

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Our God is most bountiful; spectacular

And evident His splendour:

Soft sunshine, like sweet breath of Him,

Beyond all measure is tender.

Look! Spreads His balm-rest, His beauty,

Heaper of coals on us, broken-dream Mender.

Here the vines, in green-and-red-plaided slumber,

Are clasped to the breast of earth-mother,

Glad of their tasking now finished.

And the apple tree grave in the orchard there,

Leaf-careless, lets her robe slip,

Complacent—enough she's been fruitful.

Choir like, tight clustering birch trees,

White vested, light orange tipt,

Rustle in symphonic swayings;

And, crisp with forest crystals,

The ferns forth invite the soft footstep—

Upward, up the hill climbing,

To you, splendidly upstanding maple,

Darting unnumbered hue changes:

This is the hour of your glory,

The autumn and not the green summer;

Your harvest this yielding of color—

In one sudden blaze

Your whole year is accomplished.

God alone could promote you,

Afford this extravagant beauty:

Sheer prodigality,

Dear whim of God the Creator;

Shaming poor mankind,

So frugal of loving and beauty,

Shaming poor mankind, O maple tree,

Praising God your gay duty.

Flat ochre-red face of field,

New ploughed for spring sowing,

Submissively turned to the skyward.

By this fence will the wild rose

Grow again, and gay toss her petals

To the winds, the soft blowing

Of the summer winds, and their joy in life growing.

—A. P. C.