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tubs, lingers in my memory to this day, as also the impression of the whole inside of the dwelling freshly white-washed always, the boards as well as plastering. It was fearfully and wonderfully clean at the Forest farm.

Then, not having the dread of the bull before our eyes, having ascertained that he was tightly confined, we strolled off into the woods that skirt South Mountain, where we gathered the tender checkerberry-leaves, or, if early in the season, the rich berries themselves and the delicate May-flower. Afterwards, being refreshed by ma'am's hospitality of rye and Indian bread and cheese, we set off at dusk, on our two-mile homeward way, and Polly stood at "the delectable gate," as we called it, guarding us with her smiles, till the long road bent, and shut her away from our sight.

I know, my Polly, that the recording angel never set down against you the little whiffs of temper that made you sometimes even throw the chairs out of window, or the little injustices that made my brother Ralph hate you. To me you were always kind, gentle, and patient; but who pretended you were

perfection? Only I would I could find a helper to my domestic infirmities one hundredth part as faithful, as clean and capable, faults all counted in; would there be any question of wages between us? Think of Polly "going to leave, because there is sickness in the family!" Think of Polly withdrawing from the storeroom portions of groceries, under some ethical delusion familiar to the Celtic imagination! Think of Polly at all in the same category with locks and keys, with modern notions of hire and service! The whole thing is as different as if we lived on another planet.

She was such a large part of my child-life, that it is difficult to look back without seeing her constantly. Now that she is gone, I naturally dwell only on her excellences; the more when I contrast her solid virtues with the flimsy ghosts of such that I see now in every kitchen,—her faithfulness that let nothing run to waste; her never-weary feet, that with angel-like persistence ascended and descended to minister to the wants of others; all her thoughtfulness, her sweetness, her patient energy!

C. A. H.

## TWO WAYS.

### I.

"THE spring returneth ever."

So sang the bluebird as he fluttered by,  
So hummed the soft rain falling from the sky;  
Up from the budding earth broke forth a cry,

"Welcome, O Spring!"

But, moving to and fro with steady pace,  
She said, "It comes not back into my face.  
Where is the tender bloom and youthful grace

That it should bring?

The spring returneth never."

"The spring returneth ever."

So sang the brooks as down the mountain-side  
They ran to join the rivers brimming wide;  
Full of new life the mighty ocean cried,

"Welcome, O Spring!"

"But no; it is not true, O waves!" she said.  
 "Where are the hopes of youth, so long since fled,  
 Where are the loved ones gone unto the dead,  
     That it should bring?  
 The spring returneth never."

Thus she lamented ever;  
 And in her garden sloping towards the sea,  
 So full of birds' and blossoms' revelry,  
 She never turned from her own misery  
     To watch the spring;  
 She never even saw an opening flower,  
 She never even felt the balmy shower,  
 But all alone she wandered hour by hour,  
     And held the sting  
 Close to her heart forever.

## II.

"The spring returneth ever."  
 So breathed arbutus peeping from the snow,  
 So thought the crocus in the garden row;  
 Convinced at last, the lilacs whispered low,  
     "It is the spring."  
 "Yes, yes, it is the spring, O buds of bloom!  
 It is the spring," she cried, "away with gloom!  
 Come forth, come forth, bride-rose, to meet the groom  
     Whom it will bring.  
 The spring returneth ever."

"The spring returneth ever."  
 "I know it, know it well, O land and sea!  
 All my dead life wakes up to ecstasy;  
 It is a full delight merely to be,  
     To breathe, in spring;  
 Though old my face, my heart again is young,  
 Though old the roots, bright flowers again have sprung,  
 And courage open wide the gates has flung  
     To meet the King  
 Who still returneth ever.

"Yes, hope returneth ever.  
 It is the coward's part to loiter sad  
 Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;  
 Even my dead are living and are glad  
     In some far spring!  
 Immortal am I,—mind, is there a choice?  
 Immortal am I,—heart, O heart, rejoice!  
 Immortal am I,—soul, lift up thy voice  
     With faith, and sing,  
 The spring returneth ever."

*Constance F. Woolson.*