

[*The London Mercury*]
VILLAGE GREEN

THE thatched roofs, green with moss
and grass, stand round,
And earthy walls seem growing from
the ground,
Bold pipe the missel-bird and bluecap
gay
From white-bloomed plum, nor fear
the yokels' play;
Who on the wet green whirl the ball
about
With monstrous shambling kicks; and
in and out
Among them plays the mongrel, black
and young,
As pleased as any there, and lolls his
tongue.
But near the postman watching 'how
she flies'
The older dog looks on with pitying
eyes,
And thinks it only folly play, and
'droops
His weary head away when laughter
whoops
To see tripped longshanks floundering
on his back,
With trousers daubed in mire and face
all black.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

ONE DAY

BY PAMELA GLENCONNER

["And Death shall be cast down head-
long, and there shall be Salvation that shall
never fail. No more anxiety and fear, but
joy . . . and companionship sweet and
noble."—THOMAS A. KEMPIS.]

ONE day the Earth will break forth into
song
And we shall say, 'The Spring is here
at last,
Winter is fled that was so dark and
long,
The skies are clear that were so over-
cast;
The willows in the meads to bud are
springing,
And all the world with skylarks' songs
is ringing.'

So one day we shall gain all we have
lost,
Seeing the faces we have longed to see,
Hearing our hearts say, 'All the pain it
cost
Is nothing to this soul felicity;
Not all Earth's suffering, and toil, and
strife;
Can match in magnitude of joy — this
Life.'

For we shall see then as we now are
seen,
And we shall understand as we are
known;
And all the sorrowing that once has
been
Shall meet us, singing, and become our
crown;
O Light of Worlds! shine on our inner
eyes,
Show us the joy, the joy of Paradise.

[*New Statesman*]

LIGHTS

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

YOUR eyes are on me with the tortured
light
Of a soul brooding-cold in her retreat
Who paces hollow corridors all night
And dreads the isolation of her feet;
But I recall a night, a night in June,
When a warm fragrance held us long
awake,
And our boat kept drifting down the
lake
From arching bridge to bridge. We
hummed a tune
Under the silence of an orange moon
We touched the water, remarked the
ripples break,
And watched the sentimental starlight
shake
With a blue tremor in the trees; and
soon
A hot wind kissed us — and I saw you
eyes
Flare, like a morning through Italian
skies.



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