

“UN TEMPS VIENDRA”

(From the French of Emile Cammaerts, in *The Contemporary Review* for April, 1922.)

W. E. MACLELLAN

In far off years to come, when we are white,
And tottering feebly on our aged feet,
Beside our door we'll wait the coming night,
There, side by side, the deepening twilight greet.

Though steps may waver and though heads may shake,
The past in flashes will return again,
As festal rockets, when aloft they break,
Diffuse themselves in many-coloured rain.

Our babies in their cots once more will sleep,
Old odours rise from gardens after showers,
And twittering swallows from their nests will peep,
With fading light will softly fade the flowers.

As now, we'll smile at anxious troubles past—
Recalling joys as well—at bills o'erdue,
At trying efforts to make income last,
At growing charges which still greater grew.

Back to our minds will come the sore heartache,
The passions wild and strong of our young years,
The dread of clouds which gathered but to break,
Until our lives were knit too close for fears.

Thou'lt seek my hand; thy fingers I shall find,
And faded eyes again will deeply glow
As sinking embers, under ashes blind,
Revive and sparkle when the breezes blow.

Time's furrows on thy brow will tell our tale;
Thy sweet, grave voice will ask: "Is't well, dear love?"
And, as to-day, my heart 'neath thy strong spell,
Shall throb response, as unto God above.