

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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## To My Mother.

'Tis a joyous end to a weary road,—  
A road where the night has been,—  
When the traveller rests, eased of his load,  
In the warmth of a kindly inn :  
Tired limbs refreshed, and the stone-bruised feet,  
And the heart soothed now from pain—  
Ah ! who would turn from a rest so sweet  
To the long, dark road again ?

And so, Dear Mother of Mine, you rest,  
Sheltered in perfect peace,  
You have reached the goal of your long, brave quest  
Where the soul's deep yearnings cease.  
Patient you followed a shaded way,  
Where the feet of the holy trod ;  
Now ever and ever you've gone to stay  
A guest at the Inn of God !

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.