



Wayside

Leaves

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# WAYSIDE LEAVES

BY

*June*  
J. LUELLE DOWD ✓

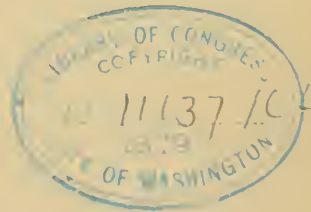
*Smith*

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INSCRIBED TO HIM WHO THROUGH THE LIGHTS AND  
SHADOWS OF FOUR HAPPY YEARS HAS  
WALKED THE WAY WITH ME

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NEW YORK  
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W. L. D. S. June 21, 1922

## PREFACE.

I have called this little book "Wayside Leaves," for as one in hasty walk through a forest might gather here and there a bright leaf from the wayside—mute token of the wide woods which it is not his to enter—so I, in the walks of a busy life, have gathered here and there a wayside dream that flitted near my path—mute token of the better visions it is not mine to read.

J. L. D. S.



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# WAYSIDE LEAVES.

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## THE VOICE OF THE LEAVES.

*Inscribed to Jessie.*

**D**O you know what the leaves say  
As they rustle in the breeze?  
They are talking all the day  
To the bushes and the trees.

Shall I tell you what they said  
Unto me at break of day,  
When the eastern sky was red  
And the sunbeams woke to play?

“ Little child, the morn is fair,  
'Tis the dawn of happy day,  
God has given it beauty rare,  
Morning is the time to pray.”

And again at noon I heard  
A voice from the leafy tree,  
“ Busy soul, another word  
While the leaves make shade for thee.”

“ The noon-time is full of light,  
When God gives a perfect day.  
Remember when life is bright,  
The noon is the time to pray.”

Again at the close of day,  
I sat by the old, brown tree  
To hear what the leaves would say  
In the evening-time to me.

“ Dear heart, the shadows fall,  
And rest darkly to-night on me,  
Dark hours must come to all,  
And sorrows must come to thee.”

Little child, shadow and shine  
Make up our life's brief day,  
Remember when grief is thine,  
The night is the time to pray.



Little child, make life a prayer,  
Whether light or dark thy way.  
Remember, God is everywhere,  
And all time is the time to pray.

## ONE LEAF.



HALF year gone when Spring was bright  
A leaf awakened to the light,  
The zephyrs rocked its tender bed,  
With dewy nectar it was fed.

'Twas painted by the thousand rays  
Of suns that shone through many days.  
It did its work till day by day  
Its tints grew rich and bright and gay.

Of all the sunshine and the frost  
Not one small ray or touch was lost.  
In perfect work they all had share,  
The sun, the rains, the frosty air.

What came at last when all was done  
And work complete of rain and sun ?  
Why then, a passing, careless tread  
That left the leaflet crushed and dead.

Yet other leaves than this less fair  
Have crowned the gentle maiden's hair ;  
Have safe been kept from touch of ill  
And have their gayest colors still.

Why is injustice done like this ?  
Why can so royal leaf thus miss  
The crown of honor given away  
To those who worked but one brief day ?

Ah ! tell me this, and thou shalt know  
The rule of all things here below,  
Know why so soon the weary feet  
Have left their labor incomplete.

Know why the brightest glories fade,  
Know why the early graves are made,  
Know why the world by touch of sin  
Is made so dark and sad within!

Poor souls there are that seem to miss  
Life's dower of glory and of bliss,  
The world goes on with cruel tread  
That leaves the joy within them, dead.

Sad leaf! thou art of them the sign ;  
Thou wilt not taste again life's wine ;  
Yet, broken, dimmed and tempest-tossed—  
Who dares to say thy life is lost !

Know thou some life that seemeth loss,  
Some heart that broke beneath the cross,  
Has in the seeming failure won  
And will not miss the Christ's "Well-done."

## MADRIGAL OF A LEAF.

**M**Y work is done and I depart  
From a world I love so well.  
The chilling frost has touched my heart  
With a pain I cannot tell.

The tree has need of me no more ;  
I was his life in a summer-day ;  
My working time for him is o'er,  
My work is done, I may not stay.

Oh, I brought music and beauty and life !  
And gave them all fully and free ;  
And all of my pride, my envy and strife,  
Were to gladden the heart of my tree.

I am needed no more, I am needed no more !  
In my death-ropes of splendor all dressed,  
I go with a heart that is burdened and sore  
Yet my work I have done for the best.

I labored and toiled not in vain,  
I did my work well and with glee ;  
I gathered the sunshine and rain,  
And gave them as life to my tree.

In serving so well, I grew bright,  
The sunshine abides in my face ;  
I have treasured the heavenly light,  
Yet I go from my ancient place.

I go, and I go to die,  
My gold will turn into brown ;  
What wonder my heart will cry  
As, torn from my tree, I go down !

Yet ah ! I am yet a lover so true,  
If my death will but help my dear tree !  
And bless his glad life with joys that are new,  
I am willing for this not to be.

Content to float thus on the air,  
And rest on the ground so cold,  
Content to no longer be fair,  
Content to grow withered and old,

Content though no notice is taken,  
 Though never he knows, or his eye may see ;  
 Though forever I'm lost and forsaken,  
 Content to have lived and to die for my tree.

As I served in my life, I will serve in my death,  
 Contented with life and with death I will be ;  
 I will tell of his love with my latest breath,  
 I have lived, what can I but die for my tree !

\* \* \* \* \*

But the tree listened not to a word !  
 He was watching the sky afar ;  
 His heart would not hear what he heard,  
 His heart was adoring a star.

He knew not his beauty was lost  
 When his one true love he had banished ;  
 He felt not the chill of the frost,  
 Yet the grace of his life had vanished.

When the star was faded, he sought the leaf,  
 It lay dead and brown at his feet,  
 He grieved, but his grief, like his love, was brief—  
 Yet his life—it is incomplete.

## TRAILING ARBUTUS.

**T**HE winter had leaflets sere  
Beneath the white realm of the snow ;  
His brow with the look severe,  
    Affrighted the buds below.  
        They nestled under the sod  
        Awaiting the gift of God.

His gift ! It is theirs to-day,  
    Spring voices have called them to light,  
Where the winds in the forest play  
    And scatter the sunbeams bright,  
        They blossom and shine  
        With beauty divine.

A lesson for thee, sad heart,  
    Who watching thy dead to-day,  
Canst take to thyself no part  
    Of the joy of the Easter lay.  
        Too faintly this time  
        Comes the Easter chime.



The winter of earth lieth chill,  
The shadows fall deeply and drear ;  
Brave hearts in the grave are so still  
That friends can but offer a tear.  
Our loved ones under the sod  
Are waiting the gift of God.

His gift ! It will come last,  
In the glad and eternal spring.  
When the night of earth's winter is past,  
The Immortals in joy shall sing :  
They will meet and give praise  
To the Maker of days.

And canst thou not trust, sad heart,  
In the light of the blossoming spring,  
When Nature herself takes part  
In the Easter offering !  
All earthly bloom is given  
To lead thy heart to Heaven.

## EASTER GIFTS.

**W**HAT are thy Easter gifts, O Earth !  
On this Resurrection day ?  
Bring treasure rare of greatest worth  
For the doom has passed away.

Bring the emblems of life evermore,  
For the conqueror, Death, is slain ;  
For the grave has an open door  
Where the Christ, the Lord, hath lain.

Bring flowers that rise from the sod,  
They fill the earth with their grace,  
They teach us the thought of God  
Till our world is a holy place.

Bring promise of doing thy best  
In the march toward the good and the true,  
Be strong and fail not at the test,  
Though thy friends and thy helpers be few.

Bring music that rolls through the spheres,  
    Keeping time to the march of the right ;  
Bring songs that resound through the years,  
    Bring armor by struggle kept bright.

Bring light shining back to the sun,  
    And filling the worlds with its power.  
Oh, bright is the way thou mayst run,  
    And glory may be thy dower !

Bring love for the Giver of love,  
    Who removeth the curse of thy sin,  
The star of the morn is above,  
    He makes the new cycles begin.

Bring prayers unto Heaven's high gate,  
    Of penitence, gratitude, peace ;  
Not long wilt thou have to wait  
    Ere the wars of thy children cease.

O, happy earth, to be so great,  
    I greet thee on thy better way,  
And know thee grateful, glad, elate  
    With promises of Easter day !

## EASTER SONG.

*Inscribed to Vienna.*

**T**HE spring has come with its fairer days,  
The sun-bright hours are here.  
Voices of gladness and hymns of praise  
Sound forth in the bright, glad year.  
Wearily, drearily,  
Mourning your dead,  
Hear the glad Easter-song,  
You shall be comforted,  
Though the way seemeth long,  
When walked wearily.

The shadow is dark across your door,  
And you are sad to-day,  
You miss the voice you can hear no more,  
The loved one who could not stay.

Wearily, wearily,  
Mourning your dead ;  
Your tears dim the sunlight,  
Through the shades you are led,  
Till the day seemeth night  
Grown dark drearily.

'Tis Easter-time, and the flowers are grown bright,  
They have glad thoughts for you,  
As from the earth they arise to the light,  
And their tears are the morning dew.  
Can you weep wearily,  
Mourning the fall,  
When the bright, bright spring days  
Bring a new life unto all !  
And the world's voices raise  
God's praise, thankfully ?

O, richer the skies that smile above you !  
And richer your life has grown,  
Since you have a mother in Heaven to love you,  
Think of her there before God's Throne,

There, where never comes night,  
Where all tears are wiped away,  
There in the Heavenly light  
Of one bright, Eternal Day.

A little while more to work and to wait,  
Ere you meet her there at the Golden Gate !

Thankfully, thankfully,  
Looking above,  
Hear the glad Easter-song,  
Telling of Love.

## BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.



FRIENDS ! who sit in lonely rooms to-night,  
And cannot see for tear-dimmed eyes,  
The undimmed brightness of the Easter light,  
The glory of the Easter skies.

You, whose it is to wait and watch and wait,  
And know to watch and wait are vain ;  
Who tremble, listening for the opening gate  
That closing, shuts out Hope again.

And you, with all the joyous world shut out,  
And all the world of grief shut in ;  
Whom Sorrow drives despairingly to Doubt,  
And Doubt drives wretchedly to Sin.

And you who fill life full of noble deeds,  
Because life's dearest dreams are o'er ;  
Who say for Rosary as one counts his beads,  
The names of those who come no more.

All you who mourn ; with you we mingle tears,  
For you we weep ; for you we pray ;  
We look for light across your weary years,  
A time when darkness turns to day.

Almost we see their beckoning hands who play  
Heaven's golden harp-strings, and who wait  
Their sweetest songs of praise the while they pray  
You may not miss the Golden Gate.

Surely they watch you with their loving eyes.  
Heaven teaches them the truest love,  
And looking downward from the deep of skies,  
They teach your eyes to look above.

Oh ! often you have prayed that God would bless  
These loved ones now beyond your care,  
In giving them His perfect happiness,  
He gave the answer to your prayer.


It was not what you sought or dared to name,  
'Twas more than you can know or think ;  
Would you withhold their good because it came  
With bitter cup for you to drink ?



For you, as well, it is a blessing given,  
And you will see it so at last,  
When you with wiser eyes can look from heaven  
Over the annals of your Past.

Till then, God comfort you, and gently lead  
You through life's lonely, darkened way ;  
Teach you to trust, give answer to your need  
And guide you to Eternal Day.

## THREE TIMES A BRIDE.


NCE when bloomed the buds of May  
And the minstrels marked the hours,  
Came a happy bridal day  
    'Midst the music and the flowers.  
Brave the lover was and strong,  
    Rosy-cheeked the bride and fair,  
Lightly joined we in the song,  
    Smiled among the smiling there.  
Only happiness and gain we named  
When the human love our treasure claimed.

Once when fell the buds of May  
    And the death-watch marked the hours,  
Came another bridal day  
    'Midst the dirges and the flowers.  
Stern the lover was and strong,  
    Fair the bride and cold as fair,  
Joined we in the funeral song,  
    Wept among the weepers there,

Only wretchedness and loss we named  
When the lover, Death, our treasure claimed.

Once, where is Eternal May  
And one cannot mark the hours,  
There began a bridal day  
'Midst the music and the flowers,  
Can we name the Lover's Strength?  
Do we know the bride is fair?  
We that smiled and wept—at length  
May we hope to meet her there?  
Not a word of joy or grief we named  
When the Love Divine our treasure claimed.

## WATER LILIES.

PURE as the morning, out of the slime,  
Rising white petals above,  
Spotlessly fair in a world of crime,  
Telling us ever of love.  
Out of the slime  
Bringing the pure,  
Out of the crime  
Bringing its cure.

Lilies, fair lilies, speak to my heart  
Showing the hope for us all.  
Still in the world the Holy has part,  
Not all bears taint of the Fall.  
Up from the mud,  
Springing serene,  
Blossom and bud  
A lesson mean—

A lesson for you and for me, my friend,  
For we weary oft in life,  
And we wearily ask to what end  
We bear the toil and the strife.  
An answer read  
From petals fair,  
The earth hath need  
Of beauty there.

Up from the blackness, riseth the fair,  
Lovingly watching the sun.  
Of the world's evil no trace is there,  
The perfect on earth is won.  
May ever greet  
Thee—Lilies' breath,  
So wondrous sweet,  
It conquers death.

Have you not seen the Lilies in life,  
With the meek eyes that looked up?  
Who ever peaceful amidst the strife  
Deeply drank life's bitter cup?

Pure amidst sin,  
Strong in the right—  
In the earth's din,  
Angels of light !

Humble their homes and lowly their guise,  
Rarely we know richness there,  
Till heavenly glimpses open our eyes  
To see the fairest of fair.

Only when breath  
Comes hard and slow,  
Only in Death,  
Lilies we know.

Then we fill all the air with our cries,  
Perceiving the good too late.  
Sad by our loss when the spirit flies  
To learn our treasure *was* great !


Lilies too late  
We learn to love,  
When opes the gate  
Of worlds above.

Human Lilies in the midst of sin  
Have been untouched by ill,  
And human voices with earth's din  
Have mingled music still.  
Answer to doubt  
In life is given,  
Not quite shut out  
Is earth from Heaven.

Thanks be to God for these better lives  
That will not have part in vice,  
Thanks be to God that for him who strives  
Are glimpses of Paradise.  
Through grief they rise  
By graveyard sod;  
The trustful eyes—  
Lilies of God.

“LULASTI.”

Class Motto ; “ Let us live as seeing the Invisible.”

“  LL true shall be our lives and grand,”  
 High on the mount just then we stood,  
 For strong was our unbroken band  
 To conquer ill and aid the good.  
     That night arrayed  
     In spotless white,  
     A vow we made  
     To serve the right.

Was trembling felt at parting words ?  
 We did not know the time so long.  
 Now all our hopes—gay, singing birds—  
 Make minor music in their song.  
     So long, so long,  
     The weary years !  
     So filled with wrong  
     And doubts and fears !



We saw all sure the light above,  
Nor knew our hopes were built on sand,  
Nor thought how weak is human love  
While held so firm each clasping hand.  
    Death's hand between  
    Is icy cold.  
    Through meadows green  
    The Styx has rolled.

Tarnished on earth are robes of white,  
Only in Heaven no mar is seen,  
One walketh there in realms of light  
By waters still and pastures green.  
    Through the portal  
    Of Death she trod,  
    To the immortal  
    City of God.

Our weary hands the burden bear,  
The burden and the heat of day,  
We bear the sorrow and the care,  
We work and weep and wait and pray.

Yet not all light  
Is gone from earth,  
For in the night  
The stars have birth.

Rejoice for haven so surely won,  
So short the cross was hers to bear !  
Rejoice at thought of His " Well-done,"  
So long the crown is hers to wear !  
Golden the west  
At set of sun !  
Joyful the rest  
When work is done !

Fair picture in our heart is set,  
That makes the world unseen our own.  
Amidst earth's discord and earth's fret  
We hear the music of the Throne.  
Dark is the way  
But light above—  
An endless day  
And lasting love !

## TIME, CHANGE, DEATH.



WOMAN sat and sighed for the past  
While the wind went whistling by ;  
She wept for the joys that would not last,  
The treasures of earth that fly.

A beautiful girl with golden hair  
Kept watch by the frosty pane ;  
So sweet was she and exceeding fair,  
I blessed her again and again.

Her lover passed by and looked with a smile  
That told of the hope in his heart ;  
The woman muttered " Love for a while,  
But time will the lovers part !"

" For time will touch your hair with gray  
And mark you with wrinkles deep,  
And time will take your lover away  
And leave you alone to weep."

The trusting girl but smiled all the more,  
“He will love me best when old ;  
The treasures of love he will outpour,  
A love that is true as gold.”

Then the woman muttered, “Nay !  
A sweeter face than is thine,  
Will draw his heart from thee away,  
When he sees how eyes can shine.”

But the loving girl smiled on the same,  
“I know his heart is so true ;  
His love is more than an empty name,  
’Tis true as the violet’s blue.”

“For change cannot touch a true love,  
Such love he giveth to me,  
My heart is raised by this love above  
All evils your eyes can see.”

But the woman muttered and wept,  
“Death comes and death will not spare,  
Think you the violet’s blue is kept,  
Because it once was so rare ?”


The face of the girl grew sad and white,  
Her smile was faded away,  
Yet her eyes lost not their trusting light,  
“There will come another day,”

“For death cannot harm a true love,  
He leads to another shore;  
And dearer will be in heaven above  
The hearts that have loved before.”

The woman bowed down as if to pray,  
It may be helped by this trust,  
Some clouds of sorrow had cleared away  
From her life of “Dust to dust.”

In heaven the stars eternally shine,  
And all of earth's good and fair,  
And all earth's loves that are truly divine,  
In surety are garnered there.

## OLD AND NEW.

N old friend died last night,  
Died in the midnight hour,  
The gloom shut out the light,  
Gone was the old year's might,  
Gone was the old year's power.

A new friend came last night,  
Came in the midnight hour,  
The gloom was almost light  
Through magic of his might,  
Through magic of his power.

Dead and under the snow  
Lieth the sad, old year,  
Fair hopes have with him died  
And many loves beside,  
Are buried with him here  
Under the snow.

Brightly dawns the glad, new year,  
A year of hope is come,  
We greet him with a smile  
Yet we must weep the while,  
For lips forever dumb  
Under the snow.

## THE OLD YEAR.

**H**E is immortal by the light  
He brought to guide our footsteps right,  
He is immortal by the love  
He brought for us from realms above.

He is immortal by each deed  
That helped the world and met its need.  
He is immortal though he rest  
With icy hands upon his breast.

For light and love and helpful care  
And every blessed deed and prayer  
Are thus immortal and shall shine  
Down all the ages as divine.



## THE FIRST LINE.

**T**HY loving care, thy earnest heart,  
Thy work of years and what thou art  
Have helped the world—and this the sign,  
Thy first gray hair, thy first deep line.

We love thee, dear, more truly now  
For every line that marks thy brow,  
We see in place of youthful grace  
The light divine upon thy face.

Mourn not too much the passing hours,  
Mourn not too much the fading flowers,  
When flowers of earth have passed away  
The flowers of heaven will bloom for aye.

Thy work shall stand and thou art blessed ;  
Beyond this life shall come thy rest,  
When for these years so quickly sped  
God gives Eternity instead.

## THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.



ERE the children met to study  
In the days gone by,  
Eyes were sparkling, cheeks were ruddy  
In the days gone by.  
Sunshine flickered through the door  
Drove the shadows from the floor  
In the days that come no more,  
In the days gone by.

Will the roses bloom as brightly  
In the days that come ?  
Will the shadows fall as lightly  
In the days that come ?  
Gone the sunshine from the floor,  
Gone the children through the door  
That will never open more  
In the days that come.

They are scattered who were met here  
Where the roses bloom.  
Summer winds will sigh regret here  
Where the roses bloom,  
Suns will rise and suns go down,  
Kiss no more the cheek of brown,  
See no more the teacher's frown  
Where the roses bloom.

Sad-eyed Second-sight, O ! tell me  
What will come with years ?  
Doubts and unknown griefs o'erwhelm me  
What will come with years ?  
“ Only through fast falling tears,  
Dim futurity appears,  
And I see beyond thy fears  
What will come with years.”

“ Some will fill their lives with beauty  
When the way is dark,  
Trust in God and do their duty  
When the way is dark

Others look o'er lives of sin  
Where God's sunlight comes not in,  
Say too late 'It might have been,'  
When the way is dark."


"Some the world's old wrongs are righting,  
Filling earth with good,  
Blessed ones, the blest requiting,  
Filling earth with good.  
See! They win in life's long fight,  
Make the world more full of light  
By their conquests for the right,  
Filling earth with good."

"Soon, life's light is dimly burning,  
Showing Death has come,  
Showing now is no returning,  
Showing Death has come.  
Cold the hands are on the breast,  
Life is done for worst or best  
And——I cannot see the rest,  
Eternity has come."

Sadly then the prophet left me  
    Standing in the dark.  
Till a gentle voice addressed me  
    Standing in the dark.  
“ When the tired feet graveward creep,  
Weep not as the hopeless weep,  
God in Heaven, His own will keep  
    Above Earth’s dark.”

## THE CHARM AGAINST DEATH.

[An African chieftain besought Dr. Livingstone to give him a charm against Death.]

 HERE came a train with royal tread,  
With banners bright above their head  
The Africs saw with eager eyes  
The "charms" among the merchandise.

At last one asked with sadder eye,  
"In your far country does one die?  
The charm that most of all I crave,  
Is one to save us from the grave."

The English paused. His smile had fled,  
He mourned a wife and mother dead,  
"Alas! brave chief, no charm have I;  
It is appointed man to die."

The chief looked up to sunny sky,  
“What good the light if I must die?  
I know too well no hope can be  
When faileth charm to men like thee.”

When months were gone a solemn train  
Passed by the Afric's tent again,  
“Great English dead!” the wail they cry,  
“Alas! the English too must die.”

The chieftain gazed upon the dead,  
“I thought him Prince of Life instead,  
Alas! alas! The strong, the true  
Have passed away from earth with you.”

Then one replied, “We found him where  
He kneeled unto his God in prayer,”  
“The charm of prayer has failed him then,  
Since he no longer walks with men.”

“Not so,” the calmer voice replied,  
“Judge not of what thou hast not tried,  
Be sure for one like him who died  
A better life must be beside.”

“It may be with his God somewhere,  
He lives in answer to his prayer,  
The charm that seemed to fail I take  
And worship God for his dear sake.”



## LITTLE FEET.

**L**ITTLE feet, so pure and white,  
Kissed by mother's lips to-night !  
Can you ever, ever stray  
From the path of good away ?  
Darling one, I clasp you tight,  
Baby, baby, mine to-night.

Little feet more cold and white  
Lie within a grave to-night,  
Evermore must mother miss  
Baby-face she used to kiss,  
Baby-feet that used to play  
Through the happy, sunny day.

Yet, little feet, if you had lived to stray,  
'Twere sadder than to miss your step to-day.

## OUR CLASSMATE KITTIE.



AH! we shall miss our classmate long,  
Life seems of smaller worth,  
Since her light step and merry song  
Are so soon gone from earth.

And yet, we trust 'tis well. To her  
Eternal life is given,  
We've one less now to love on earth,  
One more to love in heaven.

## THE CHOICE.

**A**MOTHER sat by her child  
And watched his gentle sleep,  
Rocking the cradle, she smiled,  
Happy such watch to keep.

An angel stood by her side,  
Holding two flowers—white and red—  
“Art thou able to guide  
And choose for the child?” he said.

“Death the white ; and life the red !  
Death hath peace but life hath strife.”  
The mother smiled as she said—  
“I choose for my darling—life.”

“Nay” said the angel then—  
“Thou hast chosen the heavier cross,  
Sorrow’s the lot of men  
And life may be only loss.”

The mother looked up and smiled.

“To suffer and grow strong  
Shall be the lot of my child,  
I have not chosen wrong.”

“One thing thou dost forget ”  
And the angel veiled his face,  
“Dost thou not know that yet  
Hell has on earth a place?”

“Hell in the form of rum  
Destroying the good and pure,  
Heaping up misery’s sum  
Till only the strong endure !”

“Hell in the form of wine  
In the mansions of the fair !  
The child thou callest thine  
May be sadly tempted there.”

With trembling hand and slow,  
The mother chose the white.

“Better to let him go  
Now to the realms of light !”

“Nay,” said the angel then,  
His life may be one blest  
In kindly deeds to men,  
If he will choose the best.”

“Take back thy flowers,” the mother said,  
“I leave to God my little one,  
I choose not white, nor take I red,  
I only pray His will be done !”

## OUR MAY BIRD.

*Inscribed to W. P. M. G.*



NCE the earth seemed music-filled  
To our heart.  
Every bird and flower was skilled  
In its part.

Now the world has colder grown,  
Out of tune  
With our hearts that sing alone  
Of the June.

Baby eyes  
Looking into ours,  
Opened wide in sweet surprise,  
Closed too soon like Spring-time flowers.  
Baby eyes  
Ope no more to ours.

Baby hands  
Held in loving clasp ;  
Unto us a time were given,  
Given to show the way to heaven,  
Baby hands,  
Gone beyond our grasp.

Baby May,  
Full of childish grace,  
Charmed our hearts one Summer day,  
Caught the smile from mother's face,  
Baby May !  
Vacant is her place.


Autumn days  
Came to us apace.  
Drearly the brown leaves fell,  
Hopes from out our heart as well !  
Autumn days  
Left a vacant place.

Since baby-feet the way have trod,  
More sure the road that leads to God !

Since her eyes see beyond our tears,  
Less dark the shadowed vale appears !  
Since our May-bird is early blest,  
More sweet to us the promised rest !  
The while we mourn for earth's lost June,  
We'll not forget that heaven's high noon  
Will bring for woes of time and sense,  
God's rich, unending recompense



HOPE IN SORROW.

OO late the wintry rain !  
Too late the tears !  
We may not meet again  
The vanished years.

The sun in darkness set,  
Drear is the night,  
Too late the vain regret  
For last year's light !

O, weary eyes that weep,  
The old dreams fled !  
O, weary hearts that keep  
Watch o'er your dead !

There are memories sweet,  
And lives of good,  
There are souls that will meet  
When understood.

Be patient and true,  
And look above,  
There is joy for you,  
For "God is Love."

A. DIRGE.

**W**E come to sing a low refrain  
That bears an undertone of pain,  
For those we shall not see again.

Some dear ones we were wont to greet,  
Whom we again may never meet,  
Their work is done and rest is sweet.

So comes the sadness in our song,  
To sorrow without hope is wrong,  
And yet to us the way seems long.

Yet sunshine cometh after rain ;  
And some who toiled where toil was pain  
Now bear aloft the golden grain.

The day shall dawn beyond the night,  
Our God will guide us each aright,  
His harvest-fields are ever white.

We will not cherish foolish fears.  
We have no time for idle tears,  
Our lives grow richer through the years.

## IN GRIEF.

**I** WALKED in the old green wood  
Where the shadows fall through the trees,  
And the sweet, low voice of the breeze  
Comes whispering "God is good."

But never a tone I heard,  
My heart was cold and hard,  
And through the bright air jarred  
The sound of a bitter word.

"O, wrong that never finds redress !  
O, grief that walks with bleeding feet !  
O, friends that part no more to meet !  
O, hearts, God does not deign to bless !"

"Thou whom men trust, whom men call just,  
O, God ! that seest sin and wrong,  
And heedest not when through heaven's song  
Comes earth's sad requiem 'Dust to dust;'"

“Thou hast a home in heaven, they say,  
Thou wilt not let him in,  
Whose life was gone so far astray,  
Whose days were filled with sin.

“Thou hast sweet harps in heaven, they say,  
Charms to the Holy Life,  
But he cannot be charmed away  
From hell’s unholy strife.

“Thou hast bright crowns in heaven, they say,  
But none for him who once was mine,  
He wasted all of life’s bright day,  
And then he died and made no sign.”

I stilled my bitter cries,  
A hush of peace fell on the wood.  
The breezes whispered “God is good,”  
The birds made sweet replies.

“Thy human love is strong,  
It goes beyond the grave,  
It tries in vain to save,  
And still forgives the wrong.

“ But stronger far than thine,  
The love the Father gives;  
And every soul that lives,  
Lives by that love Divine.”

The stars shone through the night,  
I kneeled in humble prayer,  
“ Our Father, here and there !  
O, lead us to thy Light !”

“ Help us to worship Thee alone !  
Help us to love Thee best of all !  
Yet, pity, when our idols fall,  
And do not spurn them from thy throne.

“ Eternal love shall conquer wrong,  
All hearts shall seek the right,  
All souls shall dwell in light  
Ere then—‘ How long, O, Lord, how long !’

“ If any soul is unforgiven,  
If heavy is his load,  
And dark is his abode,  
He shuts himself outside of heaven.”

“ For God in yearning love looks down,  
And angel voices call,  
His peace is meant for all,  
To each He holds the golden crown.”

“ He waits in love each soul to bless,  
But some are choosing worst.  
O, human heart, seek first  
The Lord to be thy righteousness.”



DEATH IN LIFE.



FLOWER was faded in the spring,  
I know not why it gave me pain  
As though the poor, brown, blighted thing  
Could bring an old grief near again.

Death walked with life one springtime bright,  
Life filled the world with gladsome sound.  
Death led a loved one from our sight  
To his still city, underground.


O, Death, spring was not meant for thee,  
Reign thou in earth's dim, winter days,  
But let the happy, bright hours be  
A hymn perpetual in life's praise.

Thy touch is cold, and chill thy breath,  
Thou ledest through a darksome way.  
We fear to trust our loved to death,—  
The night that shows no signs of day.

An answering voice was wafted near,  
I cannot tell you whence it came—  
“Life dwells with Death, sad souls to cheer,  
And Death is only Death in name.”

“He works God’s will, and not in vain,  
Whether he waits till autumn hours  
To garner in the ripened grain,  
Or in the springtime gathers flowers.”

A LITTLE GRAVE.

NOTHER grave in the churchyard !  
Another marble white !  
Another home in the shadow,  
Bereft of joy and light.

And the snow is falling drearily  
Upon a new-made mound,  
And hearts are beating wearily  
For her, beneath the ground.

No more for her the sun shines bright,  
No more the feast is spread,  
Through all the day there comes no light  
In the city of the dead.

All sad and still in the churchyard  
Falleth the snow so white,  
On a new-made grave it falleth,  
In darkness is gone our light.

## BLIGHTED BUDS.

**D**EAD in the springtime, when on the glad air  
Nature's sweet voices are singing in praise,  
When the world in its beauty is fairest,  
When the flowers are bedecked at their rarest,  
When in rejoicings all nature has share,  
Dead in the midst of these beautiful days !

Oh ! but to live is delight  
When the world is just teeming with life,  
When the buds are white in their glory,  
When the young are reading their story,  
Story of love and delight  
And the skies with all gladness are rife.

Then to die right out of the world,  
All the sunshine to fade from the sight,  
Then to feel the terror and gloom  
That hide all the light from the tomb !  
Then to see Death's banner unfurled,  
Looking down in the cold and the night !

Dear God ! for the blight of these broken lives,  
So easily here in the dark disunited,  
Hast Thou, beyond, a Promised Land  
More fair than this, with hopes more grand,  
Where everything beautiful lives and thrives  
And by Thine own Presence, the city is lighted ?

## IN THE DARK.

**T**HE birds have vanished from their nest,  
The sun has hidden in the west,  
My heart goes forth alone in quest  
Of its one love.

Drearly fall the withered leaves,  
Drearly moans the sighing breeze,  
Breaking the dead twigs from the trees  
That bend above.

On the earth the shadows creep,  
While God gives His loved ones sleep,  
A wearisome watch must keep  
The eyes that weep.  
The clouds have laid their lengthening bars  
Across the glory of the stars  
Lest earth should vex with frets and jars  
Their quiet deep.

It is the darkness of the night  
When nothing stays of all the light  
And only sad-faced ghosts are white,  
    My heart is lone.

I stand upon a grave this night,  
And demons rise that would affright  
The strong in might and brave in fight  
    By their death-tone.

Shades flit forever to and fro—  
The fears that come, the joys that go,  
The sad suspense that dreads to know,  
    The ghost of peace.

Ah ! when will love return again ?  
Ah ! when will joy's light burn again ?  
And still my heart is asking when,  
    While fears increase.

Oh ! why did I drive them out of my heart ?  
My old beliefs, my trusts, my part  
In the Heavenly joy and the Healer's art  
    And my lost love ?

I thought my love would come again  
As "cometh pleasure after pain,"  
As cometh sunshine after rain,  
As came the Dove.

But some things lost are lost for aye,  
When die the trusts of youth's bright day  
There comes to them no other May,  
No other spring ;  
And when our loves, despised, depart ;  
They ne'er return to cheer the heart,  
There is nor balm, nor healer's art,  
Nor anything

Yet standing in the dark alone,  
And silencing the weary moan,  
Some way a hopeless hope has grown,  
A little trust ;  
That if another life is ours,  
Somewhere we'll find earth's faded flowers  
Grown bright in the eternal hours,  
Raised from the dust.



## RAIN.

Springtime rain !  
Calling forth the Maytime flowers,  
Giving hope of brighter hours,  
All the earth is pure at last  
When the blessed rain is past.  
Clearer hue was never seen  
Than is met in living green,  
Blossoms sweet have lifted up  
To the drops each fairy cup.  
Sunlight smiles upon them now,  
As beneath the weight they bow.

We all agree  
In thanking thee,  
Springtime rain !

Childhood's tears !  
Telling of some childish grief,  
Mother's kiss will bring relief

For the laughter comes at last,  
When the sadder tears are past.  
Sweeter sound was never known,  
Than the children's merry tone.  
Small the part of earth's alloy,  
That can mingle in their joy !  
Following the wayward sigh,  
Comes a smile to cheek and eye,  
    Such grief as this  
    Brings after-bliss,  
    Childhood's tears !

Autumn rain !

When the springtime flowers are dead,  
When the thought of hope is fled,  
All the earth is desolate.  
Closed and barred is Eden's gate,  
Hear the sobbing, hopeless rain  
Beating down the blighted grain.  
See the scattered leaves and sere,  
Latest fruitage of the year !

All the earth is dimmed at last,  
When the summer glow is past.  
    It sadly grieves  
    O'er fallen leaves,  
        Autumn rain !

    Manhood's tears !  
When life's sweetest word is said  
And the hopes it brought are dead !  
When the feet that went astray  
Have forever missed the way.  
Hopeless are these later tears,  
Tide of grief in wintry years ;  
Tears that came too late to save  
One loved idol from the grave.  
All of life is dimmed at last,  
All its glow is in the past.  
    We cannot pray  
    Such grief away,  
        Manhood's tears !

## TWO BROTHERS.

**H**ERE was a man who taught the creed,  
All orthodox was he,  
“Jesus is Son of God,” he said,  
“His death atones for me.

“His love upholds me or I sink,  
To doubt His truth is sin,  
Nor can the unbeliever think  
A home in heaven to win.”

There was a man who heard this creed,  
An infidel was he,  
But pure of thought and true of deed  
He daily strove to be.

Two lives both consecrate to God,  
And both misunderstood !  
Though different were the ways they trod,  
Both lives were lived for good.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sabbath bells began to ring,  
The Christian's eyes were dim,  
"In heaven I hear my angel sing,  
I go in peace to Him."

\* \* \* \* \*

The night was cold and dark and still,  
The doubter's eyes were dim,  
"I tried in vain to do God's will,  
And raised vain prayers to Him."

\* \* \* \* \*

Above, heaven's gates were opened wide,  
The glory beaming far,  
And two there entered side by side  
Where all the holy are.

And one, the trusting, kneeling low  
Before the Crucified,  
Praised him who erewhile suffered woe  
And for the sinner died.

And one, the doubter, raised his eyes,  
“At last, thank God, I see.”  
He spoke Christ’s word in glad surprise,  
“The truth shall make you free.”

\* \* \* \* \*

And now I know why came this dream,  
Given when my faith was dim ;  
For God, more pitying than men deem,  
Saves all who live for Him.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

**H** HEARD a low, sweet song,  
A little maiden sang,  
About the right and wrong  
Her words in music rang.

“Child” said I with a sneer,  
“There is nor right nor wrong  
For you to seek or fear,  
Our life is not for long.”

She looked with earnest eyes,  
“I know that God is love,  
The good man when he dies  
Will dwell with Him above.”

“A child's belief!” I cried  
“But prove it if you can.  
I had a friend who died  
When first this year began.”

“ My friend comes not to me,  
His life is over now,  
He cannot speak or see,  
For Death has kissed his brow.”

“ I have no love for God.  
He rules, but loves us not.  
His is an iron rod,  
And we are soon forgot.”

The child kneeled down to pray,  
“ O, Father, wilt thou make  
My friend love Thee to-day,  
I ask for Jesus' sake.”

“ For Jesus' sake,” I wept,  
With eyes unused to tears,  
As through my memory crept,  
A thought of other years.

My mother prayed the same,  
And I in days gone by,  
Listened to His dear name  
And loved, I scarce knew why.




I have not faith to pray,  
My life has gone astray,  
So long ago I lost my way  
My night can know no day.

My spirit-eyes are dim,  
I cannot, dare not pray ;  
Yet am I drawn to Him,  
“ The light, the truth, the way.”

Because a child did say  
“ O Father, wilt Thou make  
My friend love Thee to-day,  
I ask for Jesus' sake.”

## THE MERMAID.

 CHILD was playing on a beach,  
A mermaid played beside,  
The mermaid sat where wavelets reach  
And crown the coming tide.

It made a picture very fair,  
The child with sparkling eye,  
The mermaid with her golden hair,  
Above them both the sky.

The child spoke thus in thoughtful tone,  
“Beyond the sky is heaven,  
But 'tis for human souls alone,  
To you it is not given.”

The mermaid said with bitter cry,  
“Then have I prayed in vain ”  
A voice came downward from the sky,  
“To this shalt thou attain.”

“God bringeth answer to all prayer,  
He gives no wish in vain,  
Who share in need, in blessing share,  
Who love shall live again.”

## THE REAPERS.

[A spirit was said to bear a torch and a pitcher of water, saying, "With this torch, I burn heaven ; with this water, I quench hell ; that nothing may be left but the love of God in the heart."]

**T**HREE reapers in one field,  
And the shadows of night were long,  
Small was the harvest yield,  
Sad was the reapers' song,  
Toilers, all unblest,  
Toilers without rest !

There was burning a fiery sea,  
The smoke of its torment was near,  
And one of the reapers three  
Was filled with a terrible fear.  
Fear of the fire and thirst,  
Fear of the death accurst.

There was shining a golden sea,  
With its banks of crystal white,  
And one of the reapers three  
Was longing for shores of light,  
In the land of the blest  
Where the weary rest.

Spoke clear in voice of prophet's song,  
The spirit of water and fire,  
"Your work is right, your motive wrong,  
Nor fear nor hope I desire—  
Who, looking above  
Will labor through love?"

"If the heaven you hope for is bright,  
'Tis because God's presence is there.  
His love hath given its light,  
His love can make earth as fair,  
When you love Him best  
You enter His Rest."

“ If ever the future is sad,  
’Tis because you have chosen the wrong,  
The possible good is possible bad,  
The discord of sin in the song,  
Human souls, sin-scarred,  
Forever are marred.”

“ This water shall quench the blazings of hell,  
This fire shall burn heaven, yet all shall be well.  
Who looks for God’s love, finds always a joy,  
Nor water, nor fire, hath power to destroy.  
Choose wisely the part  
Of heaven in the heart.”

For long time, the earth’s tumult was still,  
Gone was the angel’s voice,  
Naught tokened the coming of ill,  
Naught whispered to any “ Rejoice.”  
Shrouded deeply in night  
Were the seas of light.

One reaper, most blest of the three,  
    Toiled on all alone in the night,  
Through the depths of the gloom I could see  
    The gleams of his harvests white.  
Said I low "There is naught to fear,  
    Why toil, with nothing to cheer?"  
    And he trustingly said  
"I have looked above,  
    Where in stars I have read  
    That 'God is Love.'"

## DREAMS OF YOUTH.



ONLY in youth we see from far  
The brightly shining, promised shore.  
A little while behold the star  
That gleams for us the river o'er.

Then come the struggle and the toil,  
The work in darkness and in pain,  
With little rest and little spoil,  
With heavy heart and weary brain.

Then surely comes at last the day  
When all our dreams return again,  
We find again the long lost way,  
We find the light at life's amen.

Then not in vain, the dreams of youth,  
And not in vain, its hopes are given.  
They are the shadow of the Truth,  
The echo of the songs of heaven.



## THE RADICAL.

**A**S one who thus would fain forget  
The ills to which his life is set ;  
He built him up a temple fair  
And it was said he worshipped there.


Yet none had ever seen him kneel  
Or knew what he might think or feel ;  
Though often to the altar-stone  
They saw him go his way alone.

His ways they could not understand,  
But they had touched his kindly hand.  
They knew his sympathetic heart  
In all their sorrows bore a part.

So when he died, they wept him sore,  
Yet ere the hurting of their loss was o'er,  
They burned his church and branded him  
An infidel of wayward whim.

The fragrance filled the air around  
Of wild flowers growing on his mound ;  
And all his deeds to help and bless  
In heaven were counted—Righteousness.

## THE WHITE VEIL.

HE earth was weary of her sin,  
Weary—oh ! so weary !  
What way for her the heavens to win,  
Earth, desponding, dreary !  
Ah, me ! To find some angel blest  
To win her back to peace and rest !  
And voices answered from afar  
Musically blending,  
“No touch of sin can ever mar  
Priestly prayers ascending.  
Who wears the snow-white veil of peace,  
His sorrows and his troubles cease.”  
“Hast thou not seen thy children well,  
Holy 'round thee kneeling !  
Hast thou not heard the words they tell,  
Power and peace revealing !  
Ah ! all of sin that may assail  
Can touch thee not ‘within the veil.’”

And earth made question "Free from spot?  
Cleansed from thought of sinning?  
As though in truth I sinnèd not,  
    Heavenly good be winning?"  
The answer came like dawn of rest,  
"To take the veil is to be blest."

And all the priests together said  
    "Unto earth is given  
That she evermore be comforted  
    Veil of bride of heaven."  
The solemn darkness fell around  
With snowy flakes upon the ground.

When sun arose on hill and dale  
    Dawn of day revealing,  
The earth had on her spotless veil,  
    Sign of purest feeling.  
So gleaming white the earth was grown,  
No traces of her sin were shown.

She did not look as though a place  
    Could be left in sadness,  
Beneath such beauty of the face  
    Should be only gladness.  
Nevermore should sin have birth  
On the pure and whitened earth.

Yet 'neath that light so fair and sweet,  
    Mournful is the story,  
The clash of arms and strife unmeet  
    Came to mar the glory—  
And louder than the priestly word,  
The cries of woe and war were heard.

And nearer than the heavenly song  
    Unto earth appealing,  
Arose the wretched wails of wrong  
    Blackest crime revealing,  
What meaneth all this wicked din,  
When earth has cleansed her from her sin ?

When earth has chosen God this day,  
Whitest veil has taken,  
And has sought the better way,  
All her sin forsaken !  
Though wrapped in snowy robe so pure,  
She has not found for sin the cure.

The heart of the world is sad and sore,  
The evil of sin is dark as before,  
Oh ! priests ! chant on as you may and will,  
No veil of white can save from ill ;  
While dark the beginnings of sin  
Are found as of old within.

'Tis not by veils of spotless white,  
Nor yet alone by outer light,  
But by the mind of Christ within,  
The world is cleansèd from its sin.  
True life in peaceful hours,  
Brings earth her buds and flowers.

The blackest spot of darkest earth  
May give the rose and violet birth ;  
And human hearts true love can win  
As though no sin had ever been ;  
    And in repenting pain  
    Is cleansed the deepest stain.

Thus by the seed sown through the years,  
And watered by repentant tears,  
And by a heart that heeds through all  
The heavenly sign and seal and call ;  
    The better life we seek,  
    Though weary we and weak.

Nor veil we need nor outward sign,  
But the indwelling love divine ;  
And ere we know—thank God—behold !  
From mouth of grave the stone is rolled.  
    The flowers of faith unfold,  
    All things are turned to gold.

The sun has risen, we are blest,  
The day has work and work is rest,  
From earth's dark heart the flowers have grown,  
The good in beauty's form is shown,  
O, world ! thy sinning cease,  
God gives thee—Peace.



## LEGEND OF PILATE.


‘**I** CANNOT wash the blood-stains off,  
To-day I hear the cruel scoff—  
The words of malice hear  
And His sad eye I fear—  
Could I but wash this stain away  
Methinks I’d die in peace to-day.”

“How could I save Him if I would?  
I told them surely He was good.  
Be theirs the murder-spot  
Whose color changeth not.  
Ah! Death come thou at last to me  
And from this plague-spot set me free.”

Death touched him with his cold and white,  
Yet in the shadows of that night,  
The bloody hands were red!  
Sin’s seal upon the dead!  
And ever in the land of night  
A spirit waileth for the light.

It wrings and washes hands of red,  
And always mourns the "Just man" dead,  
    And always mourns in vain  
    For life's lost chance again.  
There is on hands and heart a stain  
For which all washings are in vain.

## ANGEL WHISPERS.


MID the fleecy clouds of day,  
Amid the starry skies of night  
Bright angel ones in unseen way  
Come earthward from the realms of light.

And when the scenes of earth are bright,  
When it is happiness to live,  
They whisper to us "Ere comes night,  
Seek higher joys than earth can give."

We heed them not. We love earth best  
Till disappointment makes us sad—  
Then angels tell of heavenly Rest  
And of a land forever glad.

Of all earth's race, most blessed they,  
Who've learned although by sorrow driven,  
To walk where angels show the way,  
The upward way that leads to heaven!

## THE IDEAL LIFE.

OU, who look with prophet's eyes,  
You, who speak "exceeding wise,"  
If you heed the heavenly vision,  
You shall enter gates elysian.

Grow into that vision of grace,  
Abide in the holiest place.  
Not vainly you strive nor for naught,  
God has your Ideal in thought.

That you to your dream may attain,  
His love leading upward is given,  
The way of the hills is made plain,  
The heights are the nearest to heaven.

THE SOUL'S INHERITANCE.

**B**HOICEST guerdon is the treasure  
Christ prepares in heaven for thee  
Where God giveth without measure  
Evermore eternally.

Heir thou art to life immortal,  
Heir to riches manifold.  
Thou shalt enter heavenly portal,  
Gates of pearl and streets of gold !

How blest to rise to such estate,  
Free in the boundless space.  
Ah, soul, thou art indeed so great  
Through God's abounding grace.

Here is thy life but just begun,  
Life reaching on alway.  
Thou shalt not know the set of sun  
In that Eternal Day.

Through endless ages thou shalt grow,  
Learn laws and ways divine.  
From stars above to flowers below  
The secrets shall be thine.

Through endless ages thou shalt see,  
(Descrying beauty once unknown)  
A kingdom fair prepared for thee  
In wondrous glory shown.

Through endless ages thou shalt hear  
The songs the angels sing  
The music of the upper sphere,  
The praises of the King.

Through endless ages thou shalt love,  
With love of heavenly worth,  
Love holy ones and God above  
And all thy friends of earth.

Through endless ages thou shalt live  
The life so grand and fair  
Which God alone to those can give,  
Who love heaven's purer air.

Through endless ages thou shalt do  
    In joy, the Father's will,  
Thy deeds of love each hour renew  
    And be unwearied still.

Dear soul, since gifts like these are thine,  
    Leave aims of lesser worth,  
Set thou thine eyes on things divine  
    That perish not with earth.

Be rich towards God. It is His will  
    To give thee heaven's estate,  
Rise to the good. Forsake the ill  
    And be thou truly great.

Shall sorrows harm thee? Nay.  
    These blessings in disguise  
Bring out the stars before the day.  
    Remember—God is wise.

Shall sins debase thee? Nay.  
    God cleanses thee from sin,  
And to the humble as they pray,  
    The sweets of heaven begin.

Shall aught distress thee? Nay,  
Be thou, O soul! serene,  
And mirrored in thy living, may  
The love of God be seen!



## THE LIKENESS OF EARTH.

**T**HE restless lake is rough and brown  
And all the stars in looking down  
Can only see the billows frown.  
The earth is through the water spread,  
The shimmering light of stars is fled,  
The beauty of the world is dead.

The restless heart with gloom oppressed  
And sinful burdens unconfessed,  
Still wanders sad in search of rest ;  
While angry thoughts that rage within  
Fill all the soul with ceaseless din  
And leave the impress of their sin.


## THE IMAGE OF GOD.

**T**HE restful lake reflects the sky,  
Deep in its bosom mirrored lie  
The stars with many a golden eye,  
And all the beauties of the air  
Are pictured in the quiet there.  
The under-world is very fair.

The restful heart reflects the light  
That shineth down by day and night  
And leadeth in the way of right.  
Thus is God's Image pictured there  
And by His Presence earth is fair  
And all of life becomes a prayer.

## ON THE HEIGHTS.

*To my Friend.*

ISTEN for the angels' tread,  
Hear the heavenly greeting.  
Rouse thee, for the dawn is red,  
Morning will be fleeting.

On the heights, the heights of life,  
Raise thy heart into the glory ;  
Read above the valley's strife  
The transfiguration story.

Thou art lifted from the base,  
Lifted from thy heart of sin.  
Thou hast found the holy place  
Where heavenly heights begin.

Light of heaven is on thy brow,  
"Solar light" of mystic name ;  
Canst thou tell me when and how  
All the glory to thee came ?

Keep thou the heights nor lose thy place.  
Thy loss might be some soul's despair.  
Who stands the foremost in the race  
Must live and strive with greatest care.


I charge thee by the heavenly light,  
That glorifies thy better day,  
Walk loyal to the true and right  
And do not falter by the way.

I charge thee by the eyes that wait  
To see thee win thy crown,  
Keep to thy luminous estate,  
Nor tremble, nor look down.

I charge thee by our Father's love,  
Who gives the light by which we see,  
Follow this path that leads above  
Time's heights unto eternity.

Thus shall the sunlight give thee cheer,  
Faith's flowers shall gild the sod,  
The best unto thy heart be dear,  
The dearest shall be God.

“GIVE ME BACK MY FLOWERS.”

NE by one they fell in the stream,  
The beautiful flowers from her hand.  
While she stood as one in a dream  
They floated away from the land.

At last when her dream was fled,  
She called in amazement and grief,  
“My flowers, give them back,” she said,  
But the stream to her calling was deaf.

We stand on the bank of Time's stream,  
With the flowers of youth in our grasp,  
Yet we live as one in a dream,  
And slowly our hands unclasp.

Youth passes us by on the wave,  
Our strength goes unheeded away,  
We cannot recall from their grave  
The flowers we are losing to-day.

## THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.



CHRYSALIS lay in his earth-shell drest  
And he might have slept for aye,  
But a butterfly whispered "Seek the best  
And strive for the realms of day,"  
And a voice within him seemed to say  
"The future life is best,  
Your wings are given to fly away,  
For 'This is not your Rest.'"

The germ of a flower was in the ground,  
And it might have staid for aye,  
But the sunshine whispered, "We have found  
A place that is bright with day,"  
And the soul of the floweret made reply,  
"Arise and do your best,  
You were not meant in the ground to lie,  
For 'This is not your Rest.'"

The birds were hidden in their nest,  
When a gust of wind passed by  
And said, "For you the south is best,  
Here you can only die."  
And the answering voice within said sweet,  
"For you the south is best,  
Then take your journey far and fleet,  
For 'This is not your Rest.'"

A son of man was living for gain,  
The earthly goods in quest,  
When spoke the voices of joy and pain,  
"The infinite world is best,"  
And a voice was heard within his heart,  
A voice of heavenly guest,  
"Oh ! wisely choose the better part,  
For 'This is not your Rest.'"

## THE LATEST DANDELION.

**D**EAR little flower that came too late,  
Last sunny smile of Summer dead.

Her latest blessing on thy head  
Atones for thy untoward fate.

No sunshine bright to welcome thee !

No gentle breeze to waft a kiss !

Nor canst thou know the spring-time bliss,  
Nor summer glories canst thou see.

There is no sister in the field,

Nor, lonely floweret, canst thou dream

How decked with gold the meadows seem  
Before the summer days are sealed.

The hills beyond are bleak and bare,

The plains around are sere and brown,

All nature wears a mournful frown,  
And there is frost within the air.



Dear little flower, that bloomed so late,  
What wast thou doing underground  
When all around thy mates were found  
Before the world was desolate ?


Fair little flower, too late to gain  
The summer sun and harvest time,  
Thou golden flower of wintry clime,  
Rejoice. Thou hast not lived in vain.

The farewell smile of summer frown,  
A promise is of spring to be,  
And of the joy thou mayst not see,  
Thou herald art, and thou alone.

Thus lonely lives, that miss the cheer  
Of summer days that come no more,  
As brave through storms, they look before  
Are heralds of the golden year.

Good-bye, sweet flower, what thou hast lost,  
That thou hast gained another way.  
Thy heart is bright as summer day,  
Thy lesson lives beyond the frost.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

APPY children full of glee,  
Gather round our Christmas tree.  
Christmas gifts we here receive  
On the merry Christmas eve.  
Christmas songs we gladly sing,  
Merrily our voices ring.  
None are left alone to grieve  
On the joyous Christmas eve.  
O, the Christmas time, the Christmas time !  
'Tis the happiest time to me,  
And the Christmas bells are the bells that chime,  
In the merriest harmony.

Children, singing, do you know  
The Christmas song of long ago ?  
It was sung by angels then,  
“Peace on earth, good-will to men.”

May the memory of that song  
Ever keep us from the wrong !  
Heavenly blessings we receive  
On the peaceful Christmas eve.  
O, the Christmas time, the Christmas time !  
'Tis the happiest time to me,  
And the Christmas bells are the bells that chime  
In the merriest harmony.

Children, singing, do you know  
The Christmas gift of long ago ?  
God's best gift unto us given  
When the Christ-child came from heaven ?  
May the memory of his love  
Lead us toward his home above !  
Richest blessings we receive  
On the happy Christmas eve.  
O, the Christmas time, the Christmas time !  
'Tis the happiest time to me,  
And the Christmas bells are the bells that chime  
In the merriest harmony.

## THE BROOKLET.

*Translated from Goethe.*

**T**HOU brooklet, as the silver bright,  
Forever hastening past my sight,  
Upon thy bank I musing stand,  
Thou comest whence? To seek what land?

“I come from depths of rocky den,  
And through the flowery moss-grown glen,  
Calm on my mirror rests the while  
The blue of heaven with friendly smile.

“Therefore the glad child-heart have I,  
It bears me on, I know not why,  
Who from the rock has guided me,  
He will, I think, my Leader be.

## LEONORE.

**L**OWLY kneeling by the door,  
Raising brown hands toward the sun,  
Prayed the plain child Leonore,  
Till the long, bright day was done.

Sweetly played the evening breeze  
Where the flower-buds opened fair.  
Darkly waved the sighing trees,  
While she prayed the self-same prayer.

“All the world is very bright,  
Everywhere is beauty seen.  
Shadows chasing with the light,  
Frolic on the village green.

“There the pretty children play,  
They are beautiful to see,  
Would that I were fair as they !  
Please give beauty unto me.”

“Be thou beautiful. Arise !”

Was it answer to her prayer ?  
All the stars with countless eyes  
Saw her standing, wondering there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly sped the long years by,  
Bringing work to Leonore ;  
Till her summons came to die,  
Till her working time was o'er.

Children decked her grave with flowers,  
While the poorest, weeping, said,  
“Now the truest friend of ours  
Has been numbered with the dead.”

Some there were who stood apart,  
Reverent with bowed heads there,  
Those who by her loving heart  
Had been rescued from despair:

Wanderers saved from lives of sin,  
    To the right grown dutiful,  
Led the fold of Christ within  
    By her true life, beautiful.

God's best answer to her prayer is given,  
She is named "The Beautiful," in heaven.

## THE TANGLED WORK.



ALL the work is in a tangle,  
All the threads are in a jangle,

Every time she gives a jerk  
Comes a false stitch in the work.

“Mother, make it straight,

It is growing late,

It is almost night.”

And the mother smiling sweet  
Makes the tangled web complete,  
Places all the seams aright—  
Sets the stitches close and tight,  
Drawing every one with care,  
Leaves the seam all straight and fair ;

Now the work is right

And it is not night.

All our work is in a tangle,  
All our days are in a jangle,



And our lives are out of tune  
With the perfect light of June.

“Father, give Thy aid  
Or we are afraid  
Of the coming night.”

And the Father, hearing prayer,  
Makes our lives His special care ;  
Makes the colors peaceful blend,  
Guides us as a loving friend.  
Lifts to heaven our wondering eyes,  
Where His perfect pattern lies.

Now the work is right  
And there is no night.

Ah ! the helpers on earth, their lives are blest,  
And God, the great Helper, helpeth the rest.

## SHEFFIELD CENTENNIAL HYMN.


**T**HAT we might reap these brighter days,  
Our fathers sowed with toil and tears.  
We speak their names with thankful praise  
And bless them for these hundred years.

May we but live our lives as well  
Devoted to the true and free,  
Another hundred years shall tell  
How we have prized our Liberty.

God bless our land—fair Freedom's land.  
Protect her from all ways of guile.  
Teach her by night to trust thy hand,  
Teach her by day to seek thy smile.

We love our country with a love  
Forever loyal, ever true.  
We seek a guiding power above  
And humbly strive His will to do.

## ONE SUMMER DAY.

NE summer morn when life was bright,  
We opened wide the old house-door,  
And down the walk of shade and light  
We passed away to come no more—

No more as in the olden day  
With morning's light upon our face,  
Through meadow-paths our feet must stray,  
Our childish feet that leave no trace.

Bright shone that morn the glorious sun.  
The orchard waved its crown of leaves,  
The children shouted in their fun,  
The mountain looked like one who grieves.

Three children—only three that day  
For one the sweetest and the best,  
Had wearied early in her play  
And early found her place of rest.

Dear Emma, with the eye of light,  
And fairest brow of thought serene,  
Our memories of thee are bright.  
An angel is our household queen.

But we were three, and one was brave  
And walked with manly step and true  
Strong step that touched so near the grave  
And unawares the dearer grew.

Yes, we were three and one was fair  
And on the sweetness of her face,  
And in the gleaming of her hair  
Was beauty's touch of love and grace.

She was the youngest of our band  
And tenderly we smoothed her way—  
Told her bright tales of fairy land  
And early learned for her to pray.

While full of plans we went our way,  
The door was closed to ope no more.  
We entered on the work of day,  
We children with the world before.

The day has passed as days will pass,  
    With sunshine and with storms between,  
The shadows lie upon the grass.  
    The grass is now no longer green.

For us no more the wayward breeze  
    Across the lily-pond will blow,  
And shake in glee the chestnut trees,  
    And wake the songs we used to know.

Yet still the light wind in the pines  
    Makes moan for aye as those who weep,  
And where the star of evening shines,  
    Beneath the trees our dear ones sleep.

Alas ! for those that come no more  
    To join in merry sport and play,  
The happy morning hours are o'er.  
    The sun is sloping down to-day.

The glorious dreams of youth have fled.  
    The golden skies have changed to gray,  
Some hopes too sweet to live are dead.  
    My life has been this summer day.

## SUGGESTIONS.

**T**HE growth predicts the harvest.  
Rich hearts and rich days are always still  
hearts and still days.

Only by the shadows flitting under the trees, do we who will not look up to greet the sun's appearing, learn that the sun still shines for us. If we will look down, sorrow must be our teacher.

The sadness that runs through Eternity, means the reaping of what our own hands have sown.

The gate Beautiful should ever open towards the temple of the Holy.

The child stooped to pick up its shadow. Ah, little one, taller than you have stooped for less.

The frost tracery is as beautiful as our dreams. But the real light of day changes it to tears.

In solitude, as it were in the world's ante-room, let us kneel silently and prepare our hearts for the world's work which awaits our doing.

It is not that God is nearer, but the world is farther.

We were almost wrecked on the red sea of wine. It was beautiful to the eye, and the taste of its tinted wave was like the essence of all things good ; but the whirlpool seized us and only by fiercest struggling did we escape. Yet we spoke no word of warning. We let others try for themselves. Some sank to rise no more. We saw it all, but did not blame ourselves, till the avenging angel came, and striking down in the red sea, our dearest loved at home, said to us through the purple lips of Death, "Thou art the man."

We drift over golden seas and never dream that they are golden, till the light is gone, and we are alone in the darkness.

The fire must purify, the sea must cleanse, that out of the furnace and up from the depths, may rise souls stronger for trial, nobler for sorrow, more trusting because of God's voice which came to them in their sadness and spoke their names in heaven.

Our lives are never poorer for what God has taken.

The shallow little brook laughs the most, yet its lights are broken ; while the deep, calm river carries in its bosom the stars of peace.

The inner life for ourselves, the outer life for the world, and both for God !

Recklessness sometimes means wretchedness.

A new life comes to some, and it is the old life glorified—the old duties, with “For God” written on them.

An unconsecrated life is as a sermon without a benediction, a church without a heavenward pointing spire, a temple without a “Holy of Holies.”

The old Thanksgiving feast has come, new again and with new cause for thankful hearts. The grandmother’s eyes are dim, but the little children gather around her as in the days of the past. She counts them softly and welcomes the new-comers tenderly. One is not there. “Where’s Freddie?” No answer comes at first, for the lips tremble and the eyes will fill with tears. “Ah ! grandma, Freddie is not far from you, but some of us will live through weary years without him. Have you forgotten that when



the spring flowers came, God transplanted ours? Do not weep so, grandma. Our little boy is safe. Earthly joys are "Bitter-sweet." His lips might have tasted deeply of the bitter part, but from all sorrow, God has saved him. The paths of earth are in devious ways. He might have wandered from the path of right, but from all sin, God has saved him. From earth's garden of beauty, before he had seen the wilderness side, God took him to the heavenly Eden. He has learned more than we this year, and you will not have long to wait." It was nearer than we thought, for as the sun went down, the grandmother fell asleep and little Freddie welcomed her to Heaven's Thanksgiving feast.

The paths to every new achievement are trodden first, by those who die before they reach the Promised Land.

Wastefulness is putting anything to a lower use than its highest! The strong ship is wasted if used for kindling wood. The strong soul is wasted if used for unholy fires to mammon idols.

Men's lives are too often like patchwork made in

many shapes and colors. Yet God meant each life to be of one piece.

When I see one afflicted, I think—"God gives that soul great possibilities."

There was once a black, ugly pond; but we loved it, for lilies had root in its heart, and in their season it was glorified. In human hearts should grow immortal lilies, and all of life should be glorified.

It is sad to see one thing which fails in the expression of the perfect plan of God; sad to see one flower bud which never opens; one tree which becomes a dwarfed and ill-shaped thing; and infinitely sad to see a blighted soul.

If the flowers of faith and hope and love die in our hearts, it is because we have let them die. If the world is all dark to us, it is because we have turned from the sun.

There comes a time in every life, where Reason says sadly, "Thus far I go, and no farther," where Faith says triumphantly, "Having not seen, we believe."

The teacher's best success is that by which many minds are rightly disciplined and many hearts are led unto the truth.

There must needs be partings here if meetings there. The partings are for time : the meetings, for eternity.

In this dim world, we cannot always tell the glittering fire-flies from the stars.

The trees grow old, yet every spring "the green leaves come again." These show each old tree to be ever young at heart. What matter how many winters' frosts have ridged its bark if still the flowers will bloom ! What matter though our heads are white with frosts of many years, if still the young, fresh life is in our hearts !

The boundless ocean, with the infinite pictured in its deep bosom, tosses and plays with trifles. So is it in the life of man. But we cannot lose sight of the infinity of the ocean. Happy, if we lose not sight of infinity for us !

Above us is heaven's arch of blue. Deep as the blue depths of ocean, fair and far as spirit-worlds,

what recks it that the threatening clouds pass over its fair face and hide it from our longing eyes? In itself is its beauty, in itself is its power. It treasures a million stars and cannot be moved by the slighter things around. Would it were so with human beauty and with human power!

Often our sorrows are but the shadows of a passing cloud.

The shadows make our world beautiful. So should sorrows beautify our lives.

For every sad "It might have been" of earth, is written the infinite "It may be" of heaven.

Some in selfishly saving their lives, have proved them not worth the saving.

When one carries his joy in his own heart, it is his, incorruptible; and the whole world cannot defraud him of it.

There is a spirit dwells upon the cragged mountain side, and when men thoughtful mount alone, to view the glories of the early morn or the beatitudes of eventide, she speaks to them of things most holy. Reverently she leads them to the heights, and faster

than their feet ascend the rugged mountain-way, their thoughts go up to God.

Some clouds keep near the sun and drink rich rays of splendor. But others copying human hearts, go from the sun to shine as best they can without his light. I saw the brightness leave them, as I have seen the brightness leave the hearts of men. They took a cold, dull shade, instead of glorious hues. So is it with those souls who leave the Sun of Righteousness and for themselves make choice of darkness.

Good men's lives are like the mountain-tops. They reach the sunny heights, while all the valleys lie in shadow.

Each tree, which with its foliage, helps to deck the mountain-side, each stream that sings along its pebbly path, each rock with its crown of fragile moss says to us, "To give is to live. The mountain gives to us our life, and we in turn are giving it the beauty which makes its life a blessing."

Have you never hastened to pour forth your new happiness to your dearest friend, and felt the joy die

out while you were telling it? Have you not sometimes sought human comfort, when the waves of trouble have gone over you, sought it of true and tender hearts, but sought in vain? With better understanding would come tenderer sympathy.

Where the play of breezes has made the soul's music, the jarring voices of life may not find easy entrance.

Better to trust too much, and thine own generous soul suffer disappointment, than by trusting too little to wrong thy neighbor.

The harvest-time of souls comes not on earth.

In God's time, success is certain to the patient soul.

Each soul learns through its own remorse, the bitterness of sin.

After long absences we measure our progress by that of our friends, and when we see those who have distanced us, new purposes are formed within our soul, and our friends' higher success is the sermon by which we learn to make our lives rich and beautiful.

Hearts break for trifles, but they are never trifles to the hearts that break.

There are lives in which suffering makes Æolian harps, to change each rude blast to melody.

Earth's sweetest music is in the minor keys.

There are dreams that shape the life.

All noble deeds were once but some mind's "castles in the air."

The scale of music reaches up from earth to heaven.

The moon tells us the sun still shines, although our world has turned away from it, and we see it not. Holy lives tell us God still lives, although we have turned away from Him, and do not feel His presence.

How beautiful are the constellations, as they seem to hold their way together through the heavens! We can scarcely realize that they are only sisterhoods in seeming; and those that appear the nearest may be farthest. This is like many of the sisterhoods of earth.

We reckon the hours, before the sun shall set;

but life's sun sometimes fades before noon into night.

There are men before whom the profane word is checked, the rough speech unused, and in whose presence the thoughts and conversation turn naturally to spiritual things. These lives are rebukes to evil. Sin shrinks from their presence and the better man triumphs. Their lives surround them with an atmosphere of holiness.

Work is the "Philosopher's Stone," that turns our life to gold.

There are failures which only one heart knows. There are successes which the world will never note.

There are leaves crowded out of the warm air and the light. In the midst of Nature's abundance, they have starved to death. And in the midst of this Christian land, there are starved souls to-day.

Before the autumnal days, we feel that the summer is dying away from us. There is a hush in her meadows, and a spray of red leaves by the roadside, that tell us the summer is almost gone.

Only when sorrow has made a vacant place in



the heart, is it quite ready to receive a heavenly guest.

Those who mourn with vain longing for that forgiveness which dead lips can never grant, learn kindness to the living.

Nature says to us "This is not your rest." The voices are celestial that say "Man, thou shalt never die."

We may start the sliding snow upon the mountain's brow ; but we cannot check it when it has become an avalanche.

The rock that took hues from pearl-drops of water once, now bides the century's storms unmoved. The heart that could be influenced by a word once, is now unmoved by prayers or tears.

As the clearest water distorts the objects seen through its medium, so very often the clearest intellect distorts the truth. It is not of the grand search for truth that we complain. The world has none too much of that. But it is the searching where the sad history of ages and the bitter experiences of our own hearts tell us, we can never find it.

If we work evil, we may be sure that sooner or later, we shall have to face that evil and its results.

If we learn by our grief to wipe the tears from other eyes, it will not be in vain that ours have wept.

Esau is not the only one who has sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

All that lives to-day, lives because other life is sacrificed.

Our present work will be taken from us ; perhaps before it is finished. Another work will be given us ; perhaps before we are ready.

The saddest wrecks are of the ships that went down in sight of land.

Poor excuse for taking the path into the wilderness, because one who took the path towards home, stumbled and turned aside !

Christ's cry, " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? " may mean that no Christian ever needs to feel the hiding of the Father's face.

If circumstances give us but little knowledge, let us be sure that we have much in little.

Often we pray that God will make our lives beau-

tiful, and then we rebel at the discipline he sends in answer to our prayer.

When our Dagon's fall prone on their faces, no earthly power can restore them to the place of gods.

The step is short from heights to depths.

It may be we failed in what we planned, that God might lead us to something better than we planned.

On the mountain of grief the Transfiguration comes.

When we worship at false altars, God has two ways of dealing with us. He "has a niche in heaven to hold our idols," or he says of-us "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." The first way, we call grief; the other, prosperity. But, were it ours to decide, would we dare choose such prosperity?

Only those who understand how heavy is a burden borne alone, know how to help bear up the great world's burdens.

The widow's oil is not the only thing that grows in giving.

The world's best cure for grief, is work.

There is a work for which sorrow is the consecration.

Be worthy of praise, and it will not matter much whether you receive it or not.

There are things which men never forget—things of joy and things of grief that stand out strong in the background of the years.

For childhood's bright dreams, would we be willing to endure again childhood's bitter disappointments?

The mountains did so merge into the skies that day, that we could not tell where earth ended and heaven began. Would that our daily living might so touch the skies !

As little as we can judge of the river's depths by the sparkling surface, so little can we judge of the heart's depths by the smiles or tears we see. If we throw a pebble into a stream, it troubles the surface. It may be borne along without disturbing the under-current, or it may remain for years where the deep waters flow. We cannot always tell. Nor can we

tell how deeply our acts and words sink into the inner life of those around us. The inner life is too deep, too sacred for any eye to read but God's.

In things that always change, we note no change.

The mournful truth is that more talent is blighted in the bud than ever blossoms in the perfect flower.

The only limit of God's giving, is man's capability of receiving.

## SONG OF THE AGES.

**T**HROUGH long cycles of centuries, Nature's myriad voices sang in songs of prophecy. Ages of working and of waiting were crowned at last by man's appearance. To-day we read through the fulfillment of the present, the promise of the past.

We see why the sun first cleared the mists from the new world, and the ocean was rolled back until dry land appeared. We see why life came and huge trees reared full foliage beneath the damp clouds, and then died, when no eye had seen their beauty. We see why animal life had its reign in the world, and nobler and higher types appeared, till only one thing was lacking to make the long line of creation complete—a creature gifted with mind to comprehend in some degree, the plan of the Creator.

There were ages of silence, unbroken even by that "faintest of all faint sounds, the sound of growing things." There were ages when "Darkness brooded over the face of the deep," and the cold

plash of ocean's waves, working at the structure of the world, alone broke the stillness of the dreadful night. There were ages of terror, when the wild tempests tore down great forests, to bury beneath the sea; ages of dire sound, of upheaving oceans, of winds of Æolus unchained and sweeping in a fury of madness over all the world. And after every storm, there was a calm of stillness and of death.

It was a fearful discipline, and hard to understand; yet not one too long night of death darkened the young world, not one too strong hurricane spread the black sea-mud above the forest trees; nor was the cold too terrible, that piled up the ice-towers of the north; for thus through the storms of the ages, the world was fitted to be the abode of man.

Gardens of Eden bloom where all was desolate. Summer suns brighten the lands that lay in icy night. Earth beholds her king, and the old world prophecy gives place to songs of praise and gladness.

Man is king. For his well-being the weary ages of darkness were endured. For his enjoyment, earth and air and sky prepared themselves through


countless ages. For his better development millions of lesser lives were sacrificed.

What then shall we expect of him for whom the centuries prophesied, and who through all the cycles of the years was held in the thought of God? He, for whom the ages have worked to prepare a physical home, is gifted with powers that belong to the infinite. Even as the earth foretold the physical life that should throb in myriad forms upon her bosom, so the soul foretells the immortal life that is able to transform earth's lowliest ones into "Kings and Priests unto God."

If the earth passed through this long preparation time before ready for its Sabbath of rest, what wonder that the soul for which the earth was made, must pass through much sorrow-discipline before ready for God's endless Sabbath above! Then we shall find that we had not one too dark day or too sad disappointment, that the clouds as well as the sunlight, were needed to purify the heart. Then we may trace the prophecy of our own lives, and prove at last, "God doeth all things well."



## HEART PICTURES.

NCE in careless mirth you played by the door of home, while a mother's eye watched you lovingly. The days were very bright and full then. You are alone now, and you feel that life has in some way lost much of the old-time brightness. You look at your picture of home, and for a little moment you are rich again, rich in treasure of the Long Ago. You watch once more the morning sunlight warm the hills. You see again the little path through the meadows, and the brook that laughs as it rushes towards the sea.

Flowers still bloom among the grasses, and the clouds are wafted silently through the "broad reach of sky."

Brothers and sisters play with you, and kind faces smile upon you, faces that you see now only in your dreams. Again there is an unbroken band around the evening fireside, and voices of thankfulness and prayer arise unto the Heavenly Father.

You start from your revery with a pain in your heart and longing—

“ Oh ! for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

Ah ! that home-picture ! It brings memories of those who come not at your calling, and yet to you “ They live, forever young in your remembrance.”

They may be as guardian angels, bringing golden thoughts from heaven. Close the home-doors tenderly. They are not often opened now. If they were it may be you would live a better life.

You have other pictures of the past. Here is the old schoolhouse where happy children met in the years that are gone. You count them over now,—those girls and boys whose lives were once so blended with your own. You count slowly and reverently, for the names of some are written in heaven and spoken no more on earth. Some lives have grown upward ; some have grown downward. The paths of life lead far apart. Distance, time, estrangement, are between.

“Alas! for love if thou wert all  
And nought beyond, O, earth!”

Do you remember the “last day,” when your hopes were realized or blighted in one recitation, and your pride was in the fresh garlands you had helped to wreath? And, after all was over, the praises all told, the good-byes all said; do you remember how drear the vacant benches looked and how lonely your heart was left? Yet, through all the partings and the tears you went bravely forth to meet the future. Has that future fulfilled the promises it made? It has taken much; has it given more than it has taken? Close the school-doors thoughtfully, and in life’s earnest working time strive to fulfill your school-day dreams.

Here is a smaller picture and a sadder memory—two standing by the gate and holding the parting hand. You remember it, for your tears have dimmed it, and the hopes that beamed brightly in that hour of farewell, are trampled, dead beneath your feet. O, heart! cease your vain questioning. Paths separate and it were vain to try to follow them. They will

not join again on earth. God grant that these diverging ways may meet at last where love shall understand, and live forever.

Another picture! the holy place where Christians pray. You remember the old church. You have counted every pane through which pours colored light. Here you grew tired sometimes, and were glad when you could go forth to the pure light of heaven, and feel the summer's breath upon your cheek. Here you went in sadder times when death had spoken to your soul, and the words were sweet that said "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Here a great questioning came to you. "What and where is Truth?" Did answering ever come? Here the struggle came in your heart—the old struggle between earth and heaven. Did you choose for earth? Did you not know that all who make *that* choice, must needs "go away sorrowful?" Did you choose for heaven? And has your life confirmed your choice?

Close the church-doors reverently. There holy

voices have often called you heavenward. Their echoes linger yet within your heart.

Now you see again the light fall through the pines upon the long grass of the graves. You feared this place once. Ghosts peopled it and walked in white to meet you. Do you remember how some of these graves looked when first the turf was smoothed upon them? Do you know how far their shadow has reached out over your life? Have you learned the lessons they teach? There have been times when your faith could not reach above them. Can it now?

Close the heart's graves prayerfully. "Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal."

## THE TREES AND THE WIND.

**L**ISTENED once to the voices of the trees, One told of green leaves in their prime, and the wind said joyously, "I'll give them strength."

One, of new flowers in bloom, and the wind sang sweetly, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

One spoke of blossoms faded, and the wind answered comfortingly, "After the blossoming comes the fruiting time."

One told of fruitage gone, and the wind answered still cheerily, "Sacrifice is glory."

And one in summer swayed bare branches towards the sky, and the wind moaned through them, "For you there is no hope." And then I heard a great cry of grief through the lonely pines, for the brightness and the richness gone from earth. Yet under all the sadness, I thought there was faint murmur of hopeful words.

“There is no death ; what seems so is transition.”

But the murmur was very low. Perhaps I only dreamed that the wind sang it to the blighted tree.

## THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

**I**DREAMED I was painting, and the colors were dissatisfied. "You are making a blotch of me," said the Carmine. "You are mixing me with Carmine till I lose my individuality," said Vermilion. "You are putting me in too obscure a place," said Blue. "You are using too little of me," said Pink.

Then I said angrily to them all, "You blind-eyes, can you not see I am placing you all where I need you most, where you can do your best towards making the picture beautiful! All I ask of you is to stay where I place you, and wait in patience till your mission is accomplished, and the great artist has pronounced you worthy of a place in his temple. You could not be as beautiful elsewhere. If one of you were missing, or showed less or abounded more, the harmony of the picture would be injured."



“But you do not place me near my friends,” said Yellow.

And I tried to answer patiently, “Because if your friends were with you now, their work would ruin yours. When all things are ready, I shall place your friends by you to stay forever. You should trust me. You only see part of the picture, I see it all. You only see its present, I see its future.”

Then I thought I heard a voice that said to me, “Minister of beauty, make thine own life beautiful, doing trustingly the work given thee by the great Artist, who sees ‘the end from the beginning,’ and in His own best way, prepares thy impatient heart for the glad fruition of the eternal years.”

## DOUBTERS.

**T**RUTHS do not come easily. Only what a man has studied most carefully ; only what has stood the test of both reason and life ; only what has been so engrafted into his being as to be a part of his nature, that, and only that, is his belief.

Judged by this standard most people believe nothing. They accept the traditions of their ancestors. But acceptance is not belief, although the crowning and inseparable part of it.

Very many who do not believe and do not doubt, are happy and blessed in their acceptance of the Christian faith. They may imbibe much of the beautiful spirit of religion called Charity. What has spoken so earnestly to their hearts, may be respoken in their lives. They may love their ideal Christ, and thus have that heart-belief, which in the hour of death will stand them in better stead than any mere head-belief ; but the fact remains, they do not be-

lieve in Christ. They do not believe in immortality. At the reasoning of disbelievers, they stand aghast, horrified at what they call its wickedness, but unable to give a reason for their hope. Thus they do wrong to the belief which they profess and to the Christ they love.

The doubters differ from this class; for they know they stand on debatable ground. The solid earth seems to quake beneath their feet, and even the everlasting hills appear to move from their foundations. They look for many signs, but look in vain.

Do not judge them, unless you too know what it is to doubt. They are but shadows in a world of shadows; and that they miss the blessedness which comes to trusting hearts, is surely punishment enough. Those who do not understand the desolation, cannot bring its cure. Doubting savors much of weakness. Yes; and strong souls should be very compassionate and helpful towards the weak. Pity those who, losing the unquestioning trust of childhood, find nothing real in earth or heaven to fill its place. Pity those who know the agony of Mary's

cry ; and pray that while they, like her, are seeking a dead Christ, like her they may find a living Saviour.

Oh ! you who doubt, did you ever think the Christian's comfort gives answer to the heart's longings? What would it be to you, if wandering no more on the "dark mountains," you might find your feet firm-set on the "everlasting hills?" If waiting no more by "broken cisterns" you might quench your thirst at the fountain of "living waters?" Think what it would be to stand by the grave of your heart's treasure, and *not* hear the terrible voice that says "Another bright, young life gone out into nothingness." Think what it would be to pray, and not feel the darkness close in around you, shutting out the glory-light of heaven ! All right desires are in God's world, promise of fulfillment. Hope, pray, wait, work. Even in "life's fitful fever," you may find Christ's words of promise true, and never thirst again.

Strive to gain the teachable, childlike spirit ; be willing to do anything, aye ! and to suffer anything for knowledge of the truth ; be willing, if need be,

to pass all of life in the search for it. Strive ever to make your own life true. Death for truth is better than life in any other cause. Defeat here is better than success elsewhere. Pray. Prayer may be the golden key that will unlock to you the gate of heaven, the heart of God. Live as in your holiest moments you have prayed to live.

Whether you become established in any belief or not ; it will nevertheless, be infinitely better for the world and for you that you have lived a noble life. You will never repent the sacrifices you make for the right, even if upon that altar you lay your life that is and your hope of the life that may be. Only souls that are true are worthy of the truth. Life's grandest opportunity is that of living nobly on the earth. That is your opportunity now and all your life.

Work for Christ in casting out the devils of prejudice, of ignorance, of wrong. May this life as the morning twilight, lead to the full day when all things shall be seen in the light of God's Infinite Love !

## WITH THE METHODISTS.

**T**HIS is the place of sudden transition, of smiles that are quickly succeeded by tears, and of tears, soon banished for smiles. The feelings are intense. They may be narrow springs, but they are often deep. As we enter the old church, restless heads turn toward us. There are laces, feathers and jewelry enough to have bowed Wesley's head with deepest grief. Yet something of the old character of the church remains. Even now it does most emphatically jerk people into a new life. It is the church that gathers the young into its embrace, and, encircling them with loving arms, bears them prayerfully to the all-merciful Father. It is the church that reaches out guiding hands to all of us poor wanderers, and with a heart more loving than its creeds, would gladly clasp us all in one circle of brotherly love. It is the church of the class-meet-

ing, that blessed institution ! where the strong give of their strength to the weak, and where the weak seekers receive sympathy and help. Did you ever anywhere else, hear such singing as peals forth from the Methodist camp-meeting? One feels then that "The groves were God's first temples," and the gods as of old, do not disdain to dwell in leafy sanctuaries. In the evening, while the lights are glittering among the trees and weird shadows are sweeping over the ground, one can look up between the waving boughs, to the starry fields of heaven. Great silences lie between these noisy prayers and the rest there. White wings are hovering in the upper air. There is the holy place, and the blue sky is the curtain that hides from our sight the Holy of Holies. And the stars are the nails of gold. Grand temple this, where all the world may come to pray.

But around us, spiritual battles are fought. No man going through that war, will be as he has been. In the very nature of things, he must be greatly better or greatly worse. Smile as we may, at the quaint

remarks and inappropriate responses, there is something here at which we dare not smile ; for here is strength like that which has made martyrs. If once you allow yourself to be swept with the current by this tempest of emotion, you will not feel like smiling. Eternity will loom before you, the mysterious and unfathomable. Earth will shrink into very nothingness beneath your feet. Hell will open fiery jaws and innumerable devils will send forth a hungry howl for your lean soul. And you—you will tremble, and all God's lightnings and the thunders of His wrath will be let loose upon you ; and then when if you could, you would be saying, " Me, miserable ! which way shall I fly ? Which way I fly is hell. Myself am hell, and in the lowest depths, a lower deep still threatening to devour me, opens wide "—then there is a hush as when the " Peace, be still ! " was spoken to the boisterous waves of Galilee, and you are told of pardon, love and Christ. Perhaps the hymn is sung—

" Depths of mercy can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ? "



Well, you are expected to be “converted” then. Whether you think you are or not, and what you do afterwards, depends much upon your temperament. If you do arise from your knees, feeling that you are a “new man in Christ Jesus,” you should live a new life, a beautiful, noble life; for it must be true that in all that excitement and notwithstanding it all, the “still, small voice” of God has spoken to your soul and bade it live. If instead of light, despair comes to you, till you conclude you have “sinned away your day of grace,” you are greatly mistaken, but your grief is very pitiable. If you do not sink utterly under this despair, by the next day you feel that you have been in a spiritual intoxication, and you suffer a severe, spiritual ache—heartache if you will—which must just as naturally follow the spiritual intoxication, as headache follows drunkenness. When you understand a little soul-logic, you will not be as ready to think God has deserted you, or that He has loudly spoken to you, but you will be sure He is always helping the man who is earnestly striving to do right.

The saddest result is, that feelings worked upon thus powerfully, are never so easily aroused again. With more than usual possibility of good, there is corresponding possibility of evil. Every time a man is led to mourn over his sins, and not so led to mourn over them as to forsake them, he is hardened by it. Hence we see the folly of those who are always trying to move to tears, and then congratulate themselves because of the good they have accomplished. It is not the time in the midst of a battle to exult over the victory. It is a thing of no little responsibility to touch the springs of human feelings, which often actuate the life and which only once, can be moved by a touch so light. Many a man goes from the earnest meeting where souls are prayed for, worse than he was before. His own fault, you say? Yes, in part, but not altogether. We must learn to understand more about man's spiritual life before we try experiments with it. We do not let bunglers tune our pianos; but every one thinks he can tune the "harp of a thousand strings," and tune it for eternity. If only we might learn

wisdom before, in mistaken zeal, we have harmed immortal souls !

But while we have been philosophizing, men around us have been praying. Now the benediction is said, and the echo of its peace lingers in our hearts. We are better and stronger because of the unquestioning trust and earnest prayers, the zealous work and holy lives of some of these Methodists.

## THE PATHOS OF COMMON LIVES.

**E**ACH soul, with its joys and griefs, its ambitions and regrets, its friendships and loves, its idols and their graves, is a history "where God himself writes," and which He alone can truly read.

Now as of old, the world staggers beneath "its convex weight of crime," and through the years its cries and prayers besiege high heaven for aid. We, who would cross the seas to view the ruins of the old world, walk every day among the grander, sadder wrecks of human souls, and perceive them not. We might know, but we close our eyes, and fold our hands, and will not be our "brother's keeper." There is much that proves our "brotherhood" with all mankind.

We all have our gala-days in the enchanting land of dreams. At some time, we each have access to the fairy's wand. Too soon the wand loses its magic.

The gates of gold grow dim. We wander from the ideal to the real. Many voices call in many ways. We are surrounded alike by angels and by demons.

The recompenses come. We do not always recognize them or know whence they are. Our good deeds bless our own hearts. Our evil comes home to lodge with us. We curse our fate, and do not realize we ourselves have made that fate. "For ye give to every thread its hue, and elect your destiny."

When the dream-life is dead, we treasure its mementoes. Somewhere, sometime, we have laid away withered flowers, flowers that were sparkling with our tears in place of the morning dew. We have burned letters, when with them earth's brightest dreams were turned to ashes. The time comes when lips that do not tremble, say "It is all for the best. I can see now the fancy was an idle one." Yet none the less, the hope was beautiful and it left a bitter pain when it died. Unrecognized, denied, in the very heart of hearts, that sense of loss remains forever. Knowledge of good is "bought dear by knowing ill."

In a man's own eyes, his life can never be an ordinary thing. There are times when apple-blossoms hide the common clay on which he walks. If only he had lived worthy of his vision ! The strength gained on the heights should help one to walk the better when in life's valleys. It is hard to live life's prose. It is sad to see apples of Hesperides change to ashes in the eager grasp.

Only uncommon lives have learned to make of untoward things the steps whereby to climb. Common lives always feel the hurt of a cramping fate that, turning upon them, clutches them in iron grasp and holds them to the earth. There are those who go thirsting all their lives, and die at last unsatisfied. Their souls will never let them be content with mere physical lives, yet for them the material shuts out the spiritual. They weary of their distasteful work, but must work on. To some poverty comes—the wolf that gnaws the heart. Disease comes and in the midst of work undone, folds the weak hands that have already borne too heavy burdens. Daily life brings much fret and wear to the soul ; unkind remarks,

looks meaning more than words, little jealousies and envyings, quarrels that spring from very nothingness, and the never-ceasing effort to hide the old, old skeleton in the closet. Some live in an atmosphere of petty vexations ; mosquitoes that drain dry the spiritual blood, and leave only nerves. Our sorrows are often of our own making. Granted ; but our chains are only the more galling when we have forged them for ourselves.

Separations come to all. The good-byes mean much. It came from the longing for a protecting care to follow the dear ones going beyond our ken, that our farewell words are " God be with you !" and " À Dieu !" We say good-bye to the familiar homesteads from which the miles must separate us, and to the hearts on which we leaned, from whom comes longer parting. We clasp cold hands in farewell, when the Angel of Death has spoken and will have his way. Always, although long expected, death comes suddenly at last, leaving some kind word we meant to say, forever unsaid ; some kind deed we meant to do, forever undone. We pause in our

work to place flowers in the caskets. We give unanswered kisses, and we wonder why in the busy walks of life we found so little time for tenderness.

Then the graves are filled and the sun shines on. We go our way and forget to be more loving to the living. Yet, oh ! the tears we weep, when tears are unavailing. We cannot get away from ourselves or from the underlying sadness of our hearts. A rainy day, a moaning wind, a withered flower bud, find an answering sadness in our souls. We recognize Nature's sorrowful sights and sounds, as true expressions of our lives. We try to prove that we are happy, and we show thereby that proof is needed. One who tries to prove to his own heart that he loves, is very near not loving. One who tries to prove his joy, holds but its counterfeit.

There are times when a great flood of bitterness sweeps over us. If we are weak, we cry out. The world wonders for an instant, why we cried, and seeks to find the cause *without*, which can only be found *within* our hearts. If we are strong, we wait.

Great souls can express the longings which com-



mon ones must feel in silence. When a dog looks at you with great, dumb, yearning eyes, you pity him because he cannot speak. Many souls have less power than he to express their deepest thoughts. Their every attempt veils or misrepresents their truest selves.

One has his days in dream-land and in wonder-land. Not far removed is the world of love. We all walk its enchanted paths sometimes, and name it—Paradise. For us all the white wings hover in the upper air till earth is purified and life is glorified. Too soon the angels vanish and the roses wither. Yet true love is eternal. If it is more common to miss the true love than to find it, it is another sign that it is common for man to fail of the happiness meant for him.

Our friendships bring their share of pathos. One makes many friends in youth and idealizes them all. Time, distance, death, take them one-by-one. Life may fill the vacant chairs, but cannot fill the vacant hearts. One seldom makes new friends when the days of youth are over. What will we not do for

our friends ! It is said this is a very selfish world, yet every day, if one looks for them, he may find noble deeds of voluntary sacrifice. Humanity fallen, humanity grovelling in the dust, with its angel wings (if it ever had them) irrevocably clipped, does acts of heroism worthy of the gods.

Those who have missed life's happiest chances, dream their dreams over for their children ; but the children go their own way ; some heavenward, some earthward ; and often at last the mother is left alone to sing her song of an " empty nest."

Happy are they who, through all the various deeds and circumstances of their lives, can see a unity of plan working out for them eternal good. In most of us the plan has been so thwarted, we cannot see our lives as a unit. We can only see separate days standing out as separate facts for the making or the marring of one another. The plan lost, there still is this to hope, that the pattern of some other life may be more beautiful because of the gleams of brightness caught from our lives. If some one standing by our grave, can say in all sincerity, " I live a better life to-

day, because this friend of mine has lived and worked and suffered," our life will not have been all loss.

And after this life, heaven! This is the key-note of many of the better lives of earth. They hope the work that shows so little of the earthly gain, will measure the more by the heavenly computation. It may be these common lives, so full of heart-yearnings, known only to themselves and to the All-Father—these lives so stinted and so meagre here—will reach out there for what they missed on earth, and the vastness of heaven will compensate for earth's narrowness, and for earth's poverty, heaven's riches.

But not all look up toward heaven. We cast our questions down the deep of new-made graves, and no echo comes to us from the abyss. What if there is a loss for which eternity has no atonement? What if man has the power to close heaven's doors upon his soul, and no higher power can save him from the long shadow of his sin! Ah! if there is no remedy for sin-wrecked souls, the defeat of one immortal spirit is sad enough to send its wail of anguish clashing eternally with all the hallelujahs of the blessed.

Strange how full of sunshine and of smiles, the old world is ! It smiled at first in its innocent childhood ; afterwards, with eyes filled with bitter tears, it chose to smile instead of weep. So as we walk among dead hopes, we smile on, and the world smiles on ; and there is pathos in this smiling. If it were all we could do, it would be true heroism. But for too long our love to our friends has been shown chiefly in building their monuments, and our love to their souls in smiling at their ruin.

How many beautiful things each one of us has seen ! How many golden sunsets ! How many glorious sunrises ! And all this beauty has been an appeal from God to the heart to lift it above sordid things and make it pure. In the effulgence stray blossoms have appeared—bits of verse, glowing words—that in the short-lived glory, stamped some common soul with genius. Is not this lonely blossoming a foreshadowing of the abundant bloom to be, when the great Gardener shall have transplanted this sensitive plant to the heavenly garden ?

Think of the spiritual life of souls ! Think of

the prayers ever striving to surround and to protect some hearts from the world's sin! Think of the Divine love reaching down responsive to the adoring love ascending from human hearts to heaven! How grand is the possible life of every soul!

There is a deep pathos in the "Ifs" of life. We say "if" and on that foundation build earth and heaven. From the despairing cry "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," even down to the "ifs" of our everyday life, there is a sorrow beyond words. The sentence begun with an "if" cannot be wrought out in real life, till "if" gives place to certainty.

After the blessings, heart-aches, wars without and wars within, what then? After one has left his work here incomplete, what then? What comes when earth has failed us? Will there be new treasures for empty hearts? Will there be new work for empty hands? Can ashes bring forth flowers again? Can the weary find the perfect rest? The gate that opens out to other worlds, hangs on an "if," and

"Hearts cry—'God be pitiful,'  
Who ne'er said—'God be praised!'"

## ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

**M**ARGARET MERTON was sitting on the door-step in the sunshine. Her thoughts were "long, long thoughts," reaching from childhood out and on to the Forever. She was looking at the low range of hills that shut her in, that had always shut her in from the great outer world. She had dreamed and planned much, but her dreams were faded, her plans were broken, her life was a failure. So she said to herself, while the sunlight fell upon her and the birds sang around her. She was very young to say that. We have scarcely lived years enough at seventeen to have wrecked all of life.

Her mother's voice called her, "Margaret, Margaret," and with the shadow still upon her face and in her heart, she prepared the simple meal for two. Only two in the little brown cottage now! Time was when that house had resounded to the tread of

child-feet, and child-laughter had echoed through those quiet rooms. One by one the laughing voices had been stilled ; one by one the sparkling eyes had been dimmed, and the little hands been frozen in death's clasp ; one by one the new graves had been made in the churchyard. Six little graves were there and one marked by a higher monument, for Mrs. Merton was a widow, and Margaret was fatherless.

In the years of sickness, the little property Mr. Merton had accumulated soon vanished, and now Margaret supported herself and her feeble mother by teaching the village school at six dollars per week.

Mrs. Merton was a blessed woman, for all her sorrows had only written "Peace" upon her soul. Through her mother's self-denial, Margaret, who had always been accounted the brightest pupil of the village school, had enjoyed one year of tuition at an excellent academy in an adjoining town. When Mrs. Merton's health failed, it was Margaret's turn to practice self-denial. It cost her much pain to

give up her loved studies and engage in helping others to places where they might climb above her on the hill of science. She had not learned to be unselfish yet. It wounded her pride, because she must teach for half the pay a man would have received. In the fall, a severer blow came, for her school was taken from her, and the committee tried to soften the trial by saying, "As we have always employed a gentleman in the winter, I would not like to deviate from the old custom. You have given satisfaction, and if a woman could fill the place, I would engage you ; but we need some one who can take an active part in the temperance societies and prayer-meetings." Thus early, Margaret met some of woman's wrongs, and they embittered her life. Nor had she found the peace that comes from doing one's best, with the duties that lie nearest ; till God's voice calls higher. Margaret braided whips all winter, working in a factory two miles away. In the spring she taught again, and thus a year passed by.

Before the brilliancy had faded from the October



leaves, another grave was in the churchyard, and Margaret was motherless. The last words the mother had spoken, were to her, "God give thee His rest, my child."

In Margaret's first grief, she thought only of the rest which quiet church-yards bring to the weary dead, in the stillness of that "low, green tent, whose curtain never outward swings."

From her window she watched the shadows gather till the stars shone on her mother's grave. All night she sat alone in the darkness, thinking of the gentle presence she must miss now through all the years, and wishing bitterly that one little hour of the past might be relived. One volume of her life was closed, sealed and laid away forever. No line could be erased now, no blot removed. But the future may be better for her tears.

Even the little brown cottage did not belong to Margaret. She was free to try the outer world now. She found a larger school with better pay, in Well-  
ingford.

A pastor's blessing went with her, and his warning

that she should "mark life's success not by the world's esteem, but by the smile of God."

Margaret's ambitious plans returned to her, and she managed every way to save expense, that she might enjoy the advantages of a higher education. And she succeeded. One always succeeds in one plan, if he makes all others bow before it. Success is sure to those who sacrifice enough. And some have sacrificed too much upon unworthy altars.

Margaret boarded herself, hiring a room of Mrs. Mullen, a gentle widowed lady who lived half a mile from the school.

In counting the cost, there was one thing which Margaret did not take into consideration—the utter loneliness of a stranger in an unknown town. No one called upon her, no one visited her school; even the children laughed at her economies, seeing them and not seeing the underlying motive.

Yet the winter before, when Mr. Benson appeared with threadbare coat, kept house by himself in an attic, taught by day and studied by night, that he might "work his way through college," all Welling-

ford arose to do him honor. He was a self-made man and a hero.

But Margaret, she was a woman, and why could she not be satisfied with her village school and social amusements till she was ready to marry and settle down? What did she need of higher education? And thus her love of study, and her longing for the riches of knowledge, were unappreciated and blamed because she was a woman!

One night when Margaret, more tired than usual, paused a moment in Mrs. Mullen's room to warm her numbed fingers, that lady persuaded her to pass the evening there. After tea, Mrs. Mullen took a seat by Margaret, and said in her gentle way, "My dear, I have long wished to take the liberty of talking with you, of counseling you, as your mother would if she were with you."

"My mother is dead," said Margaret coldly. She was afraid to trust herself to use a milder tone, lest the quick tears should spring uncalled to her eyes.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Mullen, "but perhaps

you need me the more. May I speak to you freely this once?"

"Say what you please," said Margaret in a listless way that certainly was not very encouraging, but Mrs. Mullen was not waiting for encouragement. She was only wishing for the opportunity of doing good.

"Then my child, it appears to me that you are missing what you might have of blessedness and rest."

"Rest," echoed Margaret, "There is no rest for me."

Mrs. Mullen repeated softly—

"Rest is not quitting  
The busy career,  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere."

"But," objected Margaret, "it is often impossible to do that. I have never found my place in the world yet, and I do not believe I ever shall."

"Have you ever done your best in any place?"

Margaret was silent, but her conscience said "no!"

Mrs. Mullen continued, "In this life, we do not always realize our brightest dreams, or in realizing them we find their brightness faded. It is well for us to work earnestly, faithfully and perseveringly, in order to accomplish what seems the mission of our lives. But having done our best, let us leave results to God. Meanwhile we should not forget or neglect one little daily duty that comes to us."

Margaret answered bitterly, but Mrs. Mullen said, "Sometimes success is a sadder thing than failure. Sometimes the way is dark that we may see more clearly the light beyond the way."

Margaret had overworked, and a long illness came to her. Mrs. Mullen cared for her even as a mother. Mr. Benson finished the winter term. Margaret wondered if it was because he, having ten talents had improved them all, that her one work was taken from her and given to him.

Everybody loved Mr. Benson. He was thoughtful, unselfish and truly good. He made all good things lovable and beautiful. What wonder that Margaret learned to love him? He loved her too,

and showed her the ideal womanhood to which she might attain. By his love, her life was glorified. The days went on and her impatient, restless heart was growing into calm. Was she finding the "rest," for which her mother had prayed? Ah! that rest comes only from heaven.

Happier years followed. Margaret taught in the summers and studied through the winters. In six years she had received two well-earned diplomas and had graduated twice with highest honors. People wondered that she could accomplish so much. Margaret found many closed doors, but they were not locked; and by her studious energy she made a way through them all.

The world, too, had been Margaret's teacher. And now, in all that makes the cultured, refined lady, in all that helps the teacher to exercise unending power over the young mind and heart, Margaret excelled.

Yes, Margaret has grown in these years, and yet—and yet—why must there always be an "and yet" to mar the history of our lives?

Margaret has been helped by a strong, true, manly love. Why should she make an idol of her love?

“God keeps a niche in heaven to hold our idols. Albeit He brake them to our faces, lest our soft kisses should impair their white.” When word came to Margaret “He is dead,” for such word did come, the whole earth seemed to swing away from beneath her feet and to leave her soul alone in the utter desolation. Life before her seemed a blank; behind her a wreck.

Weeks afterwards, when the first spring flowers had blossomed on his grave, she aroused herself to duty. Her heart was very sad, but the Healer had been there, and there was no impatience now as she undertook to do alone a woman’s life-work in the world. The way was very dark, but in the darkness, the mother’s prayer was answered—“God give thee His rest, my child.”

Not answered as the mother had hoped, speedily and in the light of happy days. Margaret had refused to learn that way. Slowly, through long, sad

years, she learned life's deepest lessons. The sadness never after left her eyes, but the unrest vanished from her heart.

For four years Margaret taught a high school. Then as money and reputation grew she founded a seminary for young ladies. Tenderly and sympathizingly as a mother, she watched over the young girls committed to her care.

The weak went to her for strength, the sorrowing, for comfort. Her own griefs had given her the key to other hearts. It was worth all she had suffered to be thus able to lead young lives into the paths of blessedness. The time came when she could believe that.

The years went on. The girls she had taught were some of them in happy homes around her, some teaching, some missionaries across the sea. Some with pale hands folded, had early said their farewells to the earth. Wherever the pupils were in the wide world, her love reached out to them. Wherever they went, there followed them the unconscious influence of her life.



Was it because her dream was all read and sealed long ago, that thus, self-forgetful, she could enter into the dreamings of young girls? Was it because she had suffered that she could so calmly lift to her own shoulders the burden of others' woes? So these young girls questioned as girls will question, but the only answer was the patient answer of her life. Yet they learned afterwards that only those who have wrestled valiantly with the evil, can attain unto the powerful good; and so with the perfectness of the victory, was read something of the struggle of the battle.

Margaret had no confidant in the world. She learned to help herself by helping others, and she grew to the stature of a self-reliant woman. Self-reliant—that in its highest, truest sense, means God-reliant.

Ten more years passed away, and Margaret's work was completed. The girls felt that their dearest friend was leaving them. She had cared for some of them through weary days of pain. She had led them all to the riches of wisdom. All their lives had been blessed by her life.

Fair flowers were placed in her hands, and among the blossoms there was a tiny locket of gold. She had held it when she died, and her friends, reverencing the sacredness of her grief, left it there with her. They had never seen the pictured face within. To her it had been a talisman, filling her life with good. She had often looked at it, whispering to herself, "He will love me there," with a child-like trust that only came to her when childhood had departed.

A company of girls, robed in white, stood around her grave and almost filled it with flowers. Then they returned with quiet steps to the seminary her presence had blessed so long. Her presence seemed still to remain there as a silent benediction, bringing good.

Margaret Merton had not amassed much money in her life, for she had always given freely of it to any whose need was greater than her own. What was left was divided into scholarships for poor girls, struggling for an education.

A monument of purest marble, stands at Marga-

ret's grave—raised there by her pupils to show their love for her. On it is written only

**Margaret Merton,**

aged 39.

**God Hath Given Her Rest.**

More enduring than the marble is the monument erected in many hearts and lives—a monument inscribed with tributes of grateful souls to her, who in guiding aright her own life, led many souls to peace.

Not by the beautiful monument above her grave, not by the multitudes that gathered there, nor by the eulogies bestowed so freely, but by the silent resolves of many hearts to make life beautiful, the earnest strivings to follow her footsteps heavenward, and most of all by the power of the rest she found; it was proved that Margaret Merton did not live in vain.

## MINNIE'S DREAM.

**I**T was one of October's perfect days. The good fairies had woven the summer sunshine into the beautiful autumn leaves. The merry children were playing under the grand old trees, and their faces, too, were full of sunshine. The light sparkled from their eyes and came in laughing words from their rosy lips.

An old man walked by, and sighed when he saw the little ones, for he was in the shadow. When he was a child, he stood where two roads meet, the Right and Wrong. They were near each other, so he chose the one where brightest flowers were blooming, and he did not heed the voices that said "Choose Right, my child." The wrong road grew hard and thorny as he traveled it, but he could not retrace the false steps he had taken, and he feared to enter the fields that stretched a weary length between him and

the way of Right. Yet he was sorry—sorry. When he looked up, the sky did not seem so blue, or the light so bright or God so near, as in the earlier, better days. Life was a poor, unsatisfying thing to him, because he had chosen the Wrong. It was too late for the old man, tottering by, to take the sorrow and the sin out of his earthly life; but the children, the happy children playing in the grand old woods—it was not too late for them to fill their lives with heaven's own sunshine.

Yet contentious voices sounded before the day was gone, and Minnie, the chosen autumn-queen, wandered away from the others to rest by the singing rivulet. There lulled by the music, she fell asleep, and her troubled thoughts wove themselves into a wondrous dream.

She entered a beautiful palace where the fairies danced and played. She rested on a couch of autumn leaves. The fairy queen near by, played sweet tunes upon a harp of pine leaves which was so large it took six fairies to lift it.

When Minnie asked what world it was, the queen

answered "This is the entrance of Fairy Land. We are happy here, for we keep the Golden Rule."

"The Golden Rule! What is it?" asked Minnie wearily, for it seemed hard for her to think.

The queen continued, "There is war in your world. The RULES fight for the ascendancy. The Golden Rule is taught by the wisest and the best, but there are some hearts that will not listen to the teaching."

Then the queen fixed her sharp eyes on Minnie, who moved uneasily, and finally said, "I came for my crown of autumn leaves. Will you give me my crown, please, fairy, for I, too, am a queen."

The fairy queen replied, "I have something to show you first. Come with me."

Together they glided through palace after palace till they came to a room from which they saw the stars. This was the queen's observatory. The queen said, "All these stars seem alike beautiful to you, but on some the shadow has fallen. We will visit that one," and the queen pointed to a beautiful star that shone brightly in the sky.

Minnie found herself wafted quickly through great space, while the star-lights went out one by one, and this star loomed up before her, a great, black world. The queen enveloped Minnie in a robe which made her invisible, and then said, "This is the world of the Iron Rule. Explore it, and I will come for you soon."

When Minnie was alone, she wandered silently over the darkened world. The ground was hard and the grass brown. In the street two boys were playing. One rushed against the other and hard blows followed ; then one killed the other. A man came and killed the remaining boy. Other men came and there was deadly battle throughout the city. The houses were burned and there was great desolation. Minnie called for help, but none heard her and there was none to save. Saddened at heart, she turned away, and the wind carried her to what was once a church, but now it was only a pile of ruins. There an old man knelt alone and prayed, "God give us again peace and plenty in the land!"

A voice from the skies replied, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, for the wicked."

The old man kneeled still lower on the ground, and said, "I love Thy Peace."

The voice answered, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way ; first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift."

The old man beat his breast and cried "Alas ! I have slain my brother." The brand of Cain was on his soul, and he fled into the wilderness.

The winds carried Minnie onward till she came to a black ocean. A bridge stretched over it towards the skies. Men had struggled to the bridge, and women and little children were walking on it. There they fought desperately and some fell into the dark sea. Then one arose and burned the bridge, and all fell together into the darkness, and a voice said, "He who refuses to forgive, breaks the bridge over which he must himself pass, for all have need to be forgiven."



The world was shrouded in darkness, and Minnie wept over its mighty woes. The fairy queen came then, saying only "Have you seen enough?"

Minnie answered "Oh, too much! Please take me from this terrible place."

In an instant they were again in the queen's observatory. The queen said sadly, "That is in truth a fallen world, yet not many centuries ago, as men reckon, it was a glorious world, lighted by the beautiful sun and resplendent at night with many stars. Forgiveness was queen then, and she taught the people the Golden Rule which she had learned in heaven. Revenge saw that the world was brighter than his domains, and he determined to snatch it from Forgiveness. Forgiveness appealed to Justice who said "The world is yours by right, but if you keep it, you will have to fight for it, for Revenge is mighty. Forgiveness did not wish to fight, but she sent her pleaders to every heart to beg that the door might be forever closed against Revenge. The pleaders went forth and there was war in that bright world, and the first battle-ground was the heart of a child, and—Revenge conquered."

Here the fairy paused to weep. She went on at last. "The pleaders worked in vain, and all hearts were opened to Revenge. Desolation followed, for where no Forgiveness is, there is no pity, no pardon, no hope for the erring. Lives once ruined are ruined forever. This is the Iron Rule, "Life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." Revenge wears it stamped upon her crown.

Minnie asked sadly "Has Revenge gained many worlds?"

For answer, the queen fairy only wept.

Minnie wept too, till the fairy said, "Now we will visit a world where Forgiveness reigns."

Instantly they were in a land of light and beauty. All the animals were tame and the lions rested with the lambs. The children played with the wolves, caressing them. The air was full of the music of gentle words, and the world was full of the love of happy hearts. Sometimes men misunderstood each other, and without meaning it, did harm; but ere the

sun went down, friendly hands were clasped in love. Vines climbed about the churches and flowers grew by the door. There many met to worship and to pray—"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," for to them it was not a curse to pray that prayer.

They sang—

"Oh, brother-man, fold to thy heart thy brother,  
Where Pity dwells, the love of God is there,  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile, a hymn ; each kindly deed, a prayer."

The flowers smiled brightly, the faces looked up hopefully, and all souls were filled with peace.

Minnie was wafted along till she saw a bridge, reaching above deep waters to the skies. Calmly and trustingly, the people passed over it, and the bright clouds hid them forever from her sight. Minnie, looking, said, "I think this bridge leads to Heaven."

Some must have heard her, for many eyes looked upward, and an aged man replied, "Yes, the bridge of Forgiveness leads to Heaven."

While Minnie watched the passers on the bridge,

the fairy queen came, asking again, "Have you seen enough?"

Minnie answered, "No, indeed, I never can tire of this beautiful world. I wish it were my home."

The fairy frowned as she said, "You do not deserve so fair a home as this. Come with me."

Again they entered the fairy-palace and Minnie rested on the autumn leaves. The fairy said, "Forgiveness has always held that realm, and every year it grows more beautiful. She governs by the Golden Rule. But rest now, for we must take another journey soon."

Minnie seemed to sleep again, and to awaken in another world. It too was beautiful. Its leaves of red and gold glittered in the sunbeams. The squirrels were busily and happily carrying large nuts to their winter-homes. Minnie saw bright-eyed children too, but the words she heard were words of strife. In a pained voice she asked, "Who governs this fair world?"

The fairy answered, "By the holy cross it was redeemed through Forgiveness, yet Revenge still

claims it, and the battle-field is in the heart of man. Every heart yielded to Rvenge, helps to drive Forgiveness from the world, and to destroy the angel-song of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

As the fairy and the child passed on, they came to dim woods that Minnie knew, and she exclaimed, "Why, this is the dear, old earth-world. Fairy, I am glad you have brought me home again. I will tell all my friends to open their hearts to the pleaders of Forgiveness."

The fairy said, "Open your own heart first, my child, and then you can teach others."

Then the fairy gave Minnie a magic glass, and through it she could look at people's hearts, and read the purpose of their lives.

She could read the past too, and could see the deep marks of the sins that were unforgiven. Some men carried a cross and some a sword. Minnie was often sadly surprised to read on pure, white foreheads, words dark with sin, and to behold in deep, beautiful eyes, thoughts that made her shudder.

"Sin has already marred the choicest beauties

of this earth," said the fairy, "and Revenge is one of his greatest warriors. The sword is the emblem of Revenge. The cross is the symbol of Forgiveness. At first it appears an unseemly thing, but soon it is encircled by the fair flowers of human kindness, human love and the Divine helpfulness and blessing, for "Heaven means crowned, not conquered, when it says 'Forgiven.'"

## BUILDING TO OVERTHROW.

**L**ITTLE Jamie was on the floor building palaces of blocks. Very carefully he arranged them in their places, balancing them that they might not fall. Yet before any one had time to admire his finished work, he overthrew it all with one blow of his little hand. In an instant the ruin was wrought, and Jamie's shout of joy was more triumphant over the swift destruction than over the slow and patient building.

Jamie's father was building too: slowly and surely building for himself a home that should be a place of refuge and of rest. No danger that he would attempt to overthrow his work. Jamie told the reason, "Mine is only play-building you know, but papa's is real earnest building, and he must not make it fall.

Mothers, teachers, writers, we are building, and ours is real, earnest work. Our words are worse

than vain, unless our lifework corresponds. We are laboring not for days alone, not for years alone, but for eternity. Yet too often, we build carelessly and overthrow our work hastily, as though it were play-work of our own, instead of real work for the Master Architect.



## THE THOUGHT-GLEANERS.

**W**HILE wandering through the far reaching realms of the mind, I saw many enclosures called "Gardens of Thought." One garden was a beautiful valley, enclosed by flower-banks near its gateway, and in the distance by majestic mountains. The Goddess of Poetry presided here. There were many gleaners in the garden, attracted by its beauty. The Goddess assigned their places, some on vine-clad banks, and some where the flowers withered as soon as they were gathered.

The gleaners chose their flowers and arranged their garlands. Some were not skilled to find unfading blossoms, and some could not arrange them well; yet I noticed that those whose work was the best, usually seemed least satisfied. Some laid the flowers together carelessly, and beauty grew without effort from their deft fingers. These usually sang as

they worked. Some arranged and rearranged their garlands, sometimes not completing them till half their flowers were withered.

Some were blind, and gathered weeds for blossoms.

Some stole the flowers of others.

Some assisted others in their work.

Many reclined lazily among the flowers, and forgot to work, till the sun was set, and the unfinished wreath had fallen from their grasp.

Some flowers that grew the brightest, had been watered by tears.

There were many helpers in the garden; but all save Rhetoric were unfair; doing much for their favorites, and very little for the rest.

Rhetoric aided impartially all who would receive her help. But she was of terrestrial origin and of sober mien; and some would not ask her aid. She arranged the framework of the garlands, and advised when it was best to gather the flowers. For some blossoms had to be culled in the bud for their most wonderful beauty, while others were more

lovely in their blossoming time ; and a few were exquisite with their feathery seeds. Some were helped by cultivation ; and Rhetoric knew all the rules for the culture of flowers. But it must be confessed that she did not understand wild-flowers very well, and sometimes in her rude handling, they lost the aroma of the woods. For this reason also, some of the gleaners feared Rhetoric.

Nine sisters from Paradise wandered among the gleaners and helped them much. But these sisters would not deign even to look at some of the most persistent workers. If only the shadow of these sisters fell upon the flowers, it made them blossom forth at once into new beauty. All the workers courted the attention of the muses, and there were gleaners who died of grief because their courting was in vain. Clio favored earnest workers, Euterpe and Terpsichore loved those best who smiled and sang. They helped wreath the blossoms in forms of lyres and harps. Melpomene preferred to garland leaves, Polyhymnia hovered near the weeping workers. Urania chose those who gathered star-flowers. These

sisters were as ready to help those who did not ask for aid and who received their gifts carelessly, as they were to assist those who were continually invoking their presence. Another helper in the garden, was Imagination. All sought her ; but she like the sisters was partial in her gifts. She had the fairy's wand and at its touch the world was filled with blossoms. She was a prophet too and could see beyond the clouds. At her bidding, flowers sprang up without seed or root ; and while she was near they grew in perpetual beauty. She could bid weeds grow also, when she willed, and poisonous blossomings. The largest garlands were made by her help. The goddess of Poetry herself did reverence to this queen of flowers—Imagination. Sometimes when Imagination prepared to depart, the largest blooms expanded into thin air, and nothing was left to show they had been beautiful. I pitied the workers whose flowers thus vanished.


Many other helpers wandered to and fro among the gleaners. Metre walked with martial tread, measured the garlands and counted the flowers that

made them. Rhyme taught a regular distribution of each species of flower.

Not forever can the gleaners wreath their garlands. In a time when they expect it not, they hear a voice from the entrance calling them away, and as they obey the summons, their garlands fall from their grasp.

Through the valley of Poesy, flows the river of Time. On this river the garlands fall. Some are soon torn to pieces by the current, some stop in sheltered harbors, some wither, some brighten; a few are carried out into the broad ocean where they live forever. And he who has made a garland for Eternity, is crowned with Immortality in the Temple of Fame.

## THE BURNING BUSH.

UCH flaming bush as Moses saw,  
Our eager eyes behold to-day ;  
For while we look with wondering awe  
The summer glory comes this way.

This common shrub we knew before,  
Is crowned with leaf and bud and flower ;  
The winter of its grief is o'er,  
And it has won a wealthy dower.

Long time it waited in the chill  
Of frost and hail, of rain and snow ;  
Waited with patient heart until  
The summer flowers began to blow.

To-day the ancient wonder see  
Of burning bush and unconsumed ;  
And note the old-time mystery  
Of boughs with ruby bloom illumed.

For in this bush no less than when  
Meek Moses sought to hear the word,  
In all its glow to-day, as then,  
The still, small voice of God is heard.

**FINIS.**















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