

When I woke, on either hand
Did the mystic stigma stand.

As a saint of help and prayer
Do the limners draw me fair.
One, my many cures portrays ;
One, the labors of my days.
But that crowning of my soul
Sodoma with cunning stole.
Like a lily did he paint
On her knees the swooning saint,
Like a lily overhewed
By some glorious golden cloud,
Which her golden heart drew down
For its brimming cup and crown.

Death who enters everywhere,
Havoc makes of things most fair ;
When my piteous spoil they show,
Men may see him come and go.
But a lifted finger warns
Him who every menace scorns,
And where Sodoma in white
Fixed my form for soul's delight,
Never shadow dark shall come,
Nor oblivion make its home.
Dust of loving steps alone
Shall lie meekly on the stone.
So the perfect work shall rest
With the things that Earth loves best.

- *Julia Ward Howe, in Donahoe's Magazine.*

The salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire.

To receive and to communicate assistance constitutes the happiness of human life.