

Yea, I have seen where violets grew
Between the grasses running through
My loveliest face all marred and rent,
My flowery bosom shorn and spent.
But I will come again and bloom
Amid the crosses and the gloom.
I have not lost my power to strew
The graves with violets running through.

Yea, I have seen the waves roll high,
Have felt its crimsoned weight so nigh;
And from some group of violets there
Have cast my sweetest incensed prayer
Across the vast expanse of blue,
A breath for every son so true.

January 6th 1888.

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Thus, also, did the Spirit of Nature speak to the soul of a Bishop as he drove along the winding way to a little country church which nestled among the flowers and shrubs that bloomed in luxurious profusion around its old Saxon structure and hallowed precincts.

When the ante-communion service had been concluded in all its wondrous solemnity, and the words of a beautiful hymn were being sung, the Bishop, at the words "Breathe on me breath of God," knelt down and in fervent prayer besought "The living, loving Father" to pour out upon him