



The Reverse of the Golden Shield

(An Easter Morning Reverie)

Along the chancel rail, and on the altar stair,
The sweetest lilies give their fragrance to the air.

The deep-toned organ swells,
And vested choir in richest, fullest chord,
Sings songs of praise unto the risen Lord.

Each ringing anthem tells
That from the dark and dismal earthly prison
The King of Kings and Lord of Lords is risen.

The nodding plumes on heads bowed down in prayer;
The incense of sweet blossoms on the quiet air,

The flashing gems and gold;
The soft and silken rustle, the content
On every face for richest blessing sent

On these within the fold—
All these amidst the Easter lilies' fragrant bloom
Drives care away and glorious light drives out the gloom.

But what of those for whom no blooming lilies fair
Shed richest fragrance on the Easter morning air?

God's poor, to whom content
Means but a crust, a rag for shiv'ring forms,
A hovel as a home from all life's storms—
In filth-strewn tenement.

Souls seared by sin because God's holy word
As taught in yon great church is never heard.

The children of the sweat-shop, starving, sunken-eyed!
Was't not for such as these the Gentle Master died?

Have they no place and part?
Hopeless, soul-starved, with blank and tear-stained face,
Have they, in all this Easter-pomp and pride, no place?

Can there be contrite heart
Within the breast of one who 'midst the lilies kneels
And for these little ones no touch of pity feels?

The perfumed flowers upon your corsage white
Would mean to starving children food and clothes and light.

Each diamond-studded ring
Upon your hand, unmarked by toil or care,
Would give a thousand children God's fresh air,
And richest roses bring

Back to their sunken cheeks. You think God ever hears
The empty prayers above the children's falling tears?

Loud ring the Easter bells; the solemn anthems rise
Through nave and arch—the while the child slave starves and dies

Within their glorious sounds,
Grim Death stalks 'round, with misery, want and woe
To mark the path where Death walks sentry-go.

"The Lord is risen—Love abounds!"
But thousands of His loved ones—of such the Kingdom they—
Starve, and within the shadow of His church today.

Just Thoughts

Turned up a brick the other day and saw an angleworm underneath it. This, together with the fact that the sun was shining brightly and the wind from the south blowing warm, impelled us to go into the house and get down the rods and open the tacklebox. A little oil on the joints of the favorite steel and it went together like a charm. Swish-h-h! My, how good it felt.

We just couldn't help putting on the old reel—the favorite one—and stringing the line through the guides. Then we went out in the backyard and made a cast. How it made the blood tingle! Let's see, wasn't it last May

that we hooked that 14-pound "muskie" in Lake Ida—right on this old rod, too? Sure! Bully old rod! Pshaw, this is only the middle of March, and at least six weeks longer to wait. Strange, isn't it, how slowly time will go when you have the tackle all ready, and how swiftly it goes when you are off duty and loafing around on a beautiful lake? There ought to be some way of averaging the thing up.

Ouch! Who had that rake out and left it lying across the walk? Ought to know better than that. A fellow might break his leg over it. By the way, that rake reminds me that it will

soon be time to make garden. Wish it was time right now. Feel just like tending to a garden as big as a western cattle ranch. Always feel that just about this time. It isn't my fault if my enthusiasm dies out just about the time I half finish a radish bed the size of a postage stamp. That is too late in the season, anyhow. If they'd fix things so I could make a radish bed about the middle of March it would be different, but by the time it is seasonable to make garden I've got something else to do. Besides, it's no fun to do something that is necessary.

Do you like flowers? Of course you do, and some you like better than others. I've got three favorites—the hyacinth, the tulip and the hollyhock. I love the hyacinth and tulip because they are so enterprising. They come at a season when all other flowers save the hot-house variety are afraid to show up. They are the floral pioneers in the spring, giving us their beautiful colors right when we can appreciate them most. But the hollyhock—there's the queen of 'em all. Such a blaze of color; such stateliness; such endurance! Why, the sight of a row of them carries us back to a little cottage in a southern Missouri town where a row of hollyhocks bordered each side of the path from the old-fashioned style to the well-worn slab of Missouri granite that adorned the front door. We see once more a sweet-faced woman walking down the path and climbing the style to look away off down the road to see if the children were coming home from school. Every time a stately stalk nods in the breeze we can catch a glimpse of the woods pasture where the hickorynuts and walnuts grew in profusion, and hear the ripple of the little stream at the foot of the slope where the perch and bullheads fell easy prey. Each flash of color is a recall to the old, old days, and the old, old ways. O, no; the hollyhock isn't a flower for "my lady" to wear in her hair or upon her corsage; it isn't meant for swell social functions, and it isn't found among the aristocracy of flowers. But just the same we'd give more to see those two rows of hollyhocks again than we would to see all the flowers in Christendom banked up in one spot. But the hollyhocks wouldn't be the same hollyhocks unless that sweet-faced little woman, long since gone to her well earned rest, was walking between them on her way to the style to look off down the dusty country road and see if brothers and sisters were coming home from school.

Heigh-ho! But it does a fellow good to lean back in his chair and dream once in a while. This would be an almighty unsatisfactory world if we couldn't dream away a part of it. The good time we are going to have on our summer vacation will consist very largely in anticipation and recollection.

Got to get back to the old grind again, but just the same we are going to keep the old steel rod handy, the reel oiled, the line evenly wound, the hooks and flies in order and everything else needed right at hand, and thus enjoy in anticipation what fate may will shall never exist in the recollection. This is the way to "play horse" with fate, isn't it? Can't keep us from anticipating.

Brain Leaks

Easter is in the heart, not on the bonnet.

Bread in a tenement is better than bouquets in a church.

Some prayers never rise higher than the brim of an Easter hat.

There is a lot of difference between lip service and heart service.

You do not have to pray loud in order to convince your neighbor that you are a Christian.

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