

Selected Poetry.

Ships That Pass

From out the gloomy darkness a boat came down the stream;

It paused a while in sunlight, a vivid, wondrous dream;
The slanting sunrays, lingering, so tenderly enfold
It, lying there at anchor, in gleaming magic gold.
But as I watched, admiring, it quickly slipped away,
And down the misty river it vanished with the day.

How many ships adown the stream, the dawn and dusk
between,

Pass from the shadowed silence, into the golden sheen?
How many ships adown the stream, ere morning's dews
have flown,

Pass from the glowing sunlight, into the Great Unknown?
Some ships there are that pass by day, and others pass by
night,

Out of the dreary darkness into the welcome light.

And some there are that may not pause, and some may
linger long—

For some the air, is gladdened by breath of flower and
song.

Yet all alike, from that fair place, some time the veil
must lift,

And soft as falling rose leaves, into the daylight drift;
And all alike, or great or small, what time their day is
o'er,

Like shad'wy, silent phantoms, pass, to return no more.

From outer darkness vague they come, to darks as deep
they go;

And whence they come we know not, nor whither bound
we know.

But Hope and Love the sails have set to catch the breezes'
swell,

By Faith each barque is guided—where, only God can tell!
Q. O. H., in the *Irish Weekly*.

The Maiden Philomay

In the country of Saint Mary of Love, beneath the worn
grey towers,

That are carven all over with harp-players, and lute-players
and flowers,

And in the shadow of shining stones, that stand up straight
in the sun,

I found my Maid at a still window before the day was
begun.

I found my Maid, but she was no maid of flesh and breath
and bone:

She smiled, the Spirit of Philomay, serene on a secret
throne,

At the ivory gate of Mary's Town, with a crown on her
head like stars;

Her eyes smiled into my soul and snote through the dull
world's aching bars.

Stand up straight in the sun, ye stones, carven from hem
to waist,

Richer than robes on a Queen's body, splendidly strange
and chaste:

I hear the sound of your golden bells across still waters
borne,

Stealing down from the Abbey's towers through the dim
cool mists of morn.

Come to my arms, Maid Philomay, ere the innocent dawn
go by,

While still the soft blue pulse of bells is beating within the
sky,

Over the hushed waves thick with ships, and the brown
sails, and the oars,

And the Norsmen crews, and the white-winged gulls that
scream by the windy shores.

—W. R. C., in *The New Witness*.

Sons of Battle

Let us have peace, and Thy blessing,
Lord of the Wind and the Rain,
When we shall cease from oppressing,
From all injustice refrain;
When we hate falsehood and spurn it;
When we are men among men.
Let us have peace when we earn it—
Never an hour till then.

Let us have rest in Thy garden,
Lord of the Rock and the Green,
When there is nothing to pardon,
When we are whitened and clean
Purge us of skulking and treason,
Help us to put them away.
We shall have rest in Thy season;
Till then the heat of the fray.

Let us have peace in Thy pleasure,
Lord of the Cloud and the Sun;
Grant to us eons of leisure
When the long battle is done.
Now we have only begun it;
Stead us!—we ask nothing more.
Peace—rest—but not till we've won it—
Never an hour before.

—B. L. T., in *A Line o' Verse or Two*.

To the Woman Who Gave Me Back My Soul

Fate seemed to have prepared for me
A banal ending to a banal play.
The dreams and hopes that filled my soul at twenty,
Were but a memory, dim and far away.
I grew content with empty nothingness,
Spending my days sans hope, sans dreaming, and sans
God,

Recalling with mean smiles, the hard-edged stones
On the ascending path I might have trod.

Thick curtains, woven on the looms of hell,
Covered the windows of my arid soul,
That not a single quickening sunlight ray
Into the dry dead silence ever stole.
For a mere whispered devil's pledge
Of easy peace and laughter through my days,
I had surrendered all myself to him
Who promises men much and never pays.

And in my piteous poverty, I danced
To the loud measures of the world's shrill life,
And at its feasting and its merriment
Almost forgot that living might be life.
Almost—but God ever remains persistent,
He did not call to me in thund'rous roll,
But I could often hear His fingers tap
Upon the curtained windows of my soul.

Then, dear, you came to me and held my hand.
And in your sweet eyes' sheen
I saw the picture of the man
I might have been.
Bitter regret and sorrow held me till I heard
You bid me raise my head and see
Another picture, painted in your eyes,
Of him that, with hard striving, I might be.

Man has the gift of life from the deep mystery of a
woman's pain,
And by a woman's faith and eager love, a weary man may
find his soul again.

—SIDNEY DARK, in the *English Review*.



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