

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Life Everlasting

We who have wept for the beloved dead,
And in our blind rebellious human way—
Our first refusal to be comforted,—
Questioned why loveliness should meet decay;
Why young hands clutching eagerly at life
Should fold in death ? And why courageous hearts,
In seeming fitted for our mortal strife,
Be fallen even as the combat starts ?

Then, sorrow-taught, we dimly understand
The Tenderness that nestles tender things:
We glimpse the shelt'ring sweetness of a Hand
Above the tiny seedling in the springs,
And to the Lord of seed and seraphim
We give our dead and they are safe with Him.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*