

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Snow on a Garden

Soft, glistening whiteness robes a lilac tree
That stood, at dawn, all naked to the storm:
Dead vines relive in snowy filigree;
A withered stalk's reborn in faery form.
Here, on the grave of beauty, where decay
Crushed crimson roses in their hour of flame,—
Where glowing blooms and weeds of yesterday
Surrendered earth a tribute just the same;
Here, where the ruthless winds have wrought their will,
And frost made ugly patterns on the mound,
Pale loveliness returns, Ah, lov'lier still
Than all the color trampled on the ground !
A brooding, tender beauty that shall bring
Purged blossoms to the bourgeoning of spring.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*