

The month of lilac trees and apple-blossoms,
The Girl who stood to him for all of these.
His mother died when he was still a boy;
The Girl one month before their wedding day.
But he was young; they said he would forget
And find another love—"Time heals all wounds."
But he had not forgotten; yet he found
Time was, indeed, a wonderful physician.
Lost in his work, he bore his two-fold grief
As one may hear a lovely strain of music,
With quiet tears that keep the heart from hardening.
The choice, it seemed to him, was one of faith;
Where still was nothing proven, he could choose
To dream the dream that all the world had dreamed
Till reason conquered dreams—or he could choose
To think death was the end—annihilation.

"Put out the light" — And should he shy from pain
And all the problems of a troubled world
He could no longer aid?
He'd made his peace with man; crossed from his books
All debts out-standing; left his worldly wealth
Where it would do most good. Now it was time
A little moment to consider God.
Perhaps by listening at Heaven's keyholes,
He could discover some small grain of truth
To help men's faith fast dying in a world
That could not live when once that faith was gone.

John Markham turned from the now darkening room
To where the window framed the lilac-tree
Slowly receding into the lavender
Of early evening. Above, a faint new moon
Shone palely there beside a single star.
The scene was one that wakened memories;
For she, who was a part of all his dreams,
Was like a frail new moon, like apple-blossoms
And lilac trees in May
And May was Spring's perfection, as she was Youth's.
Dying in Spring, she was eternally young,
And every new moon was to him reminder.
Her name was Mary. He had called her "May,"
And "Lunacita mia," Little Moon.
But little moons grew to maturity,