

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

Vol. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1931

No. 1

Sanctuary

Is there a calm at all in all the clamor
Of world-tones lifted in a war of greed?
Is there a place where youth holds fast to glamour,
And man retains the comfort of a creed?

Is there a sweet retreat where old dreams linger?—
Where fears are mute and wailing lips are dumb?—
Where Hope stands waiting with uplifted finger
To hush the moans of pilgrims as they come?

Yes; there is calm that tumult cannot shatter;
And there is silence for our soul's relief;
And there are blooms no withering years may scatter;
And swift renewal of an old belief.

Lo! at this ancient shrine of mortal questing,
Where pain has meaning and rebellions cease,
We rest; and earth has not a sweeter resting
Than ages offer—with the Prince of Peace.

Lucy Gertrude Clarkin