

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT. Siting Side by Side.

The Rain! the Rain! How it patters on the panes, runs down in rivulets, as if the windows were sorry and in tears. Our work for the week is well-nigh finished—perhaps the work of our life will be finished this Saturday Night. It will be for many, and the tears of sorrow for the loved ones will patter like rain-drops on strained and grief-rimmed hearts. How the old memories are recalled by incidents! Near a score of years ago! How time comes and is lost in the mist of the past. In a room not so large nor so nicely furnished as this. No gas-burners holding back the curtains of darkness, but a simple lamp. It was Saturday Night. She sat right there—on a little ottoman. We sat right here, as it seems. Never a picture so distinct. It rained, and the drops danced and spattered as they were storm-whirled against the panes in that blessed country home. She sat there—we here. It was not far from here to there—nor does it seem an hour since thus we sat. And yet it must be. Men cannot suffer so much in an hour! She was beautiful. Her eyes were unlike any others we ever saw. She talked with them, but every word was sandwiched between "I love you, darling." Do you wonder memory is faithful? Her hands were in ours. They were such soft, white little hands, which could help kissing them? We thought them the most beautiful in the world. And her eyes—they talked to us so eloquently. And her lips—none like them in all God's creation. Purity, fervor, love, sweetness, devotion, confidence. Earnest trusting and quiet heart-rest—these were the unwritten volumes her lips told us we read, from their red readiness, while the rain pattered much as now. Years, years, years; but still that night!

and the storm-fiends hold revels in air—when the great drops patter on leaf and rock—when the trees in the forest near-by bend in terror toss their limbs, and seek to prostrate themselves before the coming of the elements—when others sit by little fires or side by side, we love to sit there by that hallowed spot, and talk with her as of yore. She is not dead. Ah, no! She was too young—she is at school with God, waiting our coming. And for years we have been ready, and mayhap we can go home some Saturday Night like this. We know she is waiting and wondering why we do not come—and that she will wait till we come, and then will have been found the beautiful isle we missed on the ocean, or rather which we did not start from shore in search of, for our pilot was taken. Sometimes the clouds gather very, very dark over our life, and we go away—no one knows where. And we sit beside that little grave, hold her hand in ours, look into her eyes, and launch our little ships as we did years ago. And the memory of then—the hope of then—makes us brave and stout of heart. And we try to be good, for she was good, and to live so that when we cross the ocean of sleep between us, and step to meet her coming, she may not be ashamed of us. When the work comes for us to do, we do it, just as we told her we would. That Saturday Night we were very poor in all save hope and luck, and it is hard to lift sympathy away from such as the good, the loved, and the trusting as that night sat with us while the rain beat as when we began this chapter. These rain-storms are stepping-stones to the hallowed past, and they are laden with the resolves and promises made that night before the Great Eternal. And but for others we would wish that there would come a beating rain and a storm on whose wings we could ride to meet her, and in honor of whose memory we write a little chapter under her angel influence each Saturday Night! "Brick" Pomeroy.

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