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## Hets(6) Jiopping wifl Polly

 Oh, could the fiddle know How we enjoy its soaring singing tone Brought out by one who makes his soul its own How happy it would be!Oh, could the rose but sense, The lily feel, the violet recognize How lovely they appear to human eyes ht they not reveal! Oh, could the stars but see
How dewy eyes down here light up at sight of them, Serene and pure in heaven's diadem

## Is there world above, <br> Where all this may be true? <br> A quickening world that glows- <br> Fiddle, and star, and rose,

Living, for me and you?
Returning thrill for thrill and love for love? It must, it shall be s
Itself, its like, its power in everything, Star, harp and flower, by feeling's magic dower, (Oh, poet's vision fond), shall to our soul respond, And, through us, blest forever live and sing? -Beauty Shall Live, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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