

verged in the cross which stood in the way, and the crosses of life fell away, as the avenue of approach wound round in sight of the shadow of the cross. Lilies-of-the-Valley sprang up at its foot, wonderfully fragrant, marvellously glorious, speaking of the glory that shall be revealed upon the road, the odours of which gave life and hope, calming the troubled spirit.

One more fleeting glimpse of earth's loved ones they received, and heard their sighing questions to Nature's Spirit coming it seemed through the hills and vales and over the paths of home in a sighing, resigned hope, taking the form of great gloom—dispelling questions, which seemed to be searching a true answer from the shades of the Valley of the Shadow. Floating clearly to them came these questions to Nature's Spirit:

SPIRIT OF NATURE

Spirit of Nature, dost thou know
What thoughts, what aspirations flow
Around thy glowing altar's fire,
Before Death's Angel lead them higher,—
Twixt souls that linger on thy breast
Ere crosses mark their shrine of rest?