

**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.)

**S**CAIRED 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 ye, ye angels, weep!  
As o'er the earth you keep  
Your vigils lone.  
Mourn ye the children dead  
Murdered in mortal rask—  
Herod out Heroded!  
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.**

**I**T'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 yellowish horse, blind in one eye, a swelling on one pastern and a pronounced limp in a forefoot, wearily joggled 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 infirmities 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 Sadie had gone and how he had hardened his heart because the old horse was so utterly worthless and such an eyesore.

"Don't she look ba—ad!" the little 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 rickety 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 attached 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 looked 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, clambering down. "Lemme see your money." Then he scribbled 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 difference of \$10.

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