



Love Poems

BY MARIE VAN VORST

IN THE WINDOW

*OH, . . . my love comes to me to-night,
After the weary days,
And I must trim the candle bright
And light a cheerful blaze.*

*Then close within the window stand,
As down the silent streets
My heart shall hear his coming, and—
How it knows, and beats!*

*His footsteps fall from stair to stair,
(Oh, my love is my own!)
I wear a ribbon in my hair
That only he has known.*

*His kiss upon my palms he left;
I hold its message, still.
Long days have made his soul bereft;
To-night . . . he takes his fill!*

*In winter-time, in summer too,
In sunshine and in rain,
Love waits for Love, the wide world thro'.
(Alas . . . for watches vain!)*

*As in my window bid I stand
(Would all so blest might be!)
His step is on the threshold, and
My love has come to me.*

TO-MORROW

*WHERE is all the sunlight gone,
Dearest heart and dearest?
Will it come again with dawn,
Dearest heart and dearest?
Will it, stealing after night,
Fold the waking hours, till bright
To-morrow breaks the clearest,
Best, of every day we've had,—
Fresh and gay and good and glad,
Dearest heart and dearest?*

THOUGH ALL BETRAY

*DEAREST, give your love to me.
I will keep it well,
Cradle as it does the sea
Hold the shell—
Deep, unseen, and secretly.*

*Dearest, give your kiss to me.
I will keep tho' all assail:
As the temple prayerfully
Holds the Grail.
Altars then my lips shall be!*

*Dearest, give to me your trust.
I will not betray . . .
Hold it as the beacon must
Hold the ray,
Till the lighthouse stones are dust.*

OLD-TIME MELODY

*I'm pining away for the way I'd go,
I'm pining away for the things I've seen,
For the joy of the fall of the first white snow,
And the sweep of the forest green.*

*But it's not for the home-land, broad and fair,
The house on the hill, or the old ways spread;—
For why should I wander here or there,
Since you went down to the dead?*

*I'm pining away for the love you gave,
For the world that you made when your life lay here;
And the path to the country beyond the grave
Is the way that I pine for, dear!*

THE SIGN

*LAST night I felt your kisses on my face,
Softer than April fall of wind flowers;
Sweeter than summer rain upon the grass;
Sweeter than the light wind, that in the South
Wakes, and in groves of myrrh and cassia stirs.
I bent with parted lips to kiss your mouth—
Straightway there fell a fine, thin veil between.
There stood the trees in level rows,
The sunlight filled the trembling green
Of the leaf-sea, in the fair close.*

*By these straight boles, under these slender boughs,
Throughout the days of midsummer, I stand,
Until God part the veil with shining hand*

*And show me where you sit within His house,
Holding the seven-sparred star, whose name is Love.
The time, though long, I know comes fast apace,
Because of the sweet sign you told me of,—
Last night I felt your kisses on my face.*

THE HAPPIEST TIME

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens

“AREN’T you coming to church with me this morning?”
“Well—not *this* morning, I think, petty.”

“You *said* you would.”

“Yes, I know I did, but I have a slight cold. I don’t think it would be best for me, really, petty. I’ve been working pretty hard this week.” Mr. Belmore carefully deposited a pile of newspapers beside his armchair upon the floor of the little library, removing and opening the top layer for perusal as he spoke, his eyes already glued to the headlines. “A quiet day will do me lots of good. I’ll tell you what it is—I’ll promise to go with you next Sunday, if you say so.”

“You always promise you’ll go next Sunday.” Mrs. Belmore, a brown-haired, clear-eyed young woman in a blue and white spotted morning gown, looked doubtfully, yet with manifest yielding, at her husband. Mr. Belmore presented the radiantly clean and peaceful aspect of the man who has risen at nine o’clock instead of the customary seven, and bathed and dressed in the sweet unhurried calm that belongs only to the first day of the week, poking dilatorily among chiffonier drawers, discovering hitherto forgotten garments in his closet, and leisurely fumbling over a change of shirt-studs before coming down to consume the breakfast kept waiting for him.

“Of course I know it’s your only day at home—” Mrs. Belmore reverted to her occupation of deftly setting the chairs in their rightful places, and straightening the books on the tables. “I suppose I *ought* to insist on your going—when you promised—but still—” She gave a sigh of relinquishment. “I suppose you *do* need the rest,” she added. “We

can have a nice afternoon together, anyway. You can finish reading that story aloud, and we’ll go out and take a good look at the garden. I think the beans were planted too close under the pear tree last year—that was the reason they didn’t come up right. Edith Barnes and Alan Wilson are coming out from town after dinner for the rest of the day, but that won’t make any difference to us.”

“What?”

“Now, Herbert, how could I help asking them? You know the boarding house she and her mother live in. Edith never gets a chance to see him alone. They’re saving up now to get married—they’ve been engaged a year—so he can’t spend any more money for theaters and things, and they just have to walk and walk the streets, unless they go visiting, and they’ve been almost everywhere, Edith says. She wrote and asked me to have them for this Sunday; he’s been away for a whole week somewhere up in the State. I think it’s pathetic.” In the warmth of explanation Mrs. Belmore had unwittingly removed the pile of newspapers from the floor to an ottoman at the farther end of the room. “Edith says she knows it’s the happiest time of their lives, and she does want to get some of the benefit of it, poor girl.”

“What do they want to be engaged for, anyway?”

“Herbert! How ridiculous! You are the most unreasonable man at times for a sensible one that I ever laid my eyes on. Why did we want to be engaged?”

“That was different.” Mr. Belmore’s tone conveyed a permanent satisfaction with his own case. “If every woman were like you, petty—I never *could* stand Edith, she’s one of your clever girls; there’s something about