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"His Beautiful Way."

He might have set the apple on the bough
Without the rose-white coronal of May;
The corn in rows, the clusters on the vine,
Without the season's alchemy divine—
But it was not His way.

He might have stood the cedars on the hills,
The strong night watchmen by the sounding sea,
Without the tardy growth from slender spires,
To the crowned heads against the sunset fires—
But other plans had He.

He might have placed His children on a height,
Strong men for God, His mission to fulfill,
Without the upward climb, the baffled flight,
The halting step slow mounting toward the
light—
But such was not His will.

It pleased Him that in nature, or in grace,
Seed-germ, or soul, toward Him should all things
grow.

Reaching, aspiring, from beginnings small,
Till the sweet day when Christ is all in all,
And we His will shall know.

—Emma Herrick Weed, in *N. Y. Observer*

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