

To Miss Amy Parkinson.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

DEAR fellow-pupil in God's school of life,
Accept the gratitude of one to whom
The songs that echo from thy weary room
Have come with cheer and courage 'mid the strife.

Thou hast indeed a faithful scholar been,
Taught by God's highest masters, Pain and Grief;
The graduating class of strong belief
Is surely thine, where deepest truths are seen.

And some day in the coming afterwhile
God from His glory will confer on thee,
Before the world, His worthiest degree—
Master of Patience, winner of His smile.

And we mere babes in God's great primary,
Who lamely lisp the alphabet of truth,
And find our little lessons hard forsooth,
Will take fresh courage when we think of thee.

God bless thee then, sweet singer; may His peace
Be thine through sleepless nights and weary days,
Until thy valedictory of praise
Blends with the angels' songs that never cease.
Toronto, Ont.

LOVE THROUGH ALL