

Loneliness.

WOULD'ST know the secret of thy lonely way,
 O solitary soul? Dost wonder why
 Thou find'st no solace for thine aching heart
 In all the world calls Friendship?

Yes, 'tis true,

The cisterns of man's Love for man run dry
 Right soon. True Friendship costs. Its question is,
 What can I suffer for the Friend I love?
 How much, and not how little, can I bear
 To ease his shoulder of life's weight of woe?
 Expect not then great wealth of human Love,
 But pluck this tender flower with reverent hand,
 A choice exotic from an alien soil,
 Whose Home is God.

You find it not on earth?

O thrice-blest lonely soul! Bound by a cord
 Of strong compulsion to the Fount of Love.
 Others may dally by the stained stream
 Of human Love; may even rest content
 To quaff its waters from the banks of Time.
 But thou, blest soul, canst never find thy peace
 But at the Fount of Love—with God Himself.
 Thy longing is thy solemn cry for God
 And God alone can give thy longing—Home.

S. H. C.

