

## A CATHEDRAL SINGER

their jewels to its shrine; dimmed eyes  
will their tears to its eyes, its windows.  
Old age with one foot in the grave drags  
the other resignedly about its crypt.  
In its choir sound the voices of children  
herded in from the green hillside of  
life's April.

Rachel Truesdale! Her life became  
one of these near-by lives which it  
blesses, a darkened wanderer caught  
into the splendor of a spiritual sun. It  
gathered her into its service; it found  
useful work for her to do; and in this  
new life of hers it drew out of her na-  
ture the last thing that is ever born of  
the mother—faith that she is separated  
a little while from her children only be-  
cause they have received the gift of  
eternal youth.

Many a proud happy thought became  
hers as time went on. She had had her

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