







10M3. LIBRAR

ARE ANY BODIES FOUND ?

Day after day, and many times a-day,
 The neighbours of the bitterly bereaved
 Come softly in, and without prelude ask—
 “Are any bodies found?”

How piteous

The sad, imploring gaze—suspense of breath—
 And standing still of pale expectancy !
 What answer can we frame ? Alas, how cold
 The kindest words that mention hope no more !

Night after night, in many lowly homes,
 By sudden death made dark and comfortless,
 The wrestling spirit turns away from man ;
 And, asking God's assistance in the search,
 Goes forth in tears to wait the turn of tide,
 And bring the loved ones home.

At dawn of day—

Oh, gloomy day that makes no sunrise known !
 The tears are still on prostrate woman's cheek,
 So troubled were her dreams.

When flowers wake,
 Bright, slanting sunbeams kiss their tears away ;

They lift their smiling faces from the ground,
 And, lo! the larks are bravely carolling.
 Is woman not more precious than the flowers?
 More lovable, for grander life designed?
 Then why are there so many sorrowing,
 As Rachel did of old, hard by the stream
 That snatched their darlings out of pleasure's
 arms,
 And swirled them, shrieking wildly, from our
 sight?

Hush, murmurer! Regale thy heart awhile
 By gazing on the face of Charity.
 Rather than be presumptuous, cry aloud—
 "The purpose of our tribulations here,
 Is still to strengthen pure Benevolence—
 Enrich the world with rare humanity—
 And bring the heavy-laden home to rest."

Now, through the early watches of the night,
 While those who dare not hope to fall asleep,
 Lie down to hide despair—they having heard,
 "There are no bodies found"—the April moon
 Looks coldly from the silent firmament,
 Upon the faces of the drifting dead;
 And God, the loving father of us all,
 Also beholdeth the vast agony
 Of them that crave His mercy; and the deep
 Shall cast the dead ashore at His command;

And He who walked the sea of Galilee,
Will calm the sorrowful with—"Peace be
till."

What of our duty to the destitute,
The sorrowing, the suddenly bereaved,
Whose hopes are quenched in Dee?

Our gratitude

To God, the Giver of the good we love,
Is magnified by comforting the poor.
We should not yet pay heed to such as prate
Of children violating Nature's laws,
Of women shrieking in their widowhood,
And mothers sorrowing for sons gone down,
In consequence of the temerity
Of some poor men whom none had taught aright.

But, while we make resolve to utilise
The wisdom brought to us by accident,
Sweet Charity should have our hearts in charge,
And sisterly and meekly lead us forth,
In likeness of the good Samaritan
Who had compassion on the wayfarer,
And brought the helpless to a place of rest,
And gave some pence to those who tended him,
And promised more if needed.

For the love

Of Him whose love makes heaven manifest,
We will not, like the Priest and Levite, pass
Our wounded neighbours, on the other side.







