

the negatives of all impressions.

As the girl looked, the face of her mother arose before her as if from a sea of glass. It was not a dream; it was the same beautiful face which the surface of the bridal mirror had reflected so many times before. It was the answer to the world-old cry of the motherless bride.

Then with quick reverence the girl dropped to her knees, clasped her hands, and looked wistfully into that mysterious presence, receiving the benediction she so keenly craved. As she gazed she saw the lips part in blessing—then slowly, inexorably, the beloved face faded away, sank again into the depths of the sea of glass, and the girl was looking at her own pale, comforted face.

There was a resolute knock. Throwing a passionate kiss at the mirror, and all it meant to her of past and future, the bride ran to the door. She hesitated, and with a blush unlocked it shyly.

There on the threshold stood the man who was to be her husband, and who was the lord of her heart. With pressed lips the bridegroom bent and composedly kissed his bride upon the forehead. But she turned up to him a face beautiful in utter trust and surrender—a face glowing with an imperishable love.

The bridal mirror was left alone. What memories of love and life were treasured in its heart! That silver retina, so sensitive to the cry of the bride, reflected the two departing figures gravely.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

A brown-haired, blue-eyed wee one,
Grown weary and tired of play,
Climbed up on my knee to ask me
In her simple, childish way:
"Have you any friends in heaven,
That you sometimes want to see?"
Can you guess how the question thrilled
me

Like a minor melody?

I thought, as I sat in the twilight,
With that wee one on my knee,
Of my little blue-eyed baby
Whose summers numbered three;
She went from my arms to heaven
One spring-time year ago,
And left in my heart that sorrow
That only mothers know.

I thought how the baby's father
Grew lonesome, and longed to hold
Once more on his breast our baby
With hair of sunset gold.
And one summer eve he left me
To search for our baby of three,
And I know full well he found her,
But he never came back to me.

Do I ever want to see them?
Oh! child of the violet eyes,
My heart is gone on before me
To the hills of Paradise.
Some day I shall feel their kisses
Drop balm on my weary heart,
Mine, only, and mine forever,
Though earth and Heaven apart.
—Eben E. Rexford.

A FRIENDLY HAND.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's
feel'n kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an'
won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for
a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder, in a
friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes
the tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the
region of the heart.
You can look up and meet his eyes;
you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder, in
a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
with its honey an' its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses; but
a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
leastways that's what I say
When a hand rests on your shoulder in
a friendly sort o' way.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

FOR LOVE IS BLIND.

Why do we wound where we love most,
When still we love at any cost?
Why do we not appreciate
That which is lost, ere 'tis too late?
—Anonymous.



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