

would not for the world exchange the deep delight of her own happy lot, with its many opportunities of fulfilling life's noblest purposes in ministrations of usefulness and succour to the suffering and sorrowing, for all the brilliance and *eclat* of Mrs. Tomkins' gay and frivolous career.

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### AFTER THE STORM.

AFTER the storm, a calm ;  
 After the bruise, a balm :  
 For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,  
 And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew ;  
 After the cloud, the blue ;  
 For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,  
 And the earth grow glad anew.

Bloom is the heir of blight,  
 Dawn is the child of night,  
 And the rolling change of the busy world  
 Bids the wrong yield back to right.

Under the fount of ill  
 Many a cup doth fill,  
 And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,  
 Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemeth oft to sleep,  
 Blessings are slow to reap,  
 Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,  
 And the courage is hard to keep !

Nevertheless, I know  
 Out of the dark must grow,  
 Sooner or later, whatever is fair,  
 Since Heaven hath willed it so.