

THE PITY OF THE ANGELS.

("Un Ange vit un jour.")

[LA PITIÉ SUPREME VIII., 1881.]

When an angel of kindness  
Saw, doomed to the dark,  
Men framed in his likeness,  
He sought for a spark--  
Stray gem of God's glory  
That shines so serene--  
And, falling like lark,  
To brighten our story,  
Pure Pity was seen.

## THE SOWER.

Sitting in a porchway cool,  
Fades the ruddy sunlight fast,  
Twilight hastens on to rule--  
Working hours are wellnigh past

Shadows shoot across the lands;  
But one sower lingers still,  
Old, in rags, he patient stands,--  
Looking on, I feel a thrill.

Black and high his silhouette  
Dominates the furrows deep!  
Now to sow the task is set,  
Soon shall come a time to reap.

Marches he along the plain,  
To and fro, and scatters wide  
From his hands the precious grain;  
Moody, I, to see him stride.

Darkness deepens. Gone the light.  
Now his gestures to mine eyes  
Are august; and strange--his height

Seems to touch the starry skies.

TORU DUTT.