

Why do rainbows seen at even  
Seem the glorious path to Heaven ?  
Why are gushing streamlets fraught  
With the notes from angels caught ?  
Can ye tell me why the wind  
Bringeth seraphs to my mind ?

Is it not that faith hath bound  
Beauties of all form and sound,  
To the dreams that have been given,  
Of the holy things of Heaven ?  
Are they not bright links that bind  
Sinful souls to sinless mind.

From the lowly violet sod,  
Links are lengthened unto God.  
All of holy—stainless—sweet,  
That on earth we hear or meet,  
Are but types of that pure love,  
Brightly realized above.

How could beauty be on earth,  
Were it not of heavenly birth ?  
Foul things perish, but the pure,  
Long as angels will endure.  
Stars, and founts, and azure sky,  
Shine when clouds and tempests die.

Say ye that the rose decays ?  
Ay, the *flower*, but not its rays—  
Not its color—not its scent—  
They were holy beauties lent ;  
*That* may perish—'tis but dust—  
But it *yieldeth* back its *trust*.

Fragrance cometh from the air,  
And in time returneth there ;  
Color cometh from the sky—  
Thither goeth, ne'er to die ;  
Foul things perish, but the *pure*,  
Long as angels shall endure.

MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

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“ A million of blades of grass make a meadow, and millions  
and millions of grains of sand make a mountain ; the Ocean is  
made up of drops of water, and *life* of moments.”