

Grace and Glory Series, No. 2.



# IN LIFE

BY

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REDEMPTION HOME  
TORONTO  
CAN.



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L. S. HAYNES, PRINTER, 486 YONGE ST., TORONTO

# IN LIFE.

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*The following lines were written and published in 1890, and are now re-printed at the request of friends.*

## I.

I shall not pass this way again,  
Altho' it border'd be with flow'rs,  
Altho' I rest in fragrant bow'rs  
    And hear the singing  
    Of song birds, winging  
To highest Heav'n their gladsome flight ;  
Tho' moons are full, and stars are bright,  
And winds and waves are softly sighing,  
While leafy trees make low replying ;  
Tho' voices clear in joyous strain  
Repeat a jubilant refrain;  
Tho' rising suns their radiance throw  
On summer's green and winter's snow  
In such rare splendor that my heart  
Would ache from scenes like these to part ;  
    Tho' beauties heighten,  
    And life-lights brighten,  
And joys proceed from ev'ry pain,  
I shall not pass this way again.

## II.

Then let me pluck the flow'rs that blow,  
And let me listen as I go

To music rare  
That fills the air.

And let hereafter  
Songs and laughter

Fill ev'ry pause along the way.

And to my spirit let me say,—

O soul, be happy! Soon 'tis trod,

The path made thus for thee by God.

Be happy, thou, and bless His name,

By whom such marv'lous beauty came.

## III.

And let no chance by me be lost

To kindness show at any cost.

I shall not pass this way again.

Then let me now relieve some pain,

Remove some barrier from the road,

Or lighten some one's heavy load.

A helping hand to this one lend,

Then turn some other to befriend.

O God forgive

That now I live

ca. 1907 York

As if I might, sometime, return  
To bless the weary ones who yearn  
For help and comfort ev'ry day,—  
For there be such along the way.  
O God, forgive that I have seen  
The beauty only ; have not been  
Awake to sorrow such as this,  
That I have drunk the cup of bliss  
Rememb'ring not that those there be  
Who drink the dregs of misery.  
I love the beauty of the scene,  
Would roam again o'er fields so green,  
But since I may not, let me spend  
My strength for others to the end.  
For those who tread on rock and stone  
And bear their burdens all alone :  
Who loiter not in leafy bow'rs,  
Nor hear the birds, nor pluck the flow'rs.  
A larger kindness give to me,  
A deeper love and sympathy.  
Then Oh ! one day  
May some one say,—  
Remembering a lessen'd pain—  
Would she could pass this way again.