

Doubt not the day is at hand. The stars in their rhythmic courses will be on your side; the waving grasses of the fields will give you help; and the wheeling birds of the air will companion you. You shall arise with the incense of morning to serve life every day anew, and with the going down of the sun you shall return to glad reflection and repose,—the spirit to its joy, the mind to its dreams, the pulse to its peace,—the ungrudging being to the unhasting eternal.

Moonshine,
1 September, 1911.