

of some great and good work; if he was faithful, he did all that was allotted to him. God has ready some other one whose mission it is to do what we supposed it was our friend's mission to do. The poet E. R. Sill has expressed this truth in lines which are well worth quoting:

"Fret not that thy day is gone
And the task is still undone:
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all;
Near to thee it chanced to fall—
Close enough to stir thy brain
And to vex thy heart in vain.

"Somewhere in a nook forlorn
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask.
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.

"His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling when they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall unto him be true:
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.

"Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night:
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee."