

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

Vol. XXIII.

MARCH, 1932

No. 2

To Peace

Not smooth the road nor blossom-sweet,
That leads to this triumphant day;
Ah, there are prints of bleeding feet
To mark the way!

Here Sorrow walks and weeps alone,—
For loneliness is kin to loss,—
And on the path before is thrown
A shadowed cross:

(Pale symbol of a mighty woe;—
Of Love beyond our cold surmise;
The only guiding-post we know
To Paradise).

This is the road He set that lifts
And winds across the hills of pain,
Whereon a white-winged stillness drifts,
And hopes remain.

Once more the stone rolls back and we,
Who mourn for our beloved dead,
Shall in this ageless victory
Be comforted.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin