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LOUD
AND
SUNSHINE.

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CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE

BY

H. M. POOLE.



*As sunshine when a cloud fringe lifts,
Is but the brighter for the change,
So in our lives the joy that rifts
Through sadness, takes a lovelier range.*



HARD & PARSONS:

NEW YORK.

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ASSURANCE.

You tell me that the summer hours
Have gone forever by;
That, dead and cold the summer flowers
Enwrapped in snow-shrouds lie;
I tell you that the summer days
Are coming back again;
The flowers will bloom in woodland ways
To cheer the hearts of men.

You tell me youth will fade away

Like summer's wealth of bloom ;

Our hopes, our thoughts, our works decay,

That earth is one great tomb.

I tell you that this youth of trust

May come to us once more ;

That blossoms spring from out the dust

As lovely as before.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

RECOMPENSE.

The earth gives treasure four-fold for all that we
give to its bosom ;

The care we bestow on the plant comes back on
the bud and the blossom.

The sun draws the sea to the sky, O, stillest and
strangest of powers,

And returns to the hills and the meadows the
gladness of bountiful showers.

Never a joy do we cause, but we for that joy
are the gladder,

Never a heart do we grieve, but we for the
grieving are sadder.

He who doth give of his best, of that best is the
certainest user,

And he who with-holds, finds himself of his gaining
the pitiful loser.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

ASPIRATION.

Wings! Wings!

To leave the level of earthly things,

The dust of the under-world, the din

Of law and logic, the ghost of sin;

The eyes of prisoners at the grate,

The voice of beggars beside the gate;

The sense of something averse to good,

A warped intention, a vicious mood,

In the face of nature; a sense more keen

Of lapse and breakage and death within;

The sense that stifles and clings and stings.

Wings! Wings!

Wings! Wings!

To touch the hem of the veil that swings,
As moved by the breath of God, between
The world of sense and the world unseen;
To swoon where the mystic folds divide,
And wake a child on the other side!
To wake and wonder if it be so,
And weep for joy at the loss of woe;
To know the seeker is sought and found,
To find Love's being, but not his bound,
Oh! for the living that dying brings!
Wings! Wings!

MARY A. LATHEURY.

GLEAMINGS.

Back of the canvas that glows, the painter is
hinted and hidden;

Into the statue that breathes the soul of the
sculpture is bidden,

Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite sources
of feeling;

Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that
crowns the revealing.

R. REALE.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
And work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

IN THE LONG RUN.

In the long run all hidden things are known,

The eye of Truth will penetrate the night,

And good or ill thy secret shall be known,

However well 'tis guarded from the light;

And the unspoken motives of the breast

Are fathomed by the years and stand confessed,

In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
 Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal government above
 Keeps strict account and will redeem its worth;
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost,
 So beautiful a thing was never lost,
 In the long run.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

After a day of cloud and wind and rain

Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,

And touching all the darksome woods with light.

Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,

Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring,

Drops down into the night.

LONGFELLOW.

AUTUMN.

Is thy life-summer passing?

Think not thy joys are o'er!

Thou hast not seen what Autumn

For thee may have in store.

Press on, though Summer waneth,

And falter not, nor fear,

For God can make the Autumn

The glory of the year.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.





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