

Musings in a Crowd.

BY FLORENCE TRAIL.

How, when the whole creation groans
 In travail and in pain,
 Can there be faces void of grief,
 And brows without sin's stain?
 Can there be souls exempt from woe,
 Who ne'er knew sorrow's chain?
 Is it they feel no burden now,
 And dream no pleasure vain?

No; there must come a time to all
 When sadness shows its form,
 And sorrow's stern reality
 Makes bare th' Almighty Arm.
 And then the choice before each stands
 To increase, or take away
 From that great burden over which
 The world must weep and pray.

It must be that some noble souls
 Can look in sorrow's face,
 And then and there in firm resolve
 Refuse to give it place;
 And say, 'I will not sadden life,
 Or let my griefs be known,
 However burdensome the cross,
 It shall be mine alone.'

So many brave and generous hearts
 Have selfish griefs forgot,
 And can with joy and laughter act
 As though they had them not.
 Far grander is this life of ours,
 If this indeed be so,
 Precious and sacred are the joys
 That from such sorrows flow.

My Mistake.

I stole just one kiss,
 But made quite a miss,
 Because I didn't take two:
 For the next time I tried,
 She stood on her pride,
 And told me it never would do.

But to think that one kiss
 Was the sum of my bliss,
 When I might have had a dozen instead.
 So the next time, I swear,
 I'll take all that are there
 And then I'll be so much ahead.