

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

A little rosy light crept up across the sky. A jubilant robin in the maples charged me to "cheer up!" and I could still rejoice.

The morning broke. The household stirred. A welcome tea-tray soon brought medicine and food. In the full golden glow of sunshine pain abated. Daylight smiled in love and peace.

And I had gathered pansies in Gethsemane. Thoughts that could never fade. Pansies—purple for the shadows and yellow for the light.—F. K.

"THE MIST IN MY FACE."*

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe,
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go."

—*Browning.*

Fear Death? Why, no!

On every hand light and life were symbolized, but this Army comrade was wrecked and racked with pain, hard pressed with weariness, and stranded high on a white hospital bed.

Spring in Canada had come; not with "the voice of the turtle," not with the plaintive cry of the London flower-girl with her "Primroses, penny-a-bunch," not with pink almond trees against the smoke-blackened bricks and mortar.

No, spring in the bush asserts herself with the sound of warm, soft rains, beating down upon frozen forest and ice-blocked lake, till the brown earth streams with the melting snow.

Spring speaks with the music of a million quivering rills turning in with ten thousand bubbling springs, as purling brooks. By every footstep one meets a fresh rivulet, let loose from the hill-tops, murmuring and bubbling over the stones,

* Florence intended the above to be taken as her parting message of love and faithfulness to the Salvation Army.—S. A. R.