



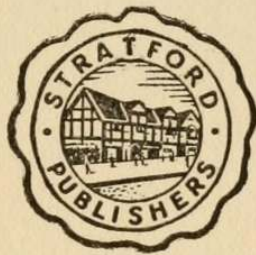
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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Lights and Shadows

By

Mary Gertrude Hamilton



BOSTON

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To
M. D. O.

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“**Y**OUR heart, your eyes, the lips of you
— Hesitant and full-fain your eyes! —
Make all my song: have I sung true?
Make all my song: are you song-wise?”

Song Burden,
FRANCIS MEYNELL.

Lights and Shadows

LIFE'S road is all patches,
Some dark, others bright;
Yet presence of shadows
But proves that there's light!

When from skies o'er my pathway
The last ray seems gone,
Three words! — and the cloud's grey
Is streaked with the dawn.

So, Dearest, when round thee
All seems like the night,
Remember I love thee!
Let that be thy light!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Assurance

THE lark of high hope seeks the sky, there
to sing,
Tho' hidden, mayhap, in the clouds of grey sor-
row.
The drearest of winters must yield us the
spring!
And where is the day can withhold its to-mor-
row?

Sing, little lark,
Be the clouds bright or dark!
With the fire of thy lay fill the sky!

He is up very high, but shall we not try
For a spark from his song — you and I?

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Why the Rose Is Red

A PETAL at a time, a maiden shaped her
soul into a flower
Of purest white — a perfect rose,— then hid it
in a bower
So secret, still, and consecrate, no key of earth
or heaven above
Could turn its lock. Its hinges were the springs
of love.

One day, a hand enchanted sought the portal of
that bower.
Full wide it swung for him. He reached with-
in, and took the flower.
Inside his own great, glowing heart, aflame
with love,— it's said
He laid the pure white rose. Since then, that
rose is red!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

To a Little Brook

OH, little brook with course so fleet,
I envy thee thy hurrying feet!
I wish that, like thee, I might go
To join an ocean that I know.

Ah, little brook, if thou wilt be
A message-bearer there for me,
Thou'lt find the waters blue and sweet;
Thou'lt tune thy song to the wild waves' beat.

And this will be thy simple part:
Bear this red rose and brimming heart —
And cast them on that boundless sea —
"The Ocean of Love".— Now, wilt thou, little
brook, for me?

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Night Fancies

I GAZE upon night's full-gemmed sky,
And in each jewel-star I can descry
Those lights which time and distance do defy
To speed to me from your dear eye.

The night-wind lulls the sleepy land.
I turn because it seems that you must stand
Beside me. In that breeze I feel your hand.
I smile to show I understand.

A single leaf drops down to rest
Upon the deep lake's pulsing breast,
By tenderest ripples laved, caressed.
Your lips' sweet touch?—I love it best!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The Difference

THE east is red.—There's no fire in the
dawning!

The dew-drenched flowers look teary, wan.—

The birds are singing — plaintive notes of
mourning!

Brightly shines the sun.— My heart is full of
shadows, for

Dearest, thou art gone!

The clouds are dark?— I see the silver lining!
To me no silent bird seems dumb.

Outside, the rain,— but in my heart, the sun is
shining!

Darkness is but absence of the light within me,
for

Dearest, thou art come!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Oh, Canst Thou Hear?

O H, canst thou hear my love to thy love call
Across the space that severs thee from
me?

Belovéd, say that clear and tenderly,
From out the breeze that bends the tree-tops
tall,

My greetings on thy listening spirit fall
To cheer thy way, and set thy fancy free
To cull the joys affection offers thee,
And, longing, craves that it might yield thee
all.

Full well I know thou hearest with answering
heart.

I feel thee draw me close upon thy breast,
Where throbbing melody, now wild, now low,
Has caught and kept, by some strange, secret
art,

Our every dream in rapturous hour expressed,
Nor dimmed their fires, nor lost their after-
glow.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The Voice in the Song

HIGH in the apple bough jauntily swing-
ing,

Hid by the branches in bridal array,

Straight from his heart, all his life in his sing-
ing,

Chants a wee bird, lures his mate with his lay.

“Sweet, sweet, my sweet,
Hear, I entreat!

Say, love, together, this bright sunny weather,

Gold of the west we shall weave in a nest!

Have no fear! Trust me, dear!

Sunshine of May that will gild every day

Pledge I to thee if thou’lt harken to me.”

Lo! in the light thro’ the gay branches stream-
ing,

Quivering in answer to all the bird sings,

Warm on a breath, leaps a soul with love
gleaming,

Speeds to its mate on its glittering wings.

“Dear, on thy breast
Earth yields its best!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Loud in the singing I heard thy call ringing,
Pleading and strong in the voice of the song.

Whisper low,— Yes, just so!—
Softly revealing the depth of thy feeling,
Words in whose fire glow thy love and desire.”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Queen of the Night

QUEEN of the night,
Reigning supreme in thine awe-dimmed
sky,
Veiling their eyes, the shy stars peep,
Watching thee fling over a world asleep,
Thy silvery wealth of mysterious light,
While cataracts leap and the dark pine-trees
sigh.

Look down on me!
Owest thou thy calm to thy cold, ashen heart?
Gainest thou content by thy prodigal giving?

No! dead to thyself, anew thou art living,
Resplendent in glory thy god sheds on thee.
Thy peace in thy rapture to my soul impart!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Resignation

NO need of words, dear — I understand.
A glance from your eye — a touch of
your hand.

What are distance and time and toil's galling
pressure?
I hoard in my heart your deposited treasure.

I want you with coming of morn's flaming
tips —
Oh, Sweetheart, dawning eternal's in the touch
of your lips!

Thus and forever, I could name your love's
charms,
But, Dearest,—I need you! Fold me close in
your arms!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Heaven

I TRY to think what Heaven can be—
I strive to pierce the baffling blue
That from me veils eternity—
And all my straining eyes can see
Is you, Sweetheart, just you!

I think of years outnumbering grains of sand—
Where æons pass, yet all stays new —
I glimpse the glory of that hidden land—
By a sea of gold, a crystal strand,—
And then I turn to you!

Suppose I win the humblest place—
In spite of faults, of merits few—
Before the Great All-Father's face,
I'll offer as my saving grace,
My love, My Own, for you!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Comparisons

THERE are eyes and eyes and more eyes,
too!

The snapping black and the Irish blue—

The grey eye cold or soft as dew—

But I love brown eyes — those dear eyes of you.

There's blond hair and black hair and hair as
white as milk—

And curly hair and straight hair—but what I
love the best

Is dark and fine and glossy—the very softest
silk.

Oh, what I'd give this minute to press it to my
breast!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Abendlied

COME, Precious One, it is time now to rest,—
Thy cradle, my arms; thy pillow, my
breast.

Close thy bright eyes at the touch of my lips.

I'll stroke thy white brow with my fond
finger-tips.

Dreams thou shalt have filled with joys fair and
sweet.

I'll choose them myself, and I'll breathe
them to thee.

I'll press thee, caress thee, and softly repeat:

I love thee, my Darling, and thou lovest me!

One and another, and then one—two—more—

Thy hair and thy cheeks and thy warm,
rosy lips!

Thus, as thou sleepest, I add to my store.

It's sweeter than nectar the honey-bee sips!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

A Woman's Way

INDEED, I love you! Yes, I do!
Was ever man more brave, more true!
But, listen, Dearest,—just take care
Not to catch my net or muss my hair.

You know that life's concentered charms
I find within your circling arms—
Just see my collar all awry!
What is it, Dear? I heard you sigh.

Like them!—Shower them on me like the rain!
And when you finish,—why,—begin again!
Be careful, Darling!—Oh, dear me!
You mustn't let the neighbors see!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

A Man's Way

OF course, I love you! Don't you know?
I told you I did, not so long ago.
Do you think I can change over night?—in a
day?

You like me to say it! A woman's way!

No letter! Well, no.—So you worried!
You should have known I was tired or hurried—
“No news is good news”—you've heard me
say—

So you were anxious! A woman's way!

Didn't you miss a day in writing to me?
When I don't hear, I'm troubled, you see—
You didn't dream I counted on one every day?
Want them! I live on them while I'm away!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Pledges

THE autumn leaves are dropping,
Sere brown and yellow-red.
They fill me with foreboding;
They seem like pleasures fled.

But see!
Each naked branch discloses
A bud in every scar;
So in thy heart reposes,
Too safe for frosts to mar—
New joy for me!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Full Moon on the Sea

THE full moon shone on the deep, dark sea;
To his hidden heart her warm gold
flowed.

“Dear God,” I prayed, “so let it be
With the love that I’ve bestowed!”

The moon looked into the soul of the sea,
But all she saw was her own bright face.
Again I prayed: “Oh, Lord, help me
My image thus in light to trace!”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Entreaty

BLOW, thou fierce sea wind!
Thine icy chill may cool my burning brain.
I bare my heart to thy wild gale—
Thou only fanst to hotter fire its flame!

You waves that pound upon the shore,
Take my sad soul upon your crest,
Dash it against yon jagged crags!
They are less cruel than the storm that beats
my breast!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Love's Day

THY love is like the sun, dear,
So what have I to fear?
That threatening cloud is not a shroud,—
Just sorrow's counterpart.
And that will go like May-time snow
In the sunlight strong and bright.

I pray for the sun, Sweetheart!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Roses

I LOVE the daisies of the field
And every flower that grows,
But in my heart, I wear concealed,
A lovely big red rose.

Someone knows
Why I love the rose
Above any flower that blows;
So, when he comes, and when he goes,
He brings or he leaves me a sweet red rose.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Love's Offering

BY the roadside—smiling,
Cheery,—all the day's long
Hours with thought beguiling,
Toiling to her soul-song
Music,—in the sunshine,
'Neath the stars; concealing
In her breast hope's dew-wine,
Blooms a flower, love's faith revealing;

Day by day uplifting
Chalice-cup alluring,
All the sunshine sifting,
Finest gold insuring;
Secretly distilling
Zephyr's breath and glowing
Dawn-fires; trembling, thrilling
With delight at love's bestowing;

Far her fragrance flinging,
—Perfumed words of greeting—
With the wind she's singing
Lovingly, entreating:

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

“Velvet Bee, affection
Harkens for thy humming;
Craving joy’s perfection,
Yearning, eager, waits thy coming.

“Come!—With warm caressing
Petals, soft as cloud-mist,
Gently round thee pressing;
Dusted o’er with sun-kissed
Powder—hoarded treasure—
Gather all, securing,
Captives of thy pleasure,
Flower, heart, and love enduring!”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Reflected Lights

THOUGH our lives may be cast by the piti-
less waves
On the rocks of some sad circumstance,
In the tiniest fragments a cruel sea laves,
Little sunbeams find place there to dance.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Little Brown Bird,— Ah, Me!

LITTLE brown bird, in your low-swinging
nest,
Looking so wildly at me,
I would not harm you! Now, haven't you
guessed
Why I am looking so enviously?

I know a nest soft as down on your breast,
One that was made just for me.
Little brown bird, you are wondrously blest.
That's why I'm longingly looking.—Ah me!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

For This

IF I had but one moment to live,
Just one breath for a single request,
That moment and breath would I give
For the joy of a life-time compressed
In this:
Thy kiss!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

A Night Wanderer

I KNOW that somewhere I have read
A wise psychologist has said
That while we lie asleep and still,
The soul may wander forth at will.

So if in hours of dreamy rest,
You feel a tapping, tapping at your breast,
Take my soul in, and, lovingly,
Just lock the door,—then throw away the key!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Happy Dreams

LAST night as I lay dreaming
A warm south wind blew over me
And laid a rose, deep red, upon my lips.
My hand reached up; my trembling finger-tips
Made real this wondrous seeming,—
Their touch found thee, My Own, found thee!

Night laid us on a low-hung cloud
Swift-scudding towards the morning.
Thou clasped me close, and breathed aloud:
“Love’s day, at last, Dear Heart!
And this is but the dawning!”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

A Bird Song

PEEP! peep, peep, peep!
How silly to weep

This bright, smiling day

When flowers are gay,

And the little brooks run!

Such cheering alway

In one shiny ray

It's foolish to cry for the sun!

Peep, peep! Peep, peep, peep!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Until

A LONG the water's sedgy brim
I walk and think and long for him.
I ask the sun coquetting with the lake;
I question brooding birds hid in the brake;
I catch the notes of cooing dove,
In search of answer from my Love.

Will he come? Will he come?

I hope he will!

Be calm, my heart, and wait — until

Until — ?

I watch a maiden tripping by
With joy aglow in cheek and eye.
I wonder if she knows some certain, subtle art
To sway a will or mould a heart.
She goes her way. Perhaps she sighs;
I cannot tell.— The song replies:

Will he come? Will he come?

I hope he will!

Have courage still!

Just wait and wait and wait until —

Until — ?

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The fresh young grass on tiny spears
Holds up to me Morn's myriad tears,
Wherein I see the dazzling skies
That blaze with fires that in his eyes
Have burned for me when he compressed
"A world of love" — protesting so much still
was unexpressed —

In one warm touch whose silent, sweet appealing
Lives on the breeze and in the rose, desire's im-
print revealing.

Will he come? Will he come?

I think he will,
For over me's stealing an old happy feeling
That if I wait and wait and wait and wait
until —

Until — ?

When Nature wakes her slumbering force,
And racing brook ignores its confines and its
course ;

When mating birds that build their leaf-hid nest
Start clamorous longing in his yearning breast ;
When hearts leap free from bondage,— Oh, it's
SPRING!

The voice within my soul with truth will sing :

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

He will come! He will come!
I know it!
I know it!
He will! Yes, he will!
If I wait till the call
In the wood-notes shall fall
On his listening ear.— So I'll wait!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The Storm-Wind

THE voice of the storm-wind insistently
cries;

It swells into fury, then sobbingly sighs;
And ever its question, the long night-hours
through:

“Ah, who—oo? —Say, who-oo! — Oh, who?”

My heart calls in answer: “You— you— you!”

The reckless abandon that rides in that gale,
The pulse of lone longing that beats in its wail,
Are pleadings in code that the elements bear;
And so to the weird, whistled note of its
“Where?”

From me: “With you!—Anywhere!— I don’t
care!”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The Flower of Faith

SINCE God decrees that we should climb
In separate paths
Yet side by side —
Our way beset with bristling thorns
That mark our routes
And grow between,
And make a wall impenetrable
To touch and glance and word and sigh,—
And wills that we should travel on and on,
Not stopping once to reason why,—
He will not chide us if we reach
To pluck a rose
Which rare and sweet
Amid the thorns assurance speaks
That Love which hung
That emblem there
With pity views our bleeding feet,
And counts those roses pledges given
To trusting hearts by struggle riven,
To be redeemed by Him in Heaven.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Supremacy

A PILGRIM tapped at the rude lodge door.
Amazed was the hermit, for never before
Had such a suppliant breathed such a prayer
As came from the lips of the stranger there.
“My soul is sick of the world and its strife,
For pleasure and plenty — they are not life!
I seek a heart that is warm and true —
An angel directed me here to you.”

The hermit looked on the upturned face,
Then studied the jewels, the rare old lace.
He struck his breast and fell on his knees,
And lifted his gaze over tallest trees.
“Oh, God!” he cried, “why now to me —
To me who have pledged my all to Thee —
Hast Thou sent this pilgrim, rich and fair?
And what with her wouldst Thou have me share?”

“The vagrant may have half my hearth;
I’ll guide the lost to the travelled path;
I’ll feed the hungry, support the lame;

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

I'll give to the poor, and — in Thy name —
Relieve the body, and strive to find
Thy light and grace for a troubled mind.

“If I yield to this pilgrim, to my own heart
The giving returns in so great part,
I fear it's indulging in forbidden pleasure
To follow desire and heap high her measure.
My heart — it is warm; my love — it is true.
Shall I share them with her, Lord? What ought
I to do?”

In a moment the wind and the bird-songs were
still;
A light from the heavens broke over the hill;
And a voice most amazing in exquisite sound
Gave answer with tenderness, simple, profound:
“Lives given for others are moulded on Mine.
Hearts spent in true loving alone are divine.
And love in a heart that with My Heart doth
beat
Makes that life of all lives the one life complete.
So open thy heart; take the suppliant within.
Is not God Himself Love — and thy strength
against sin?”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

At Evening in Autumn

TWILIGHT with his dusky fingers
Sketches earth in glowing grey,
Splashes gold along the sky-line,
Throws low clouds a rosy ray;
Adds broad bands of richest russet,—
Here and there a purple sweep;
Swings his brush the vast vault through,
Paints the whole a melting blue.
In this ground of purest azure,
Lights one point of radiant fire,
Lifts it high and ever higher,
Way above the domes of elm trees,
Far atop the fir-tree's spire
Traced in ink upon the gold.

All the world beholds the glory;
Tries to capture bits of splendor;
Flings back gold in boldest challenge
From the panes of hut and mansion;
Shows a star of equal beauty
Trembling in the mill-pond's bosom;
Spreads the russet, rose, and purple—
Wanton waste—upon the waters;

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Till before her face all-blushing
Evening draws Night's shadow screen,
And the chastened earth
And humbled heavens
Do obeisance, as, in triumph,
Pure and stately, dignified, serene,
From the clouds, in her effulgence,
Comes the moon, acknowledged queen.

In my heart for thee, Belovéd,
As the day is on the wane,
All the ardent joys of loving,
All affection's colors shine.
In its deepest pool thy star gleams;
On my spirit's glow thy form is traced;
And the message my love sends thine
Flashes back in flame to mine,
Till my soul with sunset brilliance
Burns at thought of clasping thine!

Then I tame its fiery ardor
Lest it daze thee by its glare,
Hold thee close and still more closely,—
Real, at last, our hope's long dream!
Answered now our fervent prayer!
In this moment I proclaim thee
Of my life the queen supreme!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Making Our Dreams Come True

OH, all our dreams that will never come true,
With their fair rosy lights and their
shadows' soft hue!

But we'll treasure their beams, from their shade
seek their glow,

Be so wrapped in their beauty we never shall
know

That the dreams we are dreaming are not really
true.

Thus dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Neath skies all grey or blue,
Your love-fire brightly gleaming
Will guide me straight and true;
Your eyes' exultant beaming
Shall be my proof anew
That all my happy dreaming,
My Sweetheart, is just you!

Why should we not hidden pathways bestrew
With our dream-roses wet with desire's fire-lit
dew?

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

From the fields of delight gather gay, fragrant
flowers,
Bloom immortal and sweet, yielding most in
those hours
Separation obscures with her storm-cloud's dark
hue?

Thus dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Neath skies all grey or blue,
Your love-fire brightly gleaming
Will guide me straight and true;
Your eyes' exultant beaming
Shall be my proof anew
That all my happy dreaming,
My Sweetheart, is just you!

What! are the thorns and leaves only the true?
Does delusion's false brush paint the rose peep-
ing through?
Still I'll hold to my dreams with the faith true
love knows,
For eternity's dawning the truth will disclose
That the soul of my dream-self, my Sweetheart,
is you!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Content

GIVE them their mansions of fabulous rent,
With costliest furnishings fit for a king,
And all of the luxuries the great ships can bring,
And feasting and dancing and life in full
swing —

But give me, oh, give me, a snug little tent!

I'll not complain at the money that's spent
For linen and glassware and rare silverplate.
Let them set forth their tables for dinners of
state,
For luncheons and suppers and every old fête,
As long as they leave me my snug little tent.

Behind it, the forest; overhead, the blue sky;—
The beach where the waves whisper secrets to
me;—
The sweep of the sea-wind that blows wild and
free.—
Ah, that is the place where you ought to be!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

There's naught like the joy there! Now, just
come and try!

You never repent
The days that are spent
In a snug little tent!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

When You Love the Right Girl in the Only Way

HOW little does it matter if the shadows
come a-creeping
Till there isn't left a sun-spot that may fleck
your dusty way,
When a pair of eyes are shining clear as stars
in summer skies,
And you know them for your beacons never
failing night or day.

When you love the right girl in the only way
There's a warmth within your heart
And a glow its fires impart
That will gladden every hour of the longest,
dullest day.

When the road is rough and rugged, and your
feet and heart are weary,
And your courage's down to nothing 'cause the
plodding's lone and drear,
Then a hand comes softly stealing, nestling close
within your own,



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

And a cheery voice beside you makes you know
the goal is near.

When you love the right girl in the only way
There's a warmth within your heart
And a glow its fires impart
That will gladden every hour of the longest,
dullest day.

Can the world seem cold and cruel when a soul
that's big and loving
Suffers pain and sorrow with you, laughs aloud
when you are gay?
Don't you do your work more nobly, don't you
crave success anew,
When dear eyes flash back your triumph, and
sweet lips your toil repay?

When you love the right girl in the only way
There's a warmth within your heart
And a glow its fires impart
That will gladden every hour of the longest,
dullest day.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The Quest Eternal

A STATELY spirit with great, soft wings
Touched a restless human soul,
And said with a smile that allured:
“My name is Ideal. Be a child again,
And come with me to the heights of life —
To the Land of Happiness!
The way is long, and the climb is steep,
The path is often rough,
But hold my hand and trust in me;
Your courage will grow as we go.”

They climbed and climbed for ever so long;
They came to a green plateau.
The sky above was a cold, clear blue;
The air was fresh and keen.
Sounds from below uprose to the heights:—
The crystalline ring of childish glee,
The care-free shouts of inconsequent youth,
With now and anon, maturer mirth
And the ready laugh of a blithe content.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Dropping the hand of the spirit, the curious
child

Hastened to gaze on the scene.

Everywhere children, bright and gay,
Shedding a light that followed their flitting;
Peasant folk singing at toil in the fields;
Shy, sturdy lads in the grass-covered lanes
Plaiting flowery crowns for the maidens beside
them.

Jostling, surging, a feverish throng
Struggled in fruitless endeavor
To enter a structure whose colorful blaze
Dazzled the eyes that braved the glare
Of a pennant of gauze
With its flaming inscription: "Pleasure".

"The City of Happiness!" cried the child.
Alive with desire to be taken there,
She returned to the spirit forsaken erstwhile,
But no words answered her eager request.
The wondering eyes grew wide with fright,
The spirit seemed so terribly still, so awfully
tall;
The city below was forgotten.

The little one touched the robe of its guide;
The garment was stiff and queer:

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The tiny hand sought the larger one ;
The fingers were cold, and the clasp was slight :
The face of the spirit was turned to the sky.
The great tears rolled down the rounded cheeks,
And loneliness weighted the anxious heart ;
The spell of the angel seemed passing.
Crushed by sorrow, and all confused,
The child sank down at the ice-cold feet of the
spirit.

Like mists that lift from the green hillsides,
The mask of childhood vanished,
Revealing a maiden, young and fair.
No one knew how long she lay
Like dead at that spirit's feet.

Solitary, sad, there appeared one day
A figure against the horizon.
Towards the maiden he came — nearer, nearer.
His head was bent in despairing fatigue ;
Borne on the wind, his deep-drawn sigh,
Like a sob from a mighty god.
Suddenly lifting his eyes, he saw
The spirit — the maid at its feet.
He started, stopped, then stared.
Like approaching morn behind a cloud,

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

A light suffused his face:—
One understanding look:—
The stranded soul — the cold ideal!
Alas! too well he knew the plight!

Stooping, he lifted the maiden;
Softly, with infinite tenderness,
Stroked her numb, limp hand,
And smoothed the rippling hair;
Lovingly, eagerly, read the face.
Within him revived the flame of hope.
Closer he pressed his burden
To his heart, grown stout and warm.
Dawning color tinged the cheeks;
The eyelids moved, the lips half smiled;
Relaxed, she nestled against his breast.

With patience he watched the returning life,
His heart expanding like a rose in the sun.
Could it — he questioned — ah! could it be,
At last he had found what he had ceased to
seek —

That which alone could satisfy
His ardent, exacting soul?
He pressed one hand to his own warm lips,
Kissed the hair, the brow, the cheeks.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Slowly, so slowly, the opening eyes
Wonderingly looked into his.
Dimmed in an instant the light in their depths
By a scudding, questioning shadow.

The powerful arms then tightened their hold,
And a voice all-vibrant with manhood's wealth,
And soothing as gentlest woman's,
Spoke cheerful reassuring:
"Maiden fair, you need not fear!
Like you, I sought these heights,
Lost hope — then found you here!
By the fire of love in my yearning heart
I've rekindled your own life-spark.
Let me be your guide henceforth!
With me seek the longed-for land —
The Kingdom of Hearts' Desire —
The realm of undying ideals!"

The love-light leaped to the maiden's eye,
With flame it dyed her cheek.
The joy that rose in her throbbing throat
Was joy that makes words weak.

"And can you — will you — take me there?"
She asked, with sweet, shy trembling, all agleam.
"See! roses, roses everywhere!"

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

It is not all a dream? —

And where is the land whereof you speak —

On earth or in heaven above?"

Then he: "It's heaven on earth, My Own, we
seek,

And its name is simply 'Love'!"

“SO when you turn your eyes away
From mirrored eyes, and when you stay
Love-hearing with reluctant hand,
Straight then your heart-throbs will betray
That you have read, and understand!”

Song Burden,
FRANCIS MEYNELL.



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