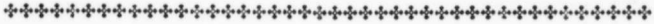


there in ruff and gown, with delicate artist hands crossed peacefully on thy breast; with thy sweet, refined face at rest, and lips parted as if to give thanks now and forever, well, well was it with thee, having brought thy steadfast life to a good ending, — the steadfast life which faithfully serves its generation, and the good ending which leaves behind a light to shine before men, to the everlasting glory of God.

THE END.



MY CROSS

By Eleanor C. Donnelly

When first it met me in my sunny path,
 And, murd'rous, pierced my eart — the wound
 the pain
 So grievous seemed, so instinct with God's wath,
 Methought my lips could never smile again.
 Thro' all the days, I pondered on that pain;
 Thro' all the nights, I chafed beneath that cross;
 Till Death alone seemed to be sweetest gain,
 And Life alone but bitter, bitter loss.
 But, one glad day, I heard an Angel sing,
 And all the air with these wise words was rife:
 " 'Tis God thy Father who hath willed this thing,
 And in His Will are peace and joy and life!"
 And since?—I hide it in my heart's deep shrine,
 And blood-stain'd, clasp it there: nor weep, nor frown;
 For Thou cast will no cross, O Love Divine!
 That wins not (bravely borne) its own Blest crown.

