

II

*A Christian life is but a field, with
flowers unnumbered filled,
Flowers sometimes bitter too,
That oft we gather, through our tears,
and dew of grace distilled.—
Sad hearts, is this not true !*

*Flowers sweet, where even now, the
honey seems prepared to flow,
Flowers of delightful scent.
And flowers without perfume, that
make one dream of Heaven, below,
And flowers indifferent.*

*What matter ! all is good for busy bee,
and too for thee,
O toiler of His care.
Joy, work and sorrow leavened deep
by faith and charity,—
All shall become thy prayer..*

*The prayer of innocence and which
shall burn in holy place
With steady virgin flame.—
God makes the flowers for the bee;
and she His love doth trace,—
A taper in His Name.*

H. McDONOUGH.

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