

"Cast thyself down."

("Persuadere potest, precipitare non potest.")

He can persuade thee to the sin;
He can assume an angel's guise,
To cheat thine inexperienced eyes,
And flatter thee to let him in.

He can suggest the evil thought—
"If thou art His beloved child,
Why hath He left thee in the wild?
Is not His promise come to nought?"

He can allure thee to the height—
"Cast thyself down—His angel bands
Will bear thee safely in their hands,
Thy life is precious in His sight."

He can in gorgeous, bright array,
The glories of the world unroll,
To bribe thine unsuspecting soul,
And lure thee from the heavenly way.

"One act of homage done to me—
Do but confess my name Divine—
Call me Lord Satan! all is thine,
Far as the straining eye can see!"

Thus he can work thee much annoy;
But 'gainst thine own determined will
He hath no power to do thee ill—
Thou only canst thyself destroy.

A mightier One controls his spite—
He can suggest, seduce, betray—
He cannot force thee from the way,
Nor cast thee headlong from the height.

F. W. H.

My Inheritance.

"So contentier d'un jardin—mon jardin est partout."

Once I was barely, utterly poor,
From hand to mouth, earned hardly a
goat,
Had nothing to love, and nothing to
own,
Save a little flower in a pot.

That little plant was a world to me,
House and goods, and landed estate;
You may smile, but the difference is not
much
Between things little and great!

"Little flower you are all I my own!
Safe for me, for you are so small;
God has taken the rest, but the Merciful
Takes never a poor man's all."

Early at morn, and late at night,
Came its delicate odour fresh to me.
"Bless God," I said, "for the pleasure
He gives
Which so sweetly waketh me."

Humble I was, and soft, for I said
"None will rob me, then, of my prize,
None will blast me with bitter words,
Nor blight with envious eyes."

So I went to my work with any easy step,
Glad and strong with the secret charm,
Poor is the work that is ever wrought
When no love serves the arm!

Not suddenly, for I had time—
Time to cry with anguish and tears—
My little flower was taken from me:
Surely the Merciful stopped his ears.

For I cried in bitter anguish and grief,
"It is such a little thing to deny.
Spare me but this." But the prayer
was lost:
I saw it wither and die.

"Now," said a voice, "thou hast no-
thing to lose,
Curse your pitiless God and die.
My heart stood still, but I heard again,
Ere I could frame a reply—

"Child, look out at the sunset sky,
Gold, and scarlet, and evening blue,
Topaz, and ruby, and emerald wolds,
All royally decked for you.

"He takes a flower, but He gives you all
That was your loss, and *this* your
gain:
It blotted the earth and the heaven
from you,
That you could not see them plain."

So I entered on mine estate,
Sadly at first, like a sorrowing hen,
Who cannot but mourn the friend he has
lost,
Though he knows his heritage fair.

Thankfully now, and joyfully, too,
With a widened heart as his sands run down,
My poor little flower was all my world,
Now all the world is my own.

E. A. S.

