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TRANSFORMATION.

By Rev. Alfred J. Hough.

The present is better than all the past ;
For the future a finer mould is cast ;
And our daily task is to shape and bring
An ennobled form from the meanest thing.

The garments of Night, strewn over his rooms,
Are laid by Morn on his magical looms,
And the robes of Day come forth, and the dyed,
Ethereal vesture of Eventide.

We must take the shadows and make them shir:
We must take the water and make it wine ;
And the space in earth and sky that is ours,
We must fill with light and adorn with flowers.

If a queen may shine in the silk arrayed
That a worm from a mulberry leaf has made.
We can change the forms that are coarse and base
Till they lend to our lives a finer grace.

So Nature is tending her looms, and weaves
From the buried treasures of last year's leaves,
A splendid dress for the youthful May,
And flowers to scatter along her way.

The wind and the rain, the stream and the sea,
Are shaping the warped into symmetry,
And the bright sun sees, as he downward goes,
That the world is richer than when he rose.

And beyond the triumphs of Nature's skill
There are transformations diviner still,
Where the souls that struggle and rise and fall
Are changed to His image who made us all.