That cast out love, she turned again
To her first thoughts and found in them
The balm of peace.
And while she mused
Her father came and stood with her.
His scarlet broadcloth coat, its front
Adorned with buttons bright as gold
Set in long vellum button-holes,
His cuffs of lace, his ruffles starched
Like snow, the cockade in his hat—
These all proclaimed his dignity.
He touched her hand, and pressing it
Said, "Come, my child, the day is warm."
And as they walked men bowed the head
And women courtesied to him.



THE sound of voices died away,
But overhead complainingly
The bluebird flew with whirr of wings,
The tree-toad trilled a coming storm,
And from the parching meadow grass
The katydid proclaimed the heat.
"The law is often perfected
By lawlessness," her father said;