

A God in Venice.

The town whose quiet veins are dark
green sea,
The town whose flowers and forests are
bright stone:—
There it was the God came to you and
me
In the boundless depth of summer. All
alone
We lay, and half in dream,
Gazed at the thin salt stream,
And heard the ripples talking lazily.
No verdurous growth, no sudden sharp
decline
Of buds or leaves is there: the marble
towers,
Come rain, come cold, come snow or gay
sunshine,
Blossom eternally with graven flowers.
Yet there the wild God came
In silence, shod with flame,
Girdled with mystery, and crowned with
vine.
We lay in the sun and listened, and we
heard
Soft-treading feet and whispers in the
air
And thunder far away, like a God's word
Of dire import, and saw the noonday
flare
And tall white palaces
Sway all with dizziness:
The bells pealed faintly and the waters
stirred.
And Life stood still a moment, mists
came swinging
Blindly before us; suddenly we passed
The boundaries of joy: our hearts were
ringing
True to the trembling world: we stood
at last
Beyond the golden gate,
Masters of Time and Fate,
And knew the tune that Sun and Stars
were singing.

For like two travellers on a hill, who
stay
Viewing the smoke that dims the busy
plains,
So, far away (sweet words are "far
away!")
We saw our life; and all its crooked
lanes,
Dim cities and dark walls
Fell, as a world that falls,
And left us radiant in the wind of Day.
An end, an end! Again the leaden
noon
Glowed, and hot Fever opened her red
eyes,
And misery came creeping out, and soon
We felt once more the sorrow of the
wise.
Come friend! We travel on,
That one brief vision gone,
Bravely, like men who see beyond the
skies.

—James Flecker.

The Gathering Place.

Life changes all our thoughts of Heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place;
A home unhurt by sighs or tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face,
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
The glad homeland not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor or lone,
The place where we shall find our own,
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.

—Browning.

The Lost Love.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye—
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When I ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O—
The grave to me!

—W. Wordsworth.

Let Us be Kind.

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this
blessing only—
That we be kind.
We cannot know the grief that men may
borrow,
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by
sorrow,
But love can shine upon the way to-day,
to-morrow—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
This is a wealth that has no measure,
That is of heaven and earth the highest
treasure—
Let us be kind.
A tender word, a smile of love in meet-
ing,
A song of hope and victory to those
entreating,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while
life is fleeting—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
Around the world the tears of time are
falling,
And for the loved and lost these human
hearts are calling—
Let us be kind.
To age and youth let gracious words be
spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary
lives are broken,
We live in vain who give no tender
token—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
The sunset tints will soon be in the west,
Too late the flowers are laid then on the
quiet breast—
Let us be kind.
And when the angel guides have sought
and found us,
Their hand shall link the broken ties of
earth that bound us,
And heaven and home shall brighten all
around us—
Let us be kind.

—Sacred Heart Review.

The Value of a Smile.

The thing that goes the farthest toward
making life worth the while,
That costs the least and does the most
is just a pleasant smile,
That bubbles from a heart that loves its
fellow men
Who drive away the clouds of gloom and
coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with
manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.

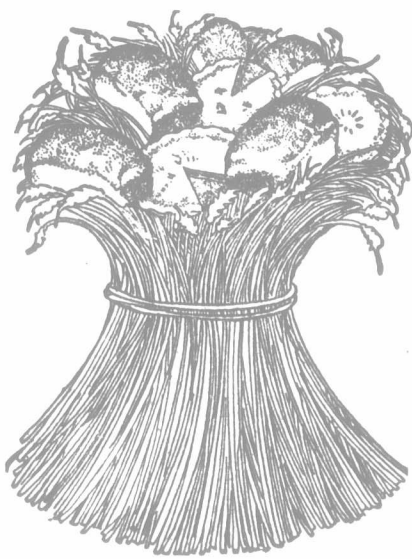
There is no room for sadness when you
see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's
never out of style;
It nerves us on to try again when failure
makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good
for me and you;
It pays the highest interest, for it's mere-
ly lent—
It's worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle
up with cheer
A hundred times before you squeeze out
a soggy tear;
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-
string that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very
like a hug.
So smile away. Folks understand what
by a smile is meant—
It's worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.

—Chas. Kruse.

THE VICTIM'S CONSENT.

Doctor (to patient)—"Your case is a
very serious one, sir, and I think a con-
sultation had better be held."
Patient (too sick to care for anything)—
"Very well, doctor, have as many ac-
complices as you like."—Spare Moments



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On Thinking Glad.

Never mind a change of scene,
Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gaily at your door—
Surest cure for fretting.

—John Kendrick Bangs.



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To the Unknown Many.

I raise no glass to the man whose fame
Has spread from coast to coast,
Whose talents have served to place his
name
With those men honor most.

My toast is not for the lady fair
Whose grace and charming ways
Have set men marvelling everywhere
And won her kindly praise.

I raise no glass to the hero who
Has won deserved applause,
Who has done as the brave alone may do
In a daring, righteous cause.

I drink no health to the one whose voice
Mankind shall ne'er forget,
Whose genius has made the world rejoice
And left it in her debt.

I raise my glass to the silent horde
Spread o'er the world's expanse,
To the unknown many who might have
soured,
But never had a chance