

## "Lift Up Thy Heart."

185 ANNIE PIKE

REENWOOD

Lift up thy heart! The angels sing: "Hail! Hail to the King!" He as a little child was born, Untouched by nail, unshrived by thorn, Unshadowed by the transient cross, The bitter cup, the Judas-loss; So tender-human, so divine, His coming thus was but a sign That in his common birth is seen: How much a little child can mean! Lift up thy heart! The angels sing: "Hail! Hail to the King!"

### "Even As Mary."

Even as Mary, so we women wait, Some in sad regions where no tapers shine, Some with a holy joy the approaching fate. And some with shame. (Thy pity, O Divine!)

And glad or sad, we women of one tie, More than the world, our thoughts on Mary mild, We wait and listen for a little cry, And waiting, ponder on the Christmas Child.

O Christmas Child! held close to Mary's breast, (As we shall hold our little Christmas ones) Gladden them forth upon their earthly quest, These who shall be our daughters and our sons.

Couldst Thou not give some dearer blessing then, Halo each brow with Thy celestial kiss, And set them safely on the pathway when They leave that other radiant world for this?

O send a comforter to her so sad, And send an angel unto her in shame, And give each little heart some message glad, More dear than riches, and more high than fame.

Even as Mary, so we women wait, We many women of one common tie, Our lifted eyes on that mysterious gate-We wait-and listen for a little cry.

# Eternal Motherhood.

As we are women, so we must be mothers: This is our joy and this our suffering; The reason for our being, and our end;-Joy 'tis for her whose love is satisfied, And suffering for her who is denied.

So we who know love's dear reciprocation, We sit content beside the glowing hearth, Or bare our faces to the chilling blast ;-Since we have held the bodies of our young, There is no heart-hymn left for us unsung.



"Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."-St. Luke, Chap. II; 19.

And we who lost-or never found that love-That one, illuminating, steadfast love-We must walk patiently, and give no sign, Mothering all the children of the earth. When we grow hungry for the pangs of birth.

Yet this I know: love shall be satisfied; (This is the revelation of my soul!) There are more worlds than this-more land and sea-And when our feet are set upon the way, This earth shall pass, and be as yesterday.

We shall be mothers in those far-off climes, For women-souls are women-souls for aye! And there are many races to be born On many stars, for many alons yet-So let no woman yearn, or cry regret.

As we were born, so shall we live again, Fulfilling all our glorious destiny As mothers of all men and worlds and powers For aye; eternal motherhood is ours!

## Futility.

O little hands and feet That I would save from harm, I can but wait thine utmost fate With an impotent arm. (Oh, Mary had no power to stay The nails that pierced His flesh that day.)

O little tender heart That I would save from pain,

I wait thy years of bitter tears, And know my prayers are vain. (Ch. Mary's petitions could not free Her Son from bleak Gethsemane.)

That I would save from blot, I can but pray, and watch each day, And yet 'twill save thee not. (Oh, Mary heard His bitter cry When He would fain the cup pass by.)

O little child of mine, I watch, I pray, I wait,-I love thee so!-and yet I know That thou art thine own fate. (Oh, Mary who wept on Calvary, Thy Son had chosen His destiny!)

#### To The Unborn.

Be thou a minister, O child of mine, To broken spirits and to hearts that pine; Bind up the wounded, the discouraged cheer, And let thy very presence banish fear; Oh, let thy visage give despair denial, That at thy coming, whatsoe'er the trial, Men shall be strong, and women feel more safe; Child of the childless, parent of the waif, O with thy love fill all this emptiness, Oh, with thy love fill all this emptiness. That palsies half the world with chill distress,-Then if my life with thy beginning cease:-I was thy mother; I can die in peace,

# "Lift Up Thy Heart."

Lift up thy heart! The angels sing: "Hail! Hail to the King!" He as a little child was born, Untouched by nail, unshrived by thorn, Unshadowed by the transient cross, The bitter cup, the Judas-loss: So tender-human, so divine, His coming thus was but a sign, That in His common birth is seen: How much a little child can mean! Lift up thy heart! The angels sing: "Hail! Hail to the King!"

the the ring on it and her tell! tell! tell! And says a going fe marry Charles? blushed, and there me blushed, and there wed to say she was—Then knows what that means.

Every she, it seems I love at all else in the world. he very words. It ain't deforget em, the proud lie and 'em, it's them I considers abed when I th. She started and beyond Castell. He y. For once more he rid of the notion that Only this time there to," ventured Tad with

ou'd forgot the Christin cast an applopsing the though he had been along she thought, and the was interested in logs. He sai very still the bis eyes drinking in the little old lady, nerv west. laughed a dry.

Grania laughed a dry, th. "Inw, child, don't I ald forget? Aint I tired inding her of all them a dy the a hody was married, and ahe didn't believe it, and annexes, and she didn't believe it, and numerase, and she didn't believe it, and hollowing as han couldn't is to that. No more Nan class her hands and ask familiary her hands and ask familiary her hands and ask familiary. But there's her hands and ask familiary her hands and ask familiary. The holl is to the there's her hands and ask familiary her hands and ask familiary. Why Lord, but there's voice shrilly triumphantly, the old woman ended: "Nor he didn't".

"Chi' hreathed Tot easting a glame of appreciation at her companion. He sat dazed, shocked, one hand dencing where it rested on his knee, with the words.

winks and nods and full of mystery.

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child, for how could she words. words. "En? Why, him-Nan's Charles Cas-

A shock from the sudden words pass-A shock from the suiden words passed through the man, but before its first tingle, before Tad could imply in surprise at him—Why that's youl—the sid woman had continued rapidly in a sort of a sing song. "Aye, Charles Casiel, I tells to Nac. That's no more and who I dreampt of the night. If you marry him, he'll die—be'll die! It was him I saw dead! It's him 'ell die—one menth and he'll die—"."

"No, it wasn't that-"

month and he'll die-"
"No, it wasn't that-"
In the wordness of her tone-the scene itself, Castell could not help paling. The light from the high window was diamning. There were hiready shadows in the room; the slove, the back wall, the top of the high customed chair itself, from which Ganda's face appeared like a bit of dry perchement. Tad too, began to forget her disappointment and grow interested with her eyes wide open upon her.

Ruddenly Granda storped, with a thought flashing into her face. "Ent what did Nan care for that? San didn't care. Nan wasn't affail of death. Why should she' fine didn't want have to dis. Non said she'd sever bellows it, Nan said if was me didn't want have to dis. Non said she'd sever bellows it, Nan said if was me didn't want have to do married. I mind to he' dropped. How some Nan to say that! But I hat to go on, I hat to II was my only chance. It was all them as had died ensing the on like, staring at me phostiy lift I cry. Ted him!-though Lord and she should! Tell him and he won't marry you he won't he had him if he's willing to file for you. Tell him if he marries you he'll have to die! And Nan, she answers promilike! I will tell him, he'll only call it nonsense, ion, Rosides, if he laves me he'll be willing to risk anything. Silli cries I cilouing to the last siraw: Tell him! But mark my word he'll a your' Hassing hereof in her volce shrilly friumphantly, the old woman soled: "Nor he diling!"

"Oh!" breathed Tot, casting a gianne of appreciation at her companies. He

"He didn't, be didn't! He wouldn't die ne more nor"— Once more she stepped and stared shead; then shifted himsaily in her chair. "But maybe—what did I teil him? I forget, I can't remember. There was something else why he didn't come." She rested her forshead in her thin hand. "It wasn't one lie, it was two—two as stares me in the face, as won't let one sleep or die." A long shudder went through her. Saddenly she caught Tad's arm, so flercely that it hart "En? I'm glad you've come, child," she repeated, in her old manner. Her mind seemed to have slipped back to the beginning. "It was coming on again, but for you. It won't come whis you're here," she chuckled. "It what?"

"The nightmare, Look! It hesmins over there," she whispered shelly, pointing toward the door. Castell'e and Jud's glames followed and with a start both stored apsechless at what they saw, headless of Granda's words. Nan stood in the doorway. Her face were very pale, though tonse in the dark sacinground. As the two turned to her she made no other novement than half to lean against the doorwas't be home for a long, long says I, like that. And Nan straight told me so herseif."

"He didn't, be didn't! He wouldn't by?"

"He didn't, be didn't! He wouldn't by?"

"He didn't, be didn't! I get past where Jack Frost be comes to by?"

"The didn't, be didn't! He wouldn't by?"

"The didn't by?"

"The didn't, be didn't! He wouldn't by?"

"The didn't, be didn't! He wouldn't by?"

"The didn't by?"

"The didn't, be didn't! He wouldn't by?"

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was very pale, though tense to the dark saleiground. As the two turned to her she made no other movement than half to lean against the doorway to steady herself.

For a mounest Contain was speechless. Then he rose to his freel-would have smoken except that with a quick moves ment of her hand Nam motioned him to silence. And then followed one so long and deep that it was more as if the silence head changed and a very life hung on what the color mounting slowly to his face; Nam with eyes that thought visibly as they gazed anotheristic Castell, with the color mounting slowly to his face; while the need woman was saying.

"En I ge faceying it's Nam I hear" they gazed anotheristic Castell, with the color mounting slowly in the four person the one to the other; while thrands at rigid, though from things also say in the one to the other; while thrands at rigid, though from things as say in the next to the other; while thrands at rigid, though from this person unconscious of anything unusual it was Nau's sweep of the hand which there and the old wanny that thereted the deep "Nan's that sprang to Castell's light wasn't face had changed. He was turned to war hearth a servery quavering or shrill ward from Grands. There was no longer any near any near any near any near any near a very life hung on what the downson was saying.

"En I ge faceying it's Nau I hear." I'm talling Nau of it in my steep, and wake up shaking to see if Nau her's there, white like a ghost, with her year huming at me if it my steep, and wake up shaking to see if Nau her's heart from the one to the other; while thrands at rigid, though from this person unconstitution.

I'm afraid to go to also for fear of telling it. En, Tad! What have it telling it. E

deep "Nan;" that sprang to Castel's lips.
Granda's voice grow shriller and higher, "fo, it grows and gets bigger, see, like that; and nearer sind coarser till you get dizzy leasing—till you get typer hand up to shot it out and can't fur it's there none the same, and till it's so close say aream out." She shrank hitch in a tremble moistening her dry lips and trying to laugh.
"En? What was I talking of, child? You're not winding of me? What was I telling."
Chatel's and Nan's guan fell significantly upon Tad. Intuitively sing fell what they wanted and asked: "Oh yee, what came next Grands, in the story?"

Granda interrupted, nedding, "Jack, he comes along past the window and sees.—Ha, that was it," she broke off. "I mind now, castell, he saw through the doorway, just what I said. But I lied to him. I told him Nan was to merry Jack. Hear? I told him that! But it wasn't me to blame," Granda walled. "I'd never he thought to hut for Castell's putting it to my mind. Says he when he comes in that morning! Merry Christmas!—though Lord knows it weren't merry for me worrying and fearing. Said it it has ought to be for some folio, there going to be a wedding.—meaning Jack and Grace Harker. But Castell ha' taken it for himself, and blusbes up like and says

Harker. But Castell ha' taken it for himself, and himses up like and says he nopes so. Sh—listen—" She held her finger up and learned forward. "Nan's not come, sh?" Ted glapced painfully at Nan. Nan made no sign. She had not moved since she had learned against the dror; nor had Castell, though the look on his face had changed. He was turned toward Nan, but he was alert, his eyes narrowing imperceptibly, for every

thad: wasn't Jack telling Nan there in the peak room, as less an' as I told Castell Didn't it some to my mind like a stroke, whan I ha' thought there weren't no chance, and half creary, nor knowing what I was saying! Well when Castell knows it isn't him I'm talking of, he sake who. Why, dack, nave I—and Nant Nan, you hear! It cames out list like that, without no meaning to till it was said, and Castell turning white is a sheet."

Rapidly the gloom had strided into the room, suvelening the figures in outlinest and tunknowingity, with it Grands's voice had lowered and "I too, any glod," Castell had gene

see had awed her as Tad was awed, and Castell and Nan might have been had there act been the harror of facts trampling over it and eager surging up through all Slowly the color mounted to Castell's face. His eyes narrowed with something facts within them, and his head chenched. A hot wave cept over Nan. too, as their gluices met—a glauce that held independ to the "I led—I lied twice, you hear," she turned to Tad. "Twice But wasn't Nan young, and wasn't he? What was a few years to them to what they was to mas? Or I'd never bu' ited to Nan."

"Than it matters?" Nan had asked word. "It it could end different," she with a suiden poin at her heart.
In curprise too, he answered: "It matters so much that I leave on ship-

"But s pose a pose Naru did hear it—
what would are do?"
"Hey? Do? She'd khi me."
"Oh. so, no, Granda!" Tad cried,
shoulded with a look at Nan. "She
wouldn't. How could she?"
"Grands leaned forward. "She'd look
at me so, and me blind, I could see her
ait me so, and me blind. I could see her
and never a more."
"In Tad?"
"That the shart! never know, child—"
Tad debated a moment. "No, Grandal me so, and me blind. I could see her
and never a more."
"I don't think she'll ever
and never a more."

"I'd have Nan the beautiful lady,"
Tad went on with growing enthusiasm,
"For you ought to have a beautiful,
ideal lady somewhere in it, and a prince,
too, and he would marry her, and that
would break the spell of the wicked
Jank Front, so that Santa could come
again, and we'd have another Christmas. "Tad suidenly remembered
Granda. "And what would ron like?"
We'd all have presents of course!"
"Eh, mo?" Granda stirred from her
stuper. "d have Nan the beautiful lady."

stuper. "Wo'd have it anything you wanted

The years to thisn to what they was a few years to thisn to what they was a new out for I'd never he lied to me. To I'd never he lied to me while presents of course. The means to me he lied to a present of the lied to me he lied to a present of the lied to me he lied to me he lied to me he lied to me while lied to me he lied to me he lied to me he lied to a lied to lied to he lied to a lied to lied to he lied to a lied to lied to me he lied to a lied to lied to lied to a lied to li

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