

The Little Portress.

(St. Gilda de Rhuys.)

30cm  
10/10  
Baskerville

THE stillness of the sunshine lies  
Upon her spirit: silence seems  
To look out from its place of dreams  
When suddenly she lifts her eyes  
To waken, for a little space,  
The smile asleep upon her face.

A thousand years of sun and shower,  
The melting of unnumbered snows  
Go to the making of the rose  
Which blushes out its little hour.  
So old is Beauty: in its heart  
The ages seem to meet and part.

Like Beauty's self, she holds a clear  
Deep memory of hidden things—  
The music of forgotten springs—  
So far she travels back, so near  
She seems to stand to patient truth  
As old as Age, as young as Youth.

That is her window, by the gate,  
Now and again her figure flits  
Across the wall. Long hours she sits  
Within: on all who come to wait.  
Her Saviour too is hanging there  
A foot or so above her chair

"Sœur Marie de l'enfant Jésus,"

You wrote it in my little book—  
Your shadow-name. Your shadow-look  
Is dimmer and diviner too,  
But not to keep: it slips so far  
Beyond us to that golden bar

Where angels, watching from their stair,  
Half-envy you your tranquil days  
Of prayer as exquisite as praise—  
Grey twilights softer than their glare  
Of glory: all sweet human things  
Which vanish with the whirr of wings.

Yet will you, when you wing your way  
To whiter worlds, more whitely shine  
Or shed a radiance more divine  
Than here you shed from day to day—  
High in His heaven a quiet star,  
Be nearer God than now you are?

CHARLOTTE M. MEY.



# "Heinreck."

If you revisit a place often enough, without too great a gap between each visit, you do away with the risk of being disappointed, because you will have defied the warning that a repetition of a successful undertaking is seldom if ever successful again. Thus the spell will be broken only to charm you the more as you set out on your journey, feeling sure that what you loved and enjoyed four years ago—two years ago—will be the same to you now as then. "Time has not time," you argue, "to pull down or otherwise change the look of places that have become dear to me; even the children are easily recognised; they have only grown a little."

"Heinreck will have grown," I said to myself, as we drove past the little post office in Mörel, bumping in our "Zweispänner" over the narrow cobbly street. The cobbles come to an end at the post office, and the Furka road takes up its march once more, stretching in ways of pleasantness as far as the eye can reach and the imagination follow.

The little Eggishorn inn, where, two years ago, we spent the night before ascending to the Rieder Alp heights, stands just beyond the radius of cobblestones to the left of the road; and from the balcony of the living room on the first floor, I had settled myself—two years ago—to watch the comings and goings of the Mörel folk. The street being narrow and winding, I had only a limited view of it; but the post office where the diligence stopped (and where Heinreck lived) was the seat of life and interest.

Who Heinreck was, and to which of the many adorers he belonged, I cannot tell you. He seemed to belong to everyone. Up and down the gently sloping bit of road between the post office and the inn, this merry three year old baby ran, his yellow hair blown off his forehead, and his straight legs keeping well ahead of

to after but an hour's rest, and the monk and I are left alone.

By the light of the rising moon we sit once more in our favourite spot. Before we leave it the Cievna is sparkling like a writhing serpent of burnished silver, and far away gleam the snowy peaks of the Proclotia.

"Thou wilt come again?" asks the monk, after we have sat long in a silence too beautiful to break.

"If God wills, I return," is my answer, and he understands.

"Then I shall see thee again. Do not forget us in thy cities, for we shall think often of thee."

And I promise.

REGINALD WYON.

Venes



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