

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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## NO OTHER WAY

In dreams he wrought on marble, and within  
The cleanly workroom of his mind he stored  
Groups of white loveliness; a precious hoard  
Of uncreated beauty. Did he sin,  
This man who made no effort to begin  
The sculptor's mission? He who daily poured  
The riches of his youth for bread and board;—  
Who feared to lose, and shackled, could not win?  
  
Nay, he was barred, as captive things are barred  
By chain or cage. He yearned for modeling clay,  
Yet gave his hands to labor that was hard.  
He felt the spur of Duty night and day:  
There was a home to keep and lives to guard:  
A widow's son, he saw no other way.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*