

THE TREASURY

You keep such pent-up music in your soul
Your eyes have taken on a beauty new,
As spring, young dawn—a learning, listening look,
Of those who hear far harmonies full true.

There is no sad or quiet way of life
But holds a loveliness just those can know
Whose souls are kept in holy quietude,
Whose feet tread reverently the paths they go.

You keep the beauteous strains in your glad soul,
And though you know much pain and hurt and care
No darkness can bedim your tender dreams,
No bitterness of life can enter there.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

A little house all wet and grey,
Stands out in soft Spring rain;
Across its doorway budding vines
Are learning life again.

Within its fires have long been dead,
Its dreams all lost and stilled,
And all their tenderness and love
Have perished unfulfilled.

And yet, if two went hand in hand,
Across those steps again,
Methinks the little house would hear
Old music in the rain!

HER WAY

A little tender way she had
Of soothing weary cares,
By putting all the ways of life
In silent, wistful prayers.

She folded all the kindly words
Of anyone she knew
In little packages of love,
And straight with them she flew.

No tale of hate was told to her
Because she gave poor heed,
No other life was hurt by her,
In thought or word or deed.

It was by what she left unsaid,
By love and help she gave,
This golden-hearted woman strove
Her little world to save!