

**Heronica's Veil**

No more shall burning teardrops flow  
From my doubt-misted eyes  
That looked on God in mortal woe,  
Stooping in human guise,  
Bent low beneath a heavy cross,  
Climbing a stony hill,  
And counting all but truth a loss,  
Bowling to heaven's will.

Had I been hesitant and loath  
To seek His saving grace,  
He had not pressed my treasured cloth  
Upon His fevered face;  
But since this kerchief clearly bears  
The image of my Lord,  
My tortured spirit never fears  
The smiting of His Word.

Upon this scarf I plainly see  
His portrait, sorrow-stained,  
His features touched in agony  
With tenderness unfeigned;  
And that sad beauty of His brow,  
Imprinted on my soul,  
Transforms all grief until somehow  
My shattered heart is whole.

—Leonard Twynham in "The Sign."