

THE THIRTIETH OF MAY.

Pennons of purpling lilacs 'gainst a sky
Steeped in the azure of the eyes of Truth;
Clusters of chestnut candles flaming high,
The sweet year in her youth.

A dull lament of drums, a fife's shrill cry,
The muffled throbbing of a bugle's call;
A time-thinned line of brave men marching by,
Who gave this land their all.

Unoccupied to-day the tents of green,
Pitched north and south, and by the living tread,
The glorious companies, unheard, unseen,
Of our immortal dead.

When I but half their service understood,
I sang full many a strophe in its praise,
Vaunting the bliss to die on Freedom's rood,
Vaunting their fadeless bays.

But now I understand. And as they come
Slowly, who swift at Sumter's summons sped,
I wait, dim-eyed, my lips with reverence dumb,
And bowed, uncovered head.

Praying that I and all of us may be
Worthy the flag radiant with sunrise bars,
Floating, because of them, from sea to sea,
And steadfast as its stars.

FRANCES BARTLETT.