THE AFTER HOUR

director and secretary, while there is an extensive staff of clerks to handle the administrative departments. Each household has a heading in the books of the Company. All this entails much labor.

The Company owns four large farms and hundreds of cows. After supplying the institute with milk, the rest is churned into butter and sold for the benefit of the Company.

Still at Frederiksoord there is moorland left open for improvement and numerous applications for admittance; money only is lacking for an extension of this work appealing strongly to many Americans out of respect for their Holland forefathers.

THE AFTER HOUR

"WHAT is your gift?" The Angel asked,
"Ye who have spent your days—"
One offered him, with answering shout,
A little wreath of praise,
And cried, "Behold! I made men glad
With potent roundelays."

Another showed a raiment rich
In that great after hour,
And said, "I disciplined the race,
I bent them to my power
I ruled—they served God well, through me
And wrought for me my dower."

A third of gentler mien and gait
Made answer languidly—
"I used my wealth for culture's sake
More beautiful to be—
Naught have I but a polished joy—
Smooth offering to thee."

The Angel threaded ranks of souls
With eyes of finest fire—
"What else, ye children of new life,
New hope and new desire,
What else is brought me from dead days
To wake my living lyre?"
THE AFTER HOUR

A murmur of dumb anguish sped
Through those wide ranks unblest,
And then a woman sere and sad
Made answer for the rest,
"Little we have to offer thee,
And much to be confessed!

"Behold us soiled and pitiful,
And hunger-stung and mean,
And know the labor of our days
Was but to keep life clean,
To fashion children of flesh,
To toil unheard, unseen.

"To till the field, to swing the crane,
To guard the switch at night,
With briefest rest to soften care,
And with the first gray light
Rough-handed to begin again,
An old and ugly fight.

"We were not spared for any dream
Of a diviner deed;
Our strength was spent ere it was given
To meet love's present need—
Into this life we bring no gift
But hearts and hands that bleed."

With one hot glance of joy and pride
The angel shouted, "Lo!
It is a gift of mighty worth
Albeit ye did not know—
And God Himself no greater gift
Than such strong love can show!"

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.