

Selected Poetry

THE JOURNEY'S END.

Good-bye, dear heart. Be thou, as I am,
glad.

Glad for the grace of loneliness and yearning
My heart, far faring from thee, shall have
had
Ere its returning.

Pluck future joy from out this present pain;
Rejoice to know that these small seeds of
sorrow

Shall be Love's harvest when we meet again,
Some bright to-morrow.

—T. A. DALY, in *An Anthology of Modern Verse*.

THE DUNCE.

I had no learning, and no brains;
And every master called me dull;
Of furze-lit hills, and leafy lanes,
And bluebells tall, in woods to cull;
Of all of these at school I dreamed,
And all the rest but foolish seemed.

No brains I had, and not much heart
To tot up figures in a sum;
The leaf-brown road, the haypiled cart,
The Bramble fruit, the wild bee's hum,
The wood fire's incense on the breeze—
No care had I but just for these.

The pupils looked at me askance,
Their quickness made me shamed and shy—
With their drab world at variance,
I had no wish but just to lie
And probe what lay beyond the skies,
And wonder if the learned are wise.
—MAEVE CAVANAGH, in the *Irish World*.

JACK STUBBINS.

Jack Stubbins was a carter lad
Who hadn't much to say.
They paid him little, loved him less,
And so, one summer day,
He up and joined the Infantry,
And marched with them away.

He marched away to Waterloo
And stood within a square;
The drizzling rain that fell at dawn
Made drake-tails in his hair—
But when the sun shone out again
Jack Stubbins wasn't there.

Johnny Stubbins had no money,
And he hadn't any brains;
The only things that Johnny left
Are tersely called "remains"—
Maybe the soil of Mont St. Jean
A trace of these retains. . .

But all the rest of Johnny
Has long whistled down the wind—
At least, it was this haunted breeze,
That blew him to my mind,
And I who hear the haunted breeze
Am puzzled what to say:
Why I should hear the haunted breeze,
And he be—blown away.

—G.K.'s Weekly.

ARBOR NOBILIS.

(Ireland in the Penal Days.)

Like a Cedar our greatness arose from the
earth;

Or a plane by some broad-flowing river;
Like arms that give blessing its boughs it
put forth:

We thought it would bless us for ever.
The birds of the air in its branches found
rest;

The old lions crouched in its shadow;
Like a cloud o'er the sea was its pendulous
crest;

It murmur'd for leagues o'er the meadow.

Was a worm at its root? Was it lightning
that charr'd

What age after age had created?

Not so! 'Twas the merchant its glory that
marr'd

And the malice that, fearing it, hated.
Its branches lie splintered; the hollow trunk
groans

Like a church that survives desolations;
But the leaves, scatter'd far when the hurri-
cane moans,

For their healing are sent to the nations.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

CALLING TO ME.

Through the hush of my heart in the spell of
its dreaming

Comes the song of a bush boy glad-hearted
and free;

Oh, the gullies are green where the sunlight
is streaming.

And the voice of that youngster is calling
to me.

It is calling to me with a haunting insistence,
And my feet wander off on a hoof-beaten
track.

Till I hear the old magpies away in the dis-
tance

With a song of the morning that's calling
me back.

It is calling me back, for the dew's on the
clover,

And the colors are mellow on mountain and
tree;

Oh, the gold has gone gray in the heart of
the rover,

And the bush in the sunshine is calling to
me.

It is calling to me, though the breezes are
telling

Gay troubadour tales to the stars as they
roam;

For the tapers are lit in the humble old dwel-
ling,

And the love that it sheltered is calling me
home.

It is calling me home—but the white road lies
gleaming,

And afar from it all must I tarry and dree;
Just an echo far off, in the hush of my
dreaming,

Is the voice of a youngster that's calling
to me.

—"John O'Brien" in *Around the Boree Log*.

THE JOURNEY.

When Shakspeare came to London
Three centuries ago,
He came where hills rise steeply,
Where silver rivers flow;
By Shipstone, Woodstock, Oxford,
Through Wyeombe's market square,
And little dreamt the townsfolk
What traveller went there.

When Shakspeare broke his journey,
The landlord at the inn
Would pay but grudging homage
To one whose purse was thin.
A nobody from Stratford,
A pilgrim humbly clad—
For who was there to whisper
The treasure that he had?

The folk along the highway
Would greet him as he came,
Nor guess his morrow's magic,
Nor guess his morrow's fame.
And did he hear the triumph
Of all the years to be,
Or but a blackbird piping
Upon a willow-tree?

—ALMEY ST. JOHN ANCOCK, in the *Home Magazine*.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but heaven!

—THOMAS MOORE.

THE WOMAN OF THE BEADS.

No white-haired harper at his instrument,
Who calls sad melodies from all the strings,
Ever a sweeter strain to heaven sent
Than saying over and over the self-same
things.

O lyric dreamer, woman of the beads,
Whose days all run in Rosary refrain,
Your fingers feel the strings when sore heart
bleeds,
For singing softer is the hard catch of
pain!

Harper of humble message to the skies,
Through all the strings there runs a single
note.

Yet, lonely woman, the tears wait in your
eyes,
The lyric gasp is halting in the throat.

Lady of faded face, of fallen cheek,
Whispering Hail Marys as if unto a lover,
She of the Sorrows loves you when you speak
The same words, never tiring, over, over.
—P. J. CARROLL, C.S.C., in an exchange.