

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering, I gazed; and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh ! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair !
Sorrowing, I said : " This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said : " No cross, no crown !"

At length, to Him I raised my saddened heart :
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, " but trust in me—
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;