

With pinion spread she rose thro' parted cloud
And starlit ether, while around her clung,
Like golden drapery, heaven's own sunlight fair.
And fainter grew the music, till no more
Its soft vibrations thrilled me. All was still,
And I alone again. But on my brow
The gem remained. Day after day went by
And still I wore it, still rejoiced to wear
For His dear sake who gave the gift to me.
But once, when worn and wearied with the way,
And trembling 'neath the weight of grief and care,
I cried, impatient, "I will lay it by;
Its weight oppresses me, I am so tired.
I care not for its beauty. Coronets
Of gems as beautiful on other brows
I see, and I have only one. Its light
Will not be missed." Then carefully
I hid my jewel in the velvet depths
Of a rare casket. There it lay concealed,
Forgotten, almost, as the years rolled by.
But once again, in idle mood I drew
Forth from its hiding place the priceless gem,
Saying, "I will wear it as in other days."
When, lo! only a rayless stone was there,
A dark, unlovely thing. Its lustrous light
Was quenched forever, and the rust of years
Lay thick upon it. Mournfully I gazed
On my lost treasure. In my heart regret
Struck deep her poisoned arrows. I too well
Remembered from whose kind hand had come
The gift, and who had brought it, and the charge
She gave; and I, remembering, wept.
"Nay, weep not, child of earth," a pitying voice
Beside me murmured. And I, turning, saw
The heaven sent messenger of other days.
"What thou hast seen," she said, "is but a dream.
Yet on thy heart in living lines be engraved
Its hidden import. In thy waking hours
Recall and read the lesson. It is this: