 'twas ignoble defeat.

For in their sure moment of triumph,  
A wonderful vision appeared  
Of an army on noble white horses,  
Defending our lines, as they neared.

The Company was led by its Captain  
In bright armour, and garments of white:  
And the fierce evil powers of darkness,  
Were forced to take refuge in flight.

'Twas God's Angel,—the shining White Comrade,  
Who, in moments when sore dangers press,  
Puts His arm 'neath our noble men fallen,  
To comfort, and cheer their distress.

And when death's sombre shadows are falling,  
And His brave soldiers lay their lives down;  
"Ye have fought a good fight," breathes the  
Captain,  
"And for you there is laid up a crown."

#### A VISION OF FRANCE

In sunny France, one time the field  
Were green and fertile, fair and bright,  
Sweet flowers bloomed by sparkling streams,  
And Nature smiled in pure delight.

The hill sides gleamed in terraced rows,  
With heavy laden, purple vines,  
While stately, upright poplars stood,  
Like soldiers, in their tall straight lines.

On Festivals, and on Holy Days,  
O'er town and hamlet, hill and dell,  
Calling the faithful all to prayer,  
Rang out the Church's solemn bell.

Alas! that these good days are past,  
That human hate and lust of gain,  
Should cloud that happy Country's face  
With agony, and untold pain.

Alas! that in her sunny fields,  
Where once the wheat, and flowers have grown,  
Where once the happy reapers sung,  
Another harvest has been sown.

The hill sides now, no more are clad,  
With purple grape vines, rich and bright;  
A ruddier stream bedews the earth,  
While falling tears bedim the sight.

The noble Churches, now are not,  
Their ghastly ruins cry to God,  
While countless martyrs ruthly slain,  
Are slumbering 'neath the foreign sod.

\* \* \* \* \*

Great God! the stabs that pierce the heart,  
And drown life's joy, with aching fear!  
Do Thou in mercy, guard and keep,  
Our absent soldiers, brave, and dear.

Most gracious Father, hear our prayers,  
Protect our noble men, who fight  
For goodness,—and for Freedom's cause,  
And give Thou victory to the Right.

**"THERE'S NO RAIN LEFT IN HEAVEN."\***

(Jean Ingelow)

No rain in Heaven! this may well be;  
For the fair earth, and azure sky,  
Once smiling oft, in happy days,  
Now mourn in grief: with many a sigh.

The shadow of this fearful War,  
Across our haunted vision creeps,  
The flood gates from on high, are loosed,  
And sympathizing Nature weeps.

The heavy showers drench the earth,  
And fall from Heaven in giant tears:  
And sable clouds drape Nature's face,  
While hearts are torn with anxious fears.

Where once dear friends in converse smiled,  
And deemed the world a happy place:  
Now dreadful tragedies foreseen;  
Cut deep, sad lines on many a face.

An icy clutch is on our hearts,  
We pray, "God grant the War may cease:"  
"Send healing to all anguished souls,"  
"And in Thy mercy, give us Peace."

\*The Summer and Autumn of 1918 were unprecedentedly rainy.

## VICTORY.

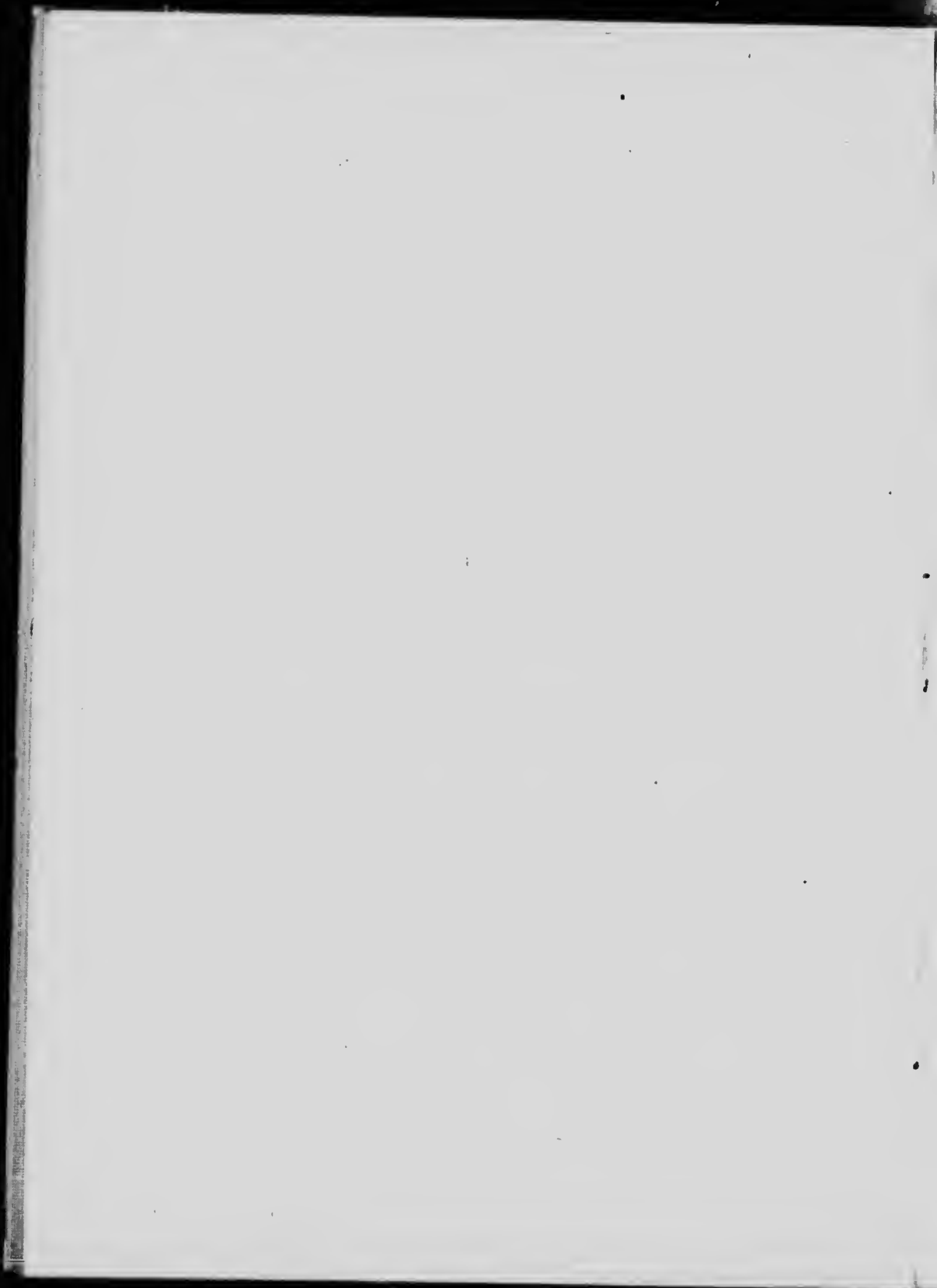
The long, darksome night of terror,  
Which throughout the past four years,  
Has filled countless hearts with sorrow,  
And unrest, and anxious fears:  
Which has wrapped all fair creation  
In the deepest shades of gloom,  
Has at length for ever vanished,  
And the morn of Peace, has come!

The high courts of Heaven are ringing  
With a new, and happy song,  
For the powers of Hell are vanquished,  
And Right triumphs over Wrong.  
The sad world no longer groaneth,  
In its pain and anguish sore,  
And Azrael's dark wings flutter  
O'er the battlefields no more.

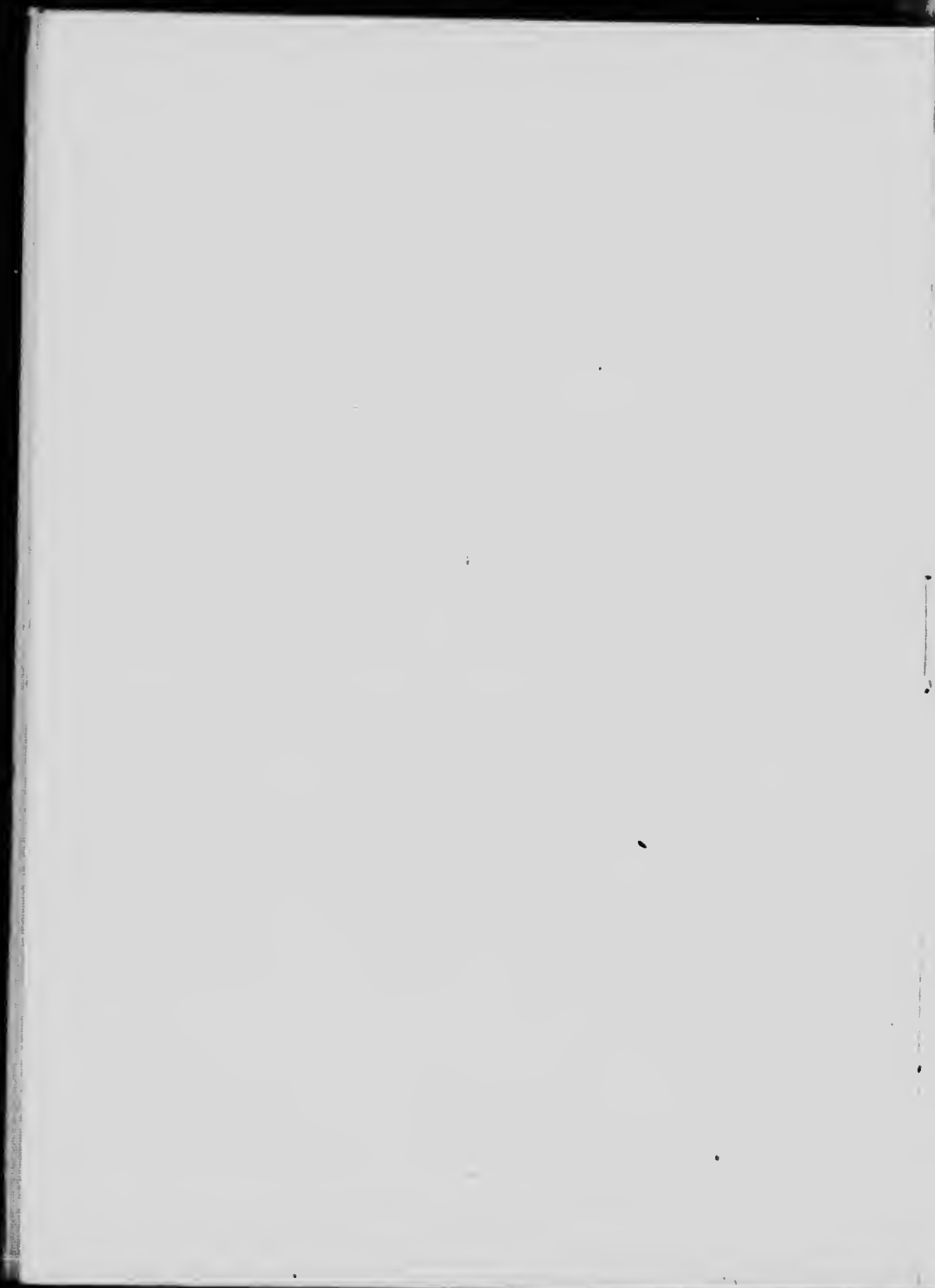
The great War, so full of horrors,  
Like a nightmare pressing down,  
All earth's simple joys and pleasures,  
With the dread of the unknown,  
Is now over!—though deep suffering  
Still clouds many a home, once bright  
With the memories of loved ones,  
Stricken down in the fierce fight.

But the Sun of Hope is shining,  
And the darkness now is past:  
And the Bells of Peace are pealing  
O'er the chastened world at last!  
For glad Victory crowns our struggle  
And at Christmas-tide again,  
We may hear the Angels singing  
"Peace on Earth, good will to men."

November 11th, 1918.



THE ABBEY OF ST. CLARE.



### THE ABBEY OF ST. CLARE.

The golden sunlight's dazzling rays,  
Shine forth with joyous light,  
And all the dewy sparkling earth  
Is bathed in radiance bright.  
The glory streams o'er hill and dale,  
O'er Castle, Cot and Hall,  
But seems with tenderest touch to gild  
The Abbey's crumbling wall.

It is a ruined Abbey, with  
Wild ivy overgrown,  
And the sunlight clothes in beauty  
Broken arches, and grey stone.  
Time was, when that fair Abbey's walls  
And sculptured roof, and nave,  
Resounded with glad strains of praise,  
And prayers of good, and brave.

For many weary souls oppressed  
With griefs, and sins, and cares,  
Kept vigil in this sacred shrine,  
And raised to God their prayers.  
These silent walls could whisper of  
A lady young and fair:  
Would you hear from me the legend  
Of the Abbey of St. Clare?

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in the days of Richard,  
Called the Lion-hearted King,  
'Round whose name for mighty prowers,  
Many stirring memories cling.  
He was foremost as a Leader,  
And a Champion for the Right,  
When the Christian hosts met Paynims,  
In the fierce, and bloody fight.

On a dewy, summer morning,  
In those ages, now long past,  
Wild notes from the hills and valleys,  
Echoed back the trumpet's blast.



With the strains of martial music,  
Came a troop of warriors bold,  
Riding on their noble chargers,  
While their trappings flashed like gold.

Dashing on through vale and meadow,  
Soon they reached the castle gate,  
And the Warder from his turret,  
Heard the tumult loud and great.  
Then the herald, riding forward,  
On his warlike, prancing steed,  
Said—"I bring with me a message"  
"To be given with all speed."

" 'Tis from our brave monarch Richard  
"To the noble Lord St. Clare,"  
"Bidding him, his trusty vassal,"  
"For the great crusade prepare."  
"Ere the present moon is waning,"  
"A brave army is to sail"  
"For the Holy Land, to prove that"  
"Cross o'er Crescent must prevail."

"I am sent with such commissions"  
"To some other nobles near,"  
"And I may not on my journey,"  
"Tarry any longer here."  
Bowing low, the courtly herald,  
Spurred his steed, and rode away,  
In the sunbeams flashed his armour,  
And his helm, with plumes so gay.

\* \* \* \* \*

From a casement in the castle,  
A fair lady in her bower,  
Had espied the troop of horsemen,  
Riding up to yonder tower.  
She had heard the clank of armour,  
And the pealing trumpets call,  
She had seen the herald parley,  
With the warder on the wall.

And a strange foreboding seized her,  
Filled her breast with anxious fears,  
Blanched the rosy cheek with terror,  
Changed the happy smile to tears.  
She, who thus leaned from her lattice,  
With sad heart, and troubled face,  
Was the gentle Lady Edith,  
Daughter of a haughty race.

Her brave sire, the noble Clifford,  
Had won glory and renown,  
In full many a hard fought battle,  
And had died for King and Crown.  
Since her early days of childhood,  
Her Aunt,— Lady of St. Clare,  
Had watched o'er her, and loved her,  
With a mother's tender care.

She, with other high born maidens,  
Passed full many a pleasant hour,  
Bending o'er the rich embroidery,  
In my lady's dainty bower.  
And the Lord of that fair castle,  
Was of noble mien, and grave;  
In the court, the camp, the battle,  
None more loyal, none more brave.

Many a youthful page, and squire,  
Of proud name, and high degree,  
Studied all the courtly graces,  
In this school of chivalry.  
One, there was, just newly knighted,  
For some deed of valour done,  
Gallantly at tilt and tourney,  
He, the golden spurs had won.

'Twas the valiant Hugh de Spenser,  
Frank and fearless, brave and true,  
With a tall and stately figure,  
Chestnut hair, and eyes of blue.  
Need I tell you that this courtier,  
Skilled in every grace and art,  
Seeing the fair Edith's beauty,  
At her shrine had laid his heart.

And the gentle high born maiden,  
Love light gleaming in her eyes,  
Smiled upon her kneeling lover,  
Bidding him, her true knight, rise.  
Days and weeks since then sped swiftly,  
Golden hours replete with joy,  
Dreaming of a happy future,  
Naught but death could e'er destroy.

But this season of deep rapture,  
Was too full, too sweet to last,  
Threatening clouds of coming danger,  
Soon their bright sky overcast.  
Thus it was, that Lady Edith,  
Sleepless through the summer night,  
Filled with vague and sad forebodings,  
Rose with early morning light.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the castle is all tumult,  
Squires and pages, men at arms,  
Eager to be in the conflict,  
Face to face, with war's alarms.  
And the ladies true, and loyal,  
Nobly conquer sighs and tears,  
Yet each woman's heart is throbbing  
With a thousand anxious fears.

As they bend, and deftly broider  
Farewell tokens for the fight,  
Comes de Spenser's page to Edith,  
With a message from the Knight.  
Praying her to walk at sunset,  
Just beyond the warder's tower :  
For he longed again to see her,  
Ere the final parting hour.

Closely veiled, with trembling footsteps,  
Edith reached the trysting place,  
Her young heart was chilled with sorrow,  
Tear drops glistened on her face.

With sad eyes she glanced about her,  
Whispered softly a loved name,  
And emerging from the shadow  
Of the Abbey wall he came,

With swift steps of eager welcome,  
And in glowing language told,  
All his dreams of fame and glory,  
While her aching heart grew cold.  
Half unconscious, clinging to him,  
With sad eyes, and drooping head,  
She strove bravely for composure,  
While the golden moments sped.

There they stood, beneath the shadow,  
Of the Abbey's stately gloom:  
She seemed like a broken lily,  
Cut down in its early bloom.  
After moments of deep feeling,  
Fraught with mingled joy and pain,  
Edith now, with wondrous calmness,  
Raised her drooping head again.

"Then, the noble young de Spenser  
Whispered, "Dear one, fare thee well,"

"I must leave thee on the morrow"

"At the convent's early bell."

"On thy finger, wear this token,"

"'Tis an opal, rare and bright,"

"It can tell thee of my welfare,"

"By its fitful, changing light."

"If it glow with ruddy brilliance,"

"And with undimmed radiance shine,"

"It will bear a cheering message"

"From my faithful heart to thine."

"If the light grows dull, and cloudy,"

"And the fire is quenched and fled,"

"It will whisper—, this sure token,"

"That thy faithful Knight is dead."

"Dearest Hugh, sobbed out the lady,  
"If aught evil, thee befalls,"

"I shall be the bride of heaven,"  
"In this Abbey's cloistered walls."  
"Fear not, for my love is changeless,"  
"And each day, on bended knee,"  
"At God's holy altar bowing,"  
"I shall offer prayers for thee."

While they lingered there in sadness,  
And the waning light grew dim;  
From the Abbey's open windows,  
Floated out the Vesper hymn.  
With an impulse, strong and sudden,  
And which they could not define,  
Entering through the sacred portals,  
Low they bent before its shrine.

On the altar, faintly burning,  
Waxen tapers cast their light;  
While from golden censer rising,  
Clouds of incense dimmed the sight.  
Now the sweet voiced organ murmured  
With sad tones in plaintive key:  
Then with bursts of joyous gladness,  
Filled the air, with melody.

As a minor chord in music,  
Gives a sweetness to the strain,  
So the wailing notes of sadness,  
Blend with joy, in life's refrain.  
Now through richly painted windows,  
With a tender silvery glow,  
Streams of radiance from the moonlight,  
Fall on marble floor below.

And a holy light surrounds them,  
Heavenly faith succeeds despair,  
As they turn with lingering footsteps  
To the castle of St. Clare.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the morrow, after sunrise,  
Lady Edith in her bower,

Saw the cavalcade departing  
From the castle's southern tower.  
With dim eyes, she watched de Spenser:  
And her heart sank in her breast,  
As the morning sunbeams glistened  
On his helm, and snow white crest.

And the summer breeze unfurling  
Nodding plumes, and banner's fold,  
While the glowing sun ~~transmitted~~ *transmitted*  
Shield, and coat of mail, to gold.  
Midst the strains of stirring music,  
With broad flags, and pennons gay,  
Bound to join the brave Crusaders,  
These bold warriors rode away.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the first, Hugh's parting token,  
Gleamed and shone with radiance bright,  
And the brilliant, undimmed colours,  
Burned and glowed with cheering light.  
But one weary night, fair Edith  
Strove for rest, and sleep, in vain,  
Fearful dreams, and scenes of terror,  
Filled her wildly throbbing brain.

To her fevered mind, the phantoms,  
Seem to beckon from afar,  
And from burning plains of Syria  
Sounds the fearful din of war.  
Midst the clash of arms, and tumult;  
Battle axe, and culverin,  
Strike down in the fierce encounter,  
Many a haughty Paladin.

Waving proudly in the sunlight,  
As the noble hosts advance,  
Floats St. George's flag of England,  
And the Fleur de Lys of France.  
As she gazes, with rapt vision;  
In the thickest of the fight  
Struggling near the Royal Standard,  
Edith sees her gallant Knight.

Foremost, midst the brave Crusaders,  
Gleams his snowy crest and shield:  
And he bears himself right bravely,  
On that Syrian battlefield.  
But at length, she sees him waver,  
And her sight grows strangely dim;  
Can that be the brave de Spenser,  
Borne down by a fierce Paynim?

Pierced by Moslem's poisoned arrow,  
In the hour of victory,  
Fighting for the Cross: his banner,  
Falls this flower of chivalry.  
And his trembling lips breathe softly  
Midst the shouts that rend the air;  
Her dear name thrice gently whispered,  
Mingling with his final prayer.

There the vision ceased, and Edith  
Trembling—waked in wild affright;  
Through the narrow casement glimmered,  
Silvery streams of pale moonlight.  
And all faint, in haste arising,  
Gazed she, on the ring with dread:  
From the gem, the sheen had vanished  
And the changing tints had fled.

As the fragile flower shivers,  
Borne down by a tropic storm,  
So the heart of this fair maiden,  
Seemed distraught by wild alarm.  
Ah! such anguish is too sacred;  
Who would lightly dare to raise,  
From the stricken soul, the curtain,  
That would hide it from our gaze?

\* \* \* \* \*

Days and weeks dragged slowly onwards,  
And one stormy night there came,  
To the castle lands a pilgrim,  
Asking alms in Heaven's name.

"Give thee welcome, holy palmer,"  
Said the warder at the gate,  
"In the Hall of our brave Baron,"  
"Food and shelter, thee await."

"Nay then," said the weary pilgrim,  
"By the holy Rood, I swear,"  
"Not to enter Hall or Castle,"  
"Save that of the Lord St. Clare."  
"For I came with news of import,  
"From the land of Palestine,"—  
"And a holy vow compels me,"  
"Your kind favours to decline."

"This is the fair Hall thou seekest,"  
Quickly then, the warder cried,  
"Enter, and find warmth and welcome"  
"By its cheerful fireside."  
Then made answer the pale pilgrim,  
"Grievous news, and sad, I bring,"  
"For the noble Hugh de Spenser,"  
"Fell, while fighting by his King."

"And a solemn charge he gave me,"  
"As he breathed his final prayer,"  
"Hie thee to my dear loved England,"  
"Seek ye, for my lady fair."  
"Take this crucifix of silver  
"As my parting gift of love,"  
"Bid her pray for faith and courage,  
"Till we meet in Heaven above."

\* \* \* \* \*

Need I tell how Lady Edith,  
Crushed beneath her load of grief,  
Sought and found in holy service,  
Comfort, balm, and sure relief.  
Sought and found in convent cloisters,  
Heavenly peace—, while fervent prayer  
Soothed and calmed her troubled spirit  
In the Abbey of St. Clare.



