

Although it looks through her soft eye
 Sweetly and tenderly . . .
 Her mention of a thing—august or poor—
 Makes it seem nobler than it was before.

That is true because she never mentions mean and petty things, but only what can be turned to good talk. Many a woman has been idealized by poet or lover or friend. But this woman, yonder in the years of my childhood and youth, was in beauty of person and character actually as I have said. I believe her to have been so in every fibre of her being.

THE MESSAGE

C. F. LLOYD

High through the silvery twilight soared the tower,
 Clean as a sword's bright edge and strong as love.
 A sudden flight of sound proclaimed the hour;
 The rose of evening lingered far above.
 Skyward the deep-based portal leaped like flame;
 Grace and the power of patient thought were there,
 And craftsmanship, content without a name
 To find its rich reward for toil in prayer.
 Out of the deepening shadow silently,
 A figure stole in cowl and corded gown.
 The ascetic lips moved not, yet gave to me
 This searching message from the ancient town:
 How once we built for love, these stones can tell;
 For gain or glory, see ye build as well.