

IN SAINT-JACQUES



T IRED with the sunlight, her eyes close in prayer,
A little heap before a waxen saint ;
Heaven above heaven, the starry hosts are there,
The wind of odorous wings, beating, breathes faint.

Ah, she is old, and the world's ways are rough,
She has grown old with sorrow, year by year ;
She is alone : yet is it not enough
To be alone with God, as she is here ?

Here, in the shadowy chapel, where I stand,
An alien, at the door, and see within
Bent head and benediction of the hand,
And may not, though I long to enter in.

Sightless, she sees the angels thronging her,
She sees descending on her from above
The Blessed Vision for her comforter :
But I can see no vision, only Love.

I have believed in Love, and Love's untrue :
Bid me believe, and bring me to your saint,
Woman! and let me come and kneel with you! . . .
But I should see only the wax and paint.

ARTHUR SYMONS.