

THREE CROWNS

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Three Crowns by Lucy Hall Bradlee

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LUCY HALL BRADLEE

THREE CROWNS

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By the Author of

"CHRISTUS VICTOR."



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
MARGRET	I
PAUL AND BERNARD	38
KASPAR AND GERTRUDE	92

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

THREE CROWNS.

MARGRET.

It is not dark, although the sun has set :
A faint and rosy light is lingering yet,
In air, on earth, and sea, o'er hill and plain, —
The promise of the sun to come again.

'Tis summer : at an open window stands
A lady with a letter in her hands ;
There is no sorrow yet upon her face, —
As yet no bitter tears have left their trace.

She looks like one who has not waked to life ;
Who stands as yet outside its rush and strife :
She is not dead nor cold ; she slumbers now, —
Repose in life is written on her brow.

You see the fuel for the fire is there ;
It needeth but the match to flame and flare :
The pulses of that heart can bound and leap ;
Now beating gently as a child's in sleep.

And yet the letter that she's holding there,
Is big with fate for her and one elsewhere :
" This answer pleases him, so I'm content."
She murmurs, " What I've written must be sent."

She finds her messenger, who speeds away ;
And then returns to watch departing day :
She looks towards the sea, and murmurs low,
It makes me happy to relieve his woe.

How sweet it is to soothe another's pain,
To wake the sunlight in a heart again !
He wrote, I have not smiled since that sad day
I said, She loves me not, and sailed away.

Poor Philip, tossing on that restless sea,
This letter will bring peace and joy to thee !
I think that with my lot I am content,
Great happiness for me perhaps not meant.

I think in time I shall love Philip well ;
I think our souls in harmony can dwell ;
That mighty Passion which has swayed the world,
And souls of men from life to death has hurled,

In mercy, I must think, has passed me by ;
I have not felt its grasp of agony :
My love is quiet, feeleth no alarm,
Knoweth no ecstasy, feareth no harm.

With Philip, I am master of my life :
Though I will be a loved, obedient wife,
I sometimes wonder if another soul
Could wrest the helm from me, and take control,

And at his pleasure make me sink or swim,
Hoist sail or anchor at a word from him :
Oh what a fearful power for man to hold,
Unless his soul by God's high hand controlled !

My Philip says, with me alone the power
To shield and save him in temptation's hour ;
He says that I am far more strong than he ;
'Tis sometimes thus ; but ought it so to be ?

Did I say ought, since God alone doth give
The strength by which we help the weak to live ?
If He makes strong, shall I prefer to be
A woman weak because it pleaseth me ?

I shall have God to lean upon, and guide :
If Philip falters, Christ is at my side ;
My husband's faults shall be forgot in love ;
All human strength is weakness seen above.

We know Christ lighteth every soul that comes
Into this world : sometimes that light becomes
Feeble and dim ; Christ lays his royal hand
Upon some child of earth, with this command :—