

The Good Comrade.

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I walked upon a lowly place,  
And loved, with longing eyes, the high, high hills;  
The high, high hills, whose farthest heights I knew  
Must look upon God's face!

While the vain longing filled my timid soul  
You came, and bade me scale the heights with you;  
My soul grew strong, flung far its cares and ills,  
Fared bravely towards the goal.

No more the warring world anear,  
Upon the white, high peaks with you I stand;  
The shining heights that touch the morning star  
Have smiled away my fear.

God's love broods on us from the blue,  
The mystic silence folds us high and far;  
On the white peaks, my hand within your hand,  
We triumph, I and you!

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*Winifred Patton.*