

a S  
she  
wh  
the  
arn  
scr  
unb

T  
1  
1

## SANCTA SILVARUM

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

A goddess hunts in the wood tonight,  
Her feet are light and her hair streams wide;—  
Sorrow, hide!

Full fast she flies and her leaping pack  
Of shadows black flies faster yet;—  
Lie low, regret!

The notes that trail from her windy horn  
Of madness born beat where they will;—  
Echo, be still!

What will she see when she leads the chase  
By the low sweet place where the fern lies crushed?—  
Ah pain, be hushed!

What will she start from that dewy bed  
When she leaps ahead and the pack sweeps by?—  
Ah memory, die!

## FOR ONE DEAD

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

When I go down the empty street of Death,  
And I have feared this street for its strange name,  
Its clammy mist that might be hovering breath,  
The darkened doors and windows void of flame;  
When I go down this street exiled from all  
That has been part of me—I think that now  
I shall look back less often, shall recall  
Less avidly the sun, the fruited bough.

It is not that I hope to see her go  
Before me, bent against the wind, a book  
Half slipping from her arm, but that I know  
The street will have an eager, welcoming look;  
Old Death shall find he's taken unaware  
A lodger who plays host beneath his stare.

# THE ROBBER IN ENGLAND

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I am a robber from over the seas;  
I have come stealing things like these:  
The slant of the hills toward Parracombe Town,  
The look of the sea from Porlock down,  
The patchwork of fields with hedges between  
Dividing the new-ploughed red from green  
Like a magical quilt-stitch set to bind  
Fields upon hills around and behind.  
I have come stealing the tilt of the thatches  
Where villages doze among the green patches,  
Where each little house as the road winds around  
Seems to have grown from a root in the ground,  
For almost as natural as trees are they  
With the dull brown thatch above the stone's old grey,  
Or ancient plaster firm and mellow  
In quiet tones of cream or yellow.  
When I go home I shall carry away  
Deep-drawn fragrance of Devon hay,  
The teasing turn of a path like a dream  
And the soothing flavor of Devonshire cream,  
The fiery glance of poppies in corn,  
The blessed light on a holy book,  
Through colored windows reverently borne  
While overhead the sweet bells shook  
For somebody married, somebody dead,  
Or another hour of the ages, sped.  
Into my treasury I shall thrust  
Heather-plunder and bracken-rust,  
Thorn of holly and ivy-bud  
And songs of all the singing brood,  
With English voices, cheery and sweet,  
And the patient look of English feet  
Clumsily shod and moving slow  
Wherever the paths of the good land go,  
Or on streets of London that twist and wind  
Like the whimsical humor of the English mind.