

THE UPWARD LOOK

The Day Breaketh

(For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—Rom. 8:18.)

SCAIRED is our planet's face—
Angels look on from space
With bated breath.
Convulsions shake the ground;
(Not yet is Satan bound;
Ships sink, and all around
Dances grim Death.

Weep you, ye angels, weep!
As o'er the earth you keep
Your vigils lone.
Mourn you the children dead
Murdered in aerial raid—
Herod out Herod!
Weep ye, and moan!

And when the dogs of war,
Unleashed, have scattered far
Man's little store,
Nations shall start again
Drilling with might and main
O'er graves of heroes slain,
Armies once more.

Whither does all this tend?
What then shall be the end
Of our fair earth?
Men made in image fair
Wolf-like each other tear;
Mothers weep in despair
That gave them birth.

When shall the sun appear?
Men's hearts do fall from fear;
Dim grows the light.
The day is filled with care;
Twilight brings but despair;
Sorrow is everywhere
As falls the night.

Oh Christ, we look to Thee!
Come Thou, and speedily
Make wars to cease.
Thine enemies put down;
On earth set up Thy throne;
Thou Christ, and Thou alone
Can'st give us peace!

—S. R. N. H.

Sold and Bought.

IT'S Sadie! shrieked the children.
"Oh, papa, it's Sadie!"
Attached to a heavy wagon, scarred
and battered, and with high bones
projecting about the hips, a yellow-
ish horse, blind in one eye, a swelling
on one pastern and a pronounced
limp in a forefoot, wearily plodded
along the street.

"Oh, papa, it's Sadie."

The man took one look and saw
that it was Sadie, once the pet of the
children, sold because of growing in-
firmities and increasing age.

"Oh papa!" There was that in
three young voices that made the
father think swiftly. He remembered
how the children had wept when Sa-
die had gone and how he had harden-
ed his heart because the old horse
was so utterly worthless and such an
eyesore.

"Don't the look ba—ad!" the lit-
tle boy asked in an awed voice. The
two little girls broke into muffled
sobs. The father could stand no
more. He signaled to the driver, who
pulled up the old mare at the curb.

The children fell upon the richest
beast and the driver saw it.
"What value do you place on that
horse?" father asked, briefly. The
driver stared at him and winked
openly.

"She's worth a hundred dollars to
me," he said; "my wife's that, at-
tached to her." The father turned
away, the children followed silently
in view of the look on his face. He
had sold Sadie for fifteen dollars and

had been glad to get it. The driver,
alarmed, called after him.

"Say mister!" he shouted, "maybe
we can trade. What'll you give me
for her?"

The father turned. "I owned that
horse once," he said in a tone that
made the driver gasp, he had loved
so mild. "I sold her for \$15, and she
was worth \$10. I'll give you \$25 for
her, spot cash. Take it or leave it."

"Lemme drive my wagon to the
yard?" the man asked shrewdly.
"Pull it yourself," said the father,
sharply, noting a raw spot on the old
mare's neck.

"That goes," said the driver, clam-
bering down. "Lemme see your
money." Then he signed a receipt
the father scribbled on a leaf of his
notebook, threw the patched harness
into the wagon and disappeared.

"Oh, papa! Oh, papa!" said the
children.

And, hearing, the father figured
that this alone was worth the differ-
ence of \$10.

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