

A CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS.

THEREFORE, O friend! I would not, if I might,
Rebuild my house of lies wherein I joyed
One time to dwell; my soul shall walk in white,
Cast down, but not destroyed.

Therefore in patience I possess my soul;
Yea, therefore as a flint I set my face,
To pluck down, to build up again the whole, —
But in a distant place.

The thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them;
The cup is bitter, yet He makes it sweet;
My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,
My heart remembers it.

I lift the hanging hands, the feeble knees, —
I, precious more than seven times molten gold, —
Until the day when from his storehouses
God shall bring new and old.

Beauty for ashes, oil of joy for grief,
Garment of praise for spirit of heaviness;
Although to-day I fade as doth a leaf,
I languish and grow less.

Although to-day He prunes my twigs with pain,
 Yet doth His blood nourish and warm my root;
 To-morrow I shall put forth buds again,
 And clothe myself with fruit.

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways, —
 To-day His staff is turned into a rod, —
 Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days,
 And stay upon my God.

Christina Rossetti.

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 VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

THROUGH night to light!—And though to mortal
 eyes

Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
 Good cheer! good cheer! The gloom of midnight flies;
 Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through storm to calm!—And though His thunder-car
 The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,
 Good cheer! good cheer! The elemental war
 Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring!—And though the biting blast
 Of Eurus stiffen Nature's juicy veins,
 Good cheer! good cheer! When winter's wrath is past,
 Soft, murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.