

SUNFLOWER.

Deep night is brooding o'er the sky, my love is far away;
 No love! no light! I faint and die; I live because I pray.
 The stars look down with icy eyes, the moonbeam's silver sheen,
 Frosts all the death-struck valleys where I tower above the green.

Through all the dreary time of night I hear the solemn call
 Of wave to wave that dies upon the deadly waterfall:
 Through all the dreary time of night I breathe with bated breath,
 And shudder when the dew comes down and speaks to me of death.

But when the Eastern sky grows bright with blood and gold and fire,
 When the grey clouds before the sun rise higher yet and higher,
 I turn my buds to heaven above, my death chill fades away,
 I think of thee, dear guiding star; I think of thee, and pray.

Earth claims me, keeps me, holds me down, and yet my buds have birth,
 From that high power that reigns by Love, in Heaven and in Earth.
 Earth claims me! when the love of Heaven brings up the welcome day,
 I laugh at Earth's vain claims and turn from her to Heaven, and pray.

Earth has her transient loves; the one true deepest love is given
 To those who draw their life and light from that great Love in Heaven.
 I turn my blossoms Heavenwards, and when I look above
 Forget all chilling doubts and fears, and know but one thing—Love.

J. J. I.

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