



VOL XXXV.

MARCH 23rd, 1908.

No. 10

Echoes from the Far Places.

COME with me and enter into my secret chamber, and I will show you the secrets of my heart—yea, with me thou shalt enter into the Holy of Holies where thou shalt see God as He is, and evermore be happy and at peace. So Spoke the voice of nature to me and obediently and with trustful heart I followed whithersoever she led me,

"Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

I.

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows."

In the month of May we wandered through the green fields and farther still—into the heart of the leafy woods and as we quickened our footsteps we came, without anticipation of that which Nature had in store for us, to one of her sweet secret places.—Is there any joy like that of the discoverer? The pleasures that Nature has prepared for those who love her, are never old. Always in unexpected places, in spots that we had thought familiar, a peculiar and novel beauty peeps forth to reward the sympathetic heart. Violets had grown here and died alone, for even the little children never came to this secluded spot in their eager quest for spring flowers. So the violets had bloomed for the birds, whose nests in the thorns above overshadowed the little blue faces looking up to God and now we felt that they bloomed for us—for had we not found them? We gathered them and held the long stemmed beauties to our faces with long drawn breaths of pure delight and satisfaction and then we went away softly and told no one lest they should rob our bower of its charm.

II.

"Auf! bade, Schüler, unverdrossen
Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenrot."

The sweetest sound in all the world is that of the little birds as they waken first in the morning. Sometimes as you lie sleepless, when the blackness of night is over all and the grayness of dawn has not yet come, you hear a little rustle, which spreads and deepens as you listen, and from out the soft movings comes a sweet chirp that heralds the dawn. And then the birds begin to say "good morning," and the sound gains many voices and grows more confused.