

✓

Peters

THE HESPERIAN.

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

Nov 10, 1898



L'ENVOI.

The smoke upon your Altar dies,
The flowers decay,
The Goddess of your sacrifice
Has flown away.
What profit then to sing or slay
The sacrifice from day to day?

"We know the Shrine is void," they said,
"The Goddess flown—
Yet wreaths are on the Altar laid—
The Altar-Stone
Is black with fumes of sacrifice,
Albeit She had fled our eyes.

"For, it may be, if still we sing
And tend the Shrine,
Some Deity on wandering wing
May there incline;
And, finding all in order meet,
Stay while we worship at Her feet."
—Rudyard Kipling.