

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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The Pathos of Old Things

Who had not known the pathos of old things,
Old things that life has used and thrown aside?
An old house where a board or casement swings,
Where doors are left unbarred and gaping wide.
Love crossed this threshold when the wood was new,
A bride came in to joy and motherhood;
Was born again this way when life withdrew
All worn and white to the Eternal Good.

'Twas Love's frail hands that fought against decay,
That kept the laughter and the hearth aglow;
Cold silence entered when she went away,
And where her children are we cannot know
Since none came to reclaim the broken home.
The peace of it lives with them where they roam.

—LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN