

Memory Pictures.

to my will and wish—away, away, to the realm of happiness, exultation, love and content! Oh, ye little winged spirits, are ye my good or evil angels?

Once within their white enfolding wings, borne upward and away, all else is forgotten but the delight itself—the presence again of all that seemed to be sweetest in earth—the mastering influence of the time and scene, and once given up to the resistless spirits, I say, “Yes, my good angels ye are.”

(O, to be able to live fully to the extent of our capacity for living! I could sob with unending regret at the cruelty that seems to limit the expansion. It is a sadness inexplicable, but most real.

To be in the midst of earth's throbbing life—the world's beauty; to know emotion's highest pitch, the lofty reach of an exultant heart full of joy; every vibrant sense within tingling with the life surrounding and upon you—O, my heart, what it is to live at times!)

God's world, His beautiful world it is that