

CONSOLATION

BY D. L. I.

Time has two gifts to offer those in
grief
For their lost dead — one is forget-
fulness,
With pain and sorrow become some-
thing less
Than present pleasure, glimpses faint
and brief
Of the dear past; and this men call
relief
And healing; but the other gift more
rare
Is pain that lasts, and with it strength
to bear,
And memory, of life's joys become the
chief.
Let love be keen to choose the nobler
gift,
And learn to live with sorrow as a
friend,
Gentle, yet strong, that will admit no
drift
Into forgetfulness. So to the end
Love shall be loyal and, in spite of
pain,
Find in that loyalty a lasting gain.

The Bookman

EVENING

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Come out and walk, the last few drops
of light
Drain silently out of the cloudy blue;
The trees are full of the dark, stooping
night,
The fields are wet with dew.
All's quiet in the wood but, far away,
Down the hillside and out across the
plain,
Moves, with long trail of white that
marks its way,
The softly panting train.
Come through the clearing. Hardly
now we see
The flowers, save dark or light
against the grass,

Or glimmering silver on a scented tree
That trembles as we pass.

Hark now! So far, so far — that
distant song —
Move not the rustling grasses with
your feet.
The dusk is full of sounds, that all
along
The muttering boughs repeat.

So far, so faint, we lift our heads in
doubt.
Wind, or the blood that beats within
our ears,
Has feigned a dubious and delusive
note,
Such as a dreamer hears.

Again — again! The faint sounds rise
and fall.
So far the enchanted tree, the song
so low —
A drowsy thrush? A waking nightin-
gale?
Silence. We do not know.
The New Statesman

THE LAW OF PROHIBITION

BY ALICE MEYNELL

Yet are there nooks of vine
In little furtive vineyards that escape
The righteous Law, and foster for its
wine
The altar-destined grape?

In hiding, day by day,
In Western suns the sweetening cluster
fills,
As in the league-long vintage far away
On European hills.

Yet does the Law abide.
Christ comes but to fulfill it, as before.
The wine within the chalice need not
hide,
For it is wine no more.

The Dublin Review