

But she passed them all unheeded,
With a quick impatient spring ;
As she onward, onward speeded,
Till she stood before her King.
How her raptured eyes would glisten,
With a lustre, oh, so bright !
And she still would stand to listen,
And to revel in that sight !

Then methinks she struck the chorus,
And her rich melodious voice
Was above their tones sonorous,
Even sweeter and more choice.
But to us the echo, stealing,
Of the beautiful refrain,
Bringeth life, and light, and healing,
Bidding us look up again.

Now we need not, cannot sorrow,
We must wipe our tears away ;
And from her example borrow
Courage in the darkest day.
We must think of her as dwelling
In the presence of her King,
Where the angel-voices swelling
Make the palace walls to ring.

If we daily do our duty
With her singleness of aim,
We shall see His wondrous beauty,
And shall magnify His name.
We may not be highly gifted,
We may fill a little space ;
But the meek shall be uplifted,
And the pure ones see His face.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH.