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TWO SONNETS TO SARAH ORNE JEWETT

By EMILY HANSON OBear

I
You knew so well the heart of our loved State
That every man and woman in your books
Is neighbor to our heart. You found the nooks
Which hide the poor and lonely,—those who late
Owned farm and weir and sloop, and ruled their fate.
You followed the windings of the trout-filled brooks.
You knew how measureless the ocean looks
To eyes that scan the storm and tensely wait
Their men-folk at the close of day. How dear
To us who love our country of the pine,
Your isles, wild flowers, and your windswept shore.
We read your sunshot lines and home seems near.
Your words make hearths in all our households shine
With pride in dreams and tasks our fathers bore.

II
One day I saw your writing-folio,
Loved books you placed on ordered shelves; your name
Etched on the eastern window pane, as fame
Blazoned it on her list long years ago.
I saw your garden where the flowers grow
You gathered near your pointed firs, the same
Mayflowers, daisies, buttercups that came
Each spring to dance in fields your readers know.
I saw the home your memory gladdens now,—
Tall pine trees marching toward the water's edge;
Fog film, quick sunlight, island mystery,
Lean herons coasting slantwise to the sedge.
But this is what comes oftenest to me:—
The painting over your hearth,—an unmanned plow.
SARAH ORNE JEWETT

of South Berwick, Maine