

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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An Old Face

Calm as a reaped harvest height
Lying in the dim moonlight,
Yet with wrinkles round the eyes,
Jolly, tolerant and wise:
Beauty gone but in its place
Such a savour, such a grace
Won from the fantastic strife
Of this business we call life.

Many a wild adventurous year
Wrote its splendid record here,
Stars of many an old romance
Shine in that ironic glance:
Many a hideous, vital day
Came and smote and passed away:
Now this face is ripe and glad,
Patient, sane, a little sad.

Friend to life yet with no fear
Of the darkness drawing near:
Those so gallant eyes must see
Dawnlight of eternity,
See the Secret Vision still
High on some supernal hill
'Tis a daring hope I hold,
To look like this when I am old.

—L. M. Montgomery.