

LOST PERSONALITY.

Emma Rood Tuttle.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Some pilgrims lose themselves on the blind
journey

All mortals undertake while flesh en-
thralled,

And so completely seem they to have van-
ished

We say, "A dead soul!" looking on ap-
palled.

We cannot find the treasures birth be-
queathed them,

The reasoning brain, the tender, loving
heart,

The well-planned methods, the successful
struggles

We call life's victories—head, tact, and
art.

Some, still, masked robber held up and de-
manded

The personality, the mind, the whole;

And human courage weakened, to deny
him,

But yielded mutely what the brigand
stole.

And none could find him; none could ask
him questions,

Nor challenge him to give the treasures
back;

He left his writhing victim changed, de-
frauded

And no sleuth hound could scent his hid-
den track.

No law of nature had the brigand broken;

In seeing one unfortunate, he saw

A weakening, over-straining, unprotected

Well-minded man, who had not fathomed
law.

But, all unwittingly, had failed in guarding
His own soul's temple,—life unlocked the
door,

And in walked that masked robber to de-
stroy it

And vanish, with the sad word "Never
more."

Ah no, destroyer! Death thy power has
broken;

Thou only wrecked the body, not the
soul.

Death is a liberator and a healer

Who rives our chains, restores and makes
us whole.

Tell the glad tidings! make the fettered free
it,

No matter what the chains which cut an
gall,

Death is the friend who cries, "Renew their
chances,

Try life in Heaven! The Earth-life is no
all!"

A FLOWERY WARNING.

It was as if the Angels Came to Prophesy the Death of a Lovely Daughter.

Two years ago this May our dear daughter Rose, who recently went to mortal life, brought me from her selection a potted plant in full bloom, and placed it on a bracket in the front porch.

It was beautiful from its glossy green leaves to its tender pink blossoms, and always a reminder of the dear, many years "my own little girl" I then "my own girl," in her home on the hill, a quarter mile away.

The plant flourished all summer, and all winter it stood in the homiest room, an object of real affection, never without blossoms on it, and always in the spring it was more flush than in the fall, and again was placed outside. It was a wonder, and nothing ever killed it.

Rose, the busy little mother, began to droop. Things tired her. Her ambition did not diminish, but we could see that her duties were burdens, and there was a strange pain troubling her almost constantly, which was obscure in regard to cause.

One midsummer morning she came walking along from having taken her children to school and gave her every "hello!" at the gate.

I went out to meet her and was surprised to see her looking so ill.

"Oh, Rose," I said, "you must not go to keep on as usual. You must rest, or you will be prostrated. Then you would worry. You are too ambitious. It frightens me to see you looking so bad. Is the pain still troubling?"

"Yes," she said laughingly, "but nothing can kill me!" She was then along on her death march, and the house was the seat of the hidden enemy which was slowly evicting her soul from its mortal temple. How thrifty your plant is growing! It is a beauty!"

"Yes," I said, "your bloom and mine. It is in next time!"

And she drove up the street, shaded each side with maple trees which her father had planted out when a lad on the farm where he was born and lived.

She came in, giving my pink blossoms a lingering glance as I passed them by the big stone door step.

Five minutes after I went out, the broad stone was completely covered with the leaves, blossoms, and the pot of my love-sanctified plant of roses. The pot had not been moved, and was in sight; it had never been meddled with in any way before. The root remained, but nothing else. It was that the floral tragedy might be a great danger for my Rose. Her mother was coming, and was as total as the tiny plant wreck which foretold it. The root never revived. Rose lives in revived beauty.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

ALAS!

The world is brightening up again,
For the time of the year is spring,
And I rouse myself from my dream of pain

To hark while the dear birds sing.
I have hated the sunshine these many weeks,

Because of two sweet blue eyes,
Locked down by a tyrant who never speaks,

No matter who pleads or cries.

O, longing to sing, I can scarcely talk,
But sit as if smitten dumb,

While black regrets, in their mourning stalk,

And shadow the days to come.
"Selfish and senseless"? Yes, I know,
But what can a mortal do

When a blow descends, be it swift or slow,

Unnerving one through and through?

I steal out into the sunshine bright,
And look at the mapled street,
To a pretty home, painted green and white,

Which my own girl made complete.
So homey and pleasant it ever was,
With a welcoming air throughout,
One could not define, but 'twas there,
because

My darling was thereabout!

When I looked that way I could often see

The flutter of scarf, or gown,
And my mother-heart would beat out,
"Maybe

My good girl is coming down!"
And if she came, then I got my kiss
And a confidential chat;
She told me if anything went amiss,
And if right I rejoiced at that.

The precious small things that make up so much
Of a loving woman's thought,
And our two hearts were in closest touch,—

Oh, the comfort and balm it brought!

I thought she'd be living there after I,
Her mother, had passed away;
For every mother, you know, must die
And make children a lonesome day.

I cannot help feeling all out of place
To be living when she is dead;
Younger, and eager to get her place
For the thousand things ahead.
I know that three children are motherless

Playing up on the hill,
And I know it is nobler to soothe and bless,

Than be mourning dumb and still.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

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