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Blueprints for Faith

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His mother said, "Walter, you keep still."

"Darn you," he cried at Uncle Howard. "You killed her. You killed her!"

At last he was wise to Howard Berrow. Howard Berrow was guilty. Why else should Howard Berrow gloat at the ending of the things Walter Hitchcock wanted?

He fled . . . weeping . . . to the goblet of ferns He didn't know if he'd ever see it again as a pylon holding high the bright squares.

Blueprints for Faith

By WILLIAM PETERSON

Faith too grows out of facts

but outlives weeds from this prolific seed.

Whether for the whole life or one drab hour,
faith outshines, outreaches.

This perennial flower is the synthetic miracle
that men know in the narrowness
of their quick come and go,
is the music by which they age gracefully.

Men have need for union of any sort or kind
other than the violence of shimmering planes.

Faith is of many blooms. There should be no
quarrel over colors, so long as the end
is beautiful and comradely.

For whether some white god or in some nearer
bright ideal or with some darkly buried love,
faith serves, is good, and alone makes men equal.

After the weighing of one action against another,
one crime against its counterpart,
or stroke of genius upon a stroke of luck,
Nothing can be decided by mathematics
that will not perish in the hands of fools.

Let us give ourselves rather to spiritual poetry
and if faith be difficult in our tenements,
We will make of faith a mild, but universal weapon.

Faith can be a better kind of reason in itself,
can take the mind to bigger stars.