

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

'Twas in my early girlhood, Kate, that first I gave my heart

To one whom I then fancied seemed of my own life a part;

'Twas like a meteoric fire, that first wild fervent flame,
That made my youthful spirit leap at mention of his name.

To me he seemed as beautiful as a bright dream of bliss;
Too like a seraph long to dwell in such a world as this;
And when he asked so timidly, in his soft boyish tone,
If I would take his warm full heart in payment for my own,

I let my sunny tresses fall to hide my burning cheek,
And bade my trembling hand confess what voice re-
fused to speak.

A thrill of rapture, strangely wild, sealed that unspoken
vow,

As joyfully he pressed a kiss upon my throbbing brow;
And when he left me all alone in that sweet wildering
spell,

I knelt, and murmured, as I prayed, "He doeth all
things well."

'Twas on a summer's evening, Kate, just as the moon
arose

And watched the sun 'mong golden clouds his weary
eyelid close,

That, bending o'er a bed of death, I caught each word
of love

He uttered, ere by unseen forms his soul was borne
above.

Long, long he held my hand in his, and softly spoke of
Heaven,

Before "the golden bowl was broke, the silver cord was
ripen."

That would have been our bridal eve, had not the angels
come

And lured my idol, by their songs, up to their shining
home.

And when the light forsook his eye, the hand that
clasped my own

Became so cold, and quickly fell inanimate as stone;
When from the cheek and parted lips the varying color
flew,

And but a pulseless, lifeless form remained unto my
view,

The wild deep anguish none save Him, the Mighty One,
could tell;

I vainly tried, but could not say, "He doeth all things
well."

Long years flew by—I half forgot my girlhood's hopes
and fears,

For Time had healed those bleeding wounds, and dried
those bitter tears;

And when again I gave my heart, I felt the flame of yore,
Not quick and bright, but deeper, Kate, more earnest
than before.

'Twas not the same impulsive fire that filled me with
unrest,

But a sweet calm that made me feel supremely, truly
blest.

His was a mind all richly stored with sparkling gems
of thought—

A heart where goodness, truth, and love their perfect
work had wrought;

And not till I had known him long, and time his worth
had proved,

Did friendship ripen to esteem, and that to real love.

A happiness too pure to tell was that which thrilled my
frame,

As he gave utterance to his hopes, and asked of me the
same;

Yet when he waited a reply, e'en then, in riper years,
The words that I would fain have breathed dissolved
themselves in tears;

And when he claimed a holy kiss, and gently spoke
"Farewell,"

My lips prolonged my heart's glad cry, "He doeth all
things well."

A score of happy years have fled since we were joined
in one,

And yet to me love's steadfast course seems only just
begun:

The heart-stream that from Feeling's fount gushed forth
so long ago,

Grows deeper as it glides along, and widens in its flow.
True, I have had some trials, Kate, as I have journeyed
on,

For perfect happiness below is meted out for none:
My yearning heart was wrung with grief when blue-
eyed Charlie died,

And faith was weak when prattling May was buried by
his side;

But though of these, my darling bates, my home has
been bereft,

The dearest, strongest earthly tie has graciously been
left.

And whether joy my being thrills, or grief calls forth a
fear,

With him to share my every thought, each passing hope
and fear,

From out the fulness of a soul where Faith has learned
to dwell,

I cry, with spirit, heart, and voice, "He doeth all things
well."