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THROUGH THE VALLEY AND SHADOW AND BY THE RIVER OF DEATH

I have walked through the valley and shadow and by the river of death. I found the valley not an unpleasant one, nor was the Shadow of Death ungainly. The River of Death flowed full and free and it was beautiful to look upon. As I walked the banks of this river, waiting for someone to bid me plunge therein, thousands of my fellow human beings took the final plunge. And I walked on, unafraid.

To the right of me one spoke and said: "I would not hesitate to make this final plunge if I only knew what is beyond this river; whether there is life beyond this River of Death." This thought did not enter my fevered mind as a thing to be concerned about, but I was simply waiting for a command to plunge. And I looked back upon yonder bank from whence I came and I saw many familiar faces, even some of your faces. And you bade me with frantic gestures to return to you from the Valley of Death. I saw you and my physicians, running here and there, using all of the energy of your bodies and souls to persuade me to come back again to you. Your persuasions had little effect upon me, and I turned my head sadly away from you and again to the River of Death. I was neither afraid to take the final plunge, nor was I undecided, but I simply waited for the command. And to the left of me I heard a voice, but saw no one, saying to me: "Thy work is not yet finished. Return to yonder banks." And then I slowly and with much labor climbed upon the banks which led from the River of Death and sat down among you. And as I looked into your faces and saw how earnest you were to save me from the River of Death, and yet how powerless you were to repair me, more than ever before in my life I realized the weakness of the human family and that if there is not a Supreme Being, all humanity is lost. And again I returned to consciousness, and I looked through my north window and viewed the stars, the constellations and satellites, shining in their fixed order and splendor and glory. And as I saw from the south window the moon shedding its beautiful, radiant and soft rays upon the earth, I was wont to proclaim: "O Heavenly Father! How omnipotent art Thy great power, how beautiful art Thy handiworks, how endless art Thy mercy." And thus I fell asleep to pleasant dreams.

SPRING'S AWAKENING

Sweet harbinger of Spring,
I hear thy welcome voice.
When your songs of praise ring
It makes my heart rejoice.

The darling pussywillows
Have already made their debut,
And o'er the sea foaming billows
The waters again are blue.

I see the garden tulips
Have risen from their wintry bed;
And soon we will be welcoming
Each beautiful, brightly hued head.

The sun's soft warming rays
Will soon change to gladdening heat.
Then the good old summer days
Will make our wish complete.

The golden yellow dandelions
Will gather quickly on the greens
And help our awakening moods
To accomplish many schemes.

Thank God for the Springtime,
Which brings skies of deeper hue;
Thank God for the sunshine
That drives away our blues.

Oh! Sweet harbinger of Spring,
We hear thy welcomed voice;
And when your songs of praises ring
How it makes our hearts rejoice.

—By Verita Smith.

APPOINT RACE WOMAN TO Y.W.C.A. NATIONAL BOARD

NEW YORK, April 15.—After officiating for many years as chairman of the 137th Street Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association for colored, and also serving on the board of directors of the New York City Y.W.C.A., Mrs. Emma Ransom, wife of Bishop Reverdy Ransom, has been appointed to the National Board of the Y.W.C.A.

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