

The Lonely Homesteader



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She Sang: the Song of Annie Laurie

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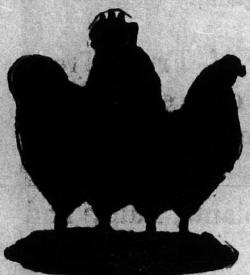
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Sunday Reading.

Sunday Afternoon.

When the gray year plods down
Toward the end of the hill,
Where the white little town
Lies asleep, wonder-still,
Then he mends his dull pace,
For a ray, streaming far,
Strikes a gleam on his face
From the Inn of the Star.

Then the staff is set by,
And the moon shon from his feet,
And the burden let lie,
And he sitteth at meat;
Old jests round the board,
Old songs round the blaze,
While the faint bells accord
Like the souls of old days.

In the sweet bed of peace
He shall sleep for a night,
And faith, like a fleece,
Lap him kindly and light;
Then the wind, crooning wild,
Mystic music shall seem,
And the brow of the Child
Be a light through his dream.

And we, too, follow down
The long slope of the hill:
See, the white little town,
Where it shines, wonder-still!
Be our hopes quenched or bright,
Be our griefs what they are,
We shall sojourn a night
At the Inn of the Star.

Prayer.

Almighty God, the heart of man is stubborn, his eyes are blind, and his will has strayed away in deserts and foreign lands. Oh that some mighty one might be sent to us to speak the right word in the right tone, to hurl upon us the great thunder, or speak to our aching hearts in the still, small voice—anyhow, that we may see and feel the living God. Thou art in our life; Thou art giving it shape and tone and color and meaning; Thou art raising up men and putting down men, and altering the face of the earth; and behold we wonder, but seldom pray. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes, but our hearts do not receive the revelation with openness and frankness and joy. May his Spirit be in us, and may we be led from the doctrine to the sacrifice, from the infinite gospel to the infinite atonement, which is its very centre and glory; may we be led to the cross of Christ, symbol of misery and weakness, and yet made into the symbol of immortal victory and eternal rest.

An Old-Time Easter Carol.

The world keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all his works are rising too.

There stood three Marys by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom
And dew was white and pearly;
With loving but with erring mind
They came, the Prince of Life to find.

But earlier still, the angel sped
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?
Go tell them all and make them blest;
Tell Peter first and then the rest."

But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary;
First was she the dear Form to see
Of Him Who died on Calvary.

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
Saint Joseph's star is beaming,
Saint Alice has her primrose gay,
Saint George's bells are gleaming,
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell;
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.

Only a Song.

It was only a song that the maiden sang
With a thoughtless tone, yet the echo rang
In the heart of the lad. Like a pure white hand,
It guided him over sea and land.

Only an old, old-fashioned hymn,
Sung in the twilight gray and dim,
By mother's side or on father's knee;
Yet time cannot blot it from memory.

Only a song from the lips of one
Whose mission is past, whose brief life is done—
A simple song, and yet, after all,
I never can sing it but tears will fall.

Brief as a song in this life of ours,
Fleeting as sunshine and frail as the flowers;
Then sing, my heart! oh, sing and be strong!
Thou shalt one day join in the "New, New Song."

A Chance Song.

Thirty men, red-eyed and dishevelled, lined up before the Magistrate at the police court of a city. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail to get a sudden shock at the thought of the song suggested.

I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there."

the song went on. The Magistrate had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother!"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court-room, blended in the hush. At length one man protested.

"Sir," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the Court, yet the Magistrate gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back, and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna for ever more!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The Magistrate looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song;

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, B4 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.