

Faded, and disappeared into the dark.—
 Not so. It was the shadow of the earth
 Made the illusion; the moon was constant ever—
 As truth was constant could one see the whole.
 There was at times a phantom radiance
 That showed the perfect pattern.

"Look to the moon!"

The moon was dead; yet did it live in beauty.
 It was a warning and a prophesy.
 And truth, that seemed to change, was constant ever—
 A perfect, glowing emblem in the sky.

John Markham closed his eyes. He felt at peace,
 Freed from all pain or further questioning.
 And now the darkened room seemed filled with light,
 As if a door had opened suddenly.
 He knew that he had touched the tip of truth!
 And through him ran a strange, exultant joy;
 God breathed above him; love filled all his being.
 Life was eternal—Death an incident.
 But he would wait and listen eagerly,
 As when a boy he longed for Christmas morning,
 Yet knew the cold, dark night lay in between.

—JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL.

IT IS ALL WORTH THE KEEPING

It is all worth the keeping,
 Worth the hoarding, worth the weeping—
 Meetings and partings,
 Sun music and rain music and voices of people to hear.
 It is all to be listened to with greed,
 With quick eyes and live heart.
 I keep repeating it is all worth the keeping.
 I must believe them worth the weeping,
 The things that die, that quickly pass but once, they
 Were worth the knowing well, I must believe!
 A laugh, a word, a look from broken eyes,
 Each worth the memory—
 Though the answer wonderful is lost to me.

—VIRGINIA CORY.