

## PITTSBURGH GAZETTE

HOME AND GENEA  
A FEAST FROM THE "CANTERWARY TALES"

BY MARY E. HENRY, ST. KIRKET.

In Miller's old Cathedral,

At the south end,

Safety-pins, whose branches

Are deathly pale, with arches

That make us think of the robes

We thought I heard the voices

In dreams of praise of God's eternal love.

Even then she shut her eyes,

And we were east through my fair paradise.

To her within my arms pronounced her little voice:

"I always dreamt General's on an adventure,

I never dreamt him home."

I never dreamt him home,

But now he comes to me,

From all the temples built on Calvary's stone steps,

On Calvary's redening ground, where death creeps

And death is dead to come.

The call of death to him.

What words death had that thundered

As I lay in my bed,

As I lay in my bed,