

January fifth

Only a little shrivelled seed,
It might be flower, or grass, or weed ;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge ;
Only a few scant summer showers ;
Only a few clear shining hours ;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder, as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

*A flower
and a soul*

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,
Warned sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy, that seemed but a happy dream ;
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there ;
Yet it bore, at last, the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in that narrow room ;
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.—I . 41.

January sixth

When our world learns this lesson ; when *Epiphany*
pride bows down to meekness, and experience
does homage to innocence ; when every child
is revered as a royal heir of heaven because
it is a brother of the Christ-child—then the
Epiphany will come, and a great light will
lighten the nations.—III, 145.