

I feel the Spring, the all-devouring Dawn,
Rush with my Rising. There, beyond the goal,
The Veil is rent !

Yes : let the veil be drawn.

The Rose and the Cross

OUT of the seething cauldron of my woes,
Where sweets and salt and bitterness I flung ;
Where charmèd music gathered from my tongue,
And where I chained strange archipelagoes
Of fallen stars ; where fiery passion flows
A curious bitumen ; where among
The glowing medley moved the tune unsung
Of perfect love : thence grew the Mystic Rose.

Its myriad petals of divided light ;
Its leaves of the most radiant emerald ;
Its heart of fire like rubies. At the sight
I lifted up my heart to God and called :
How shall I pluck this dream of my desire ?
And lo ! there shaped itself the Cross of Fire !

EVELYN UNDERHILL (MRS. STUART MOORE)

b. 1875

Immanence

COME in the little things,
Saith the Lord :
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.