

Selected Poetry

Before Sleep

O child of struggle, here's the night!
Then rest, then rest.
Let peace come nestle on your brow.
Put out the light—

Nor back to the old battle hark.
Draw down the shades,
Put out the light. And in your soul
Put out the dark.
—AGNES LEE, in *Faces and Open Doors*.

Your Own Fair Youth

Your own fair youth, you care so little for it,
Smiling towards Heaven, you would not stay the advances
Of time and change upon your happiest fancies.
I keep your golden hour, and will restore it.

If ever in time to come, you would explore it—
Your old self, whose thoughts were like last year's pansies,
Look unto me; no mirror keeps its glances;
In my unfailling praises now I store it.

To guard all joys of yours from Time's estranging,
I shall be then a treasury where your gay,
Happy, and pensive past unaltered is.

I shall be then a garden charmed from changing,
In which your June has never passed away.
Walk there awhile among my memories.
—ALICE MEYNELL, in *Poems*.

Oasis

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glimmering wave of life
Once more—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart; I hear
Faint—oh! so faint—some air I used to sing;
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since—I know not when.
—PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, in the *Irish Weekly*.

Sand Lily

Prone I lie while turquoise desert dome
Goes grayly into purple.
Should I stay rooted there will be gray
Again, then a rose dawn,
And always blue at mid-day.

O splendid slow march of colors!
Each slips a sheath that flutters down
To tint a mood and warm this ivory lily
Growing beside my outstretched hand.
Sand lily, has your quartz-cold cup
Been filled with mellow sun?
Have vagabond winds brushed past to
Spray your heart with pollen?
And have you made a hard round seed
Against the day your petals fall?

Sand lily, I also know the stir
Of mystical metabolism—
The pulse of thirsty roots that sought
The cool spring under blackness—
That's why I lie here, earth-caught.

—FAITH MARIS, in the *Lyric West* (Los Angeles).

They Do Not Live

They do not live who choose the middle way,
Whom ecstasy and anguish have not known,
Who scale no trembling heights, nor plumb the lone
Depths of an aching darkness in bright day.
They miss the passion with the pain, the gay
High tides that sweep the spirit to its own,
The lifting surge of music, the dear tone
Of a loved voice in pleading or in play.
They miss the hurts and stumblings; surely fear
Is never theirs, nor groping in the night;
In their serene cool weather come no dread
Torrents or tempests to corrupt their sight,
Nor any rainbow; neither do they hear
The sea, nor does the thunder wake these dead.
—IRWIN EDMAN, in *Public Opinion* (London).

Beauty

I shall be ever near thee; snow or rain
Serve but to lend new wonders to the light
I hold to lead thee, and my very sight
Makes pleasure flourish at the root of pain.
Youth with its passions, age with its deep desires,
Princes or paupers are to me the same;
Back to the moon I fling the fainting flame,
Snatched from the western hearth of dying fires.

He that keeps faith with me will surely find
My substance in the shadows on the deep,
My spirit in the courage that men keep
Though all the stars burn out and Heaven goes blind.
When sorrow smites thee, look! my joy is near,
Flashing like sunlight on a falling tear.
—JOHN CROSS, in the *Yale Review*.

After the War

They all go by . . . the plangent wars.
—R. L. STEVENSON.

They all go by, the pitiless, plangent wars,
They all go by and leave the altered world
Unaltered. Underneath the hawthorn tree
The shepherd tells his tale, and o'er the sea
The ships are sailing with their wings unfurled,
Spring blows her clarion and the skylark soars.

The ancient mysteries are now as then;
Millions have passed, Earth heeds it not and smiles,
The roads outstretch their gray monotonous miles,
The ageless course of things begins again.
This loved hillside is beautiful as when
The clangorous trumpets blared, and when the isles
And all the mountains from their deep defiles
Answered the summons with a stern "Amen."
—J. H. HALLARD, in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Luck

Some there are that love and win,
And some that love and lose,
Some girls take what they can get,
And some girls choose.

Some there are find joy in life,
And some that only bear it.
Some throw their luck away,
And some snatch and wear it.

Life is like a Market Day
That may be dark or sunny,
White roses may go begging there
And cabbages make money.

Since I'm not sure of anything
Beyond the present minute,
I think I'll put a little love
And some singing in it!
—LOUISE DRISCOLL, in *Current Opinion*.

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