

## THE TWO SPRINGS.

**G**IRT with a growing strength, the sun  
Unlocks the lower lesser snows ;  
The gathering stir of life leads on  
Towards the first flush of the rose.

The chaffinch lines its lichen'd nest,  
The tulip lifts its lordly head ;  
In the combe-counties of the West  
The sweet short course of spring is sped.

Yet He Who sought to illustrate  
The fulness of His Father's dower,  
Decking beyond imperial state  
The humble and the wayside flower,

Looks on a world half mute, half mad,  
That cannot, dare not meet His eyes,  
And in a voice exceeding sad  
Murmurs His *Ephphatha*, and sighs.

Be open ! Fling death's portals wide ;  
Lift up your heads, ye gates of doom.  
Swift, swift the sable shuttles glide  
That weave dear lives athwart the loom.

Let every tide her tribute bring,  
And every rod of land her toll.  
There is none other offering  
Wherewith the world may save its soul.

God send the mole be blind enow,  
God grant the fish be elsewhere bred,  
God guide the hand that helms the plough  
Above the brave and broken dead.

Too little honoured ! Yea, indeed,  
Ere scarce their blood is stale and cold,  
Apostates to their sterner creed,  
We bow before our calves of gold.

We sit us down to eat and drink,  
We rouse us up to dance and play,  
We dare not trust ourselves to think,—  
We seem another race than they,

The forty, fifty thousand dead  
That died for us, and died in vain,  
If we forget the blood they shed  
And turn us to our lusts again.

Why stagnant still the pulse of Prayer ?  
Is it enough that some should call ?  
That some should tend, that some should bear  
The burden and the woe for all ?

Imperial Chatham, crowned with thorns,  
Twelve hundred homes, set altar-wise,  
Proclaim before a pack of pawns  
The majesty of sacrifice !

Think you the sun less sweet to these,  
The hearth less warm, less cold the grave ?  
Who, lifting up life's destinies,  
Gave thanks before they brake and gave.

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Wherefore they covet not our Spring.  
More radiant that which opes their eyes,  
Where, past the pangs of suffering,  
'Tis midmost May in Paradise.

PHILIP BYARD CLAYTON.