the walk afterward in the rain—all frames and shingles removed, the
rich loam and humus of the rose soil softening all the border—the
rounded edges of the brick-insets gleaming out of the gray—a walk
that seemed to have been there a thousand years, and the red pieces
worn by the bare feet of centuries. . . . It satisfied, and the thought,
too, that none of the boys who helped to do the work, could be quite
the same after that afternoon.

THE SUMMER RAIN

HE will come down like rain upon the meadows,
Showers of cool summer rain upon the earth.
The purple lilies shall lift their heads
And dance among the tall meadow grasses.
Streams of water shall rush from the hills
To quench the thirst of the weary land.
The summer rain falleth softly. It bringeth refreshment,
As the cool drops fall welcome, incessantly.
He comes with abundant peace unto His own.
O Beloved, walk out in the meadows when it is raining.
The rain falleth upon the grass and on the purple lilies.
While the silver moon endureth, He giveth peace.
Dance with the lilies, Beloved! Oh, sorrow no more.
This is the song I sing of the purple lilies.
The sun rose in the east, and a silver light spread over the western sky.
I took my harp and went out into the meadows.
The lambs frolicked as to the spring and sheep sedate with curious
    glance went by.
I tuned my harp and sang of the joy of summer,
Its rush of flowers in green and shadowy glen.
I sang till the little moon, like a cloud appearing,
Sank in the east, pale gold and thin; and then,
I waited until the rain in a shower came falling
Over the meadows, fresh and cool, again.
Ah, me! It came silently. Silence is very sweet.
It fell on the meadow grasses and the lilies at my feet.
Silence is sweeter than song. The silver light lingered fair as at
    morning’s birth, and peace o’er the meadows stole abroad while
the scent of meadow earth rose like a balm. The perfume of
woodland lilies, purple and gold, pure as the dew, arose.
This is the song of lilies, the song of rain,
Of silence that healeth the world’s unrest and pain.
While the earth endureth—till the moon shall be no more,
Peace shall come in the falling rain, deep peace, till her cup run o’er.

Blanche Ableson.