

"If all the world were playing holiday
To sport would be as tedious as to work."



A September Prophecy

NO doubt that bridge will be safe and strong
When you reach it—so do not fear ;
Just keep your smiles and the cheery song,
It will carry you over, my dear ;
For half life's trouble and grief and loss
Is in dreading the bridges we never cross.

So keep your eyes on the shining way,—
Beyond it is fair and clear,—
And enjoy the trees and the flowers to-day
That bloom in your path, my dear ;
For the thought will come with a thrill of pain
That we "may not pass this way again."

So stop when you meet with a burdened soul,
And give just a word of cheer ;
While looking above to the final goal
Help others to reach it, my dear.
And—who can tell ?—each bridge may be
A blessing disguised both for you and me.