

OUR BOW OF PROMISE.

A raveled rain-bow overhead
Lets down to earth its varying thread.
Love's blue, joy's gold; and fair between
Hope's shifting light of emerald green.
On either side in deep relief
A crimson pain, a violet grief.
Wouldst thou amid their gleaming hues
Snatch after those, and these refuse?
Believe, could thine anointed eyes
Follow their lines, and sound the skies,
There where the fadeless glories shine
Thine unseen Savior twists the twine!
And be thou sure what tint soe'er
The broken ray beneath may wear
It needs them all that fair and white
His love may weave the perfect light.

Mrs. Whitney.

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