

## **An Analogy**

In a certain southern farm home, as there are in all farm homes, there were a flock of geese - one old white goose was gone for a longtime - the family supposed her dead, strayed or stolen.

The farmer had a son and a daughter, this son had a sweetheart - she sent him letters - the sister wanted to read them - the brother did not want her to read them. He hid them under the barn floor - now there were blowing vipers in that region.

One day a letter came, the son stole down to the barn, reached for his box of treasures - there was a hiss and then a sharp quick blow struck his hand - he ran to the house - they sent for the doctor - the neighbors came, each had a sure cure - the son was turning pale - he was surely dying.

The doctor came - he said there were no signs of poisoning - every woman that had applied her remedy 'knewed it was a sure cure.' Then they all went to the barn - they raised the board - heard the hissing sound - and there under the barn floor was the old white goose on a nest of eggs and a box of letters.

*M.M.H*

*(Believed to be Minnie M. Howell) From Ionian Oracle*

## **Gathering Flowers**

One day, sad and gloomy, I wandered along feeling as tho the world was against me. I felt as tho there was not a friend in it for me. With these thots I wandered thru the cold crowded streets of the city on to the suburbs, heeding nothing of my surroundings not knowing why or where I wnet. I kept on till I came to a bridge over a clear rippling brook. I stopped and looked down for a long while until my brain was clear. Then I heard the voices of children. I turned and went in their direction. I stopped where they could not see me.

They spoke of the birds, butterflies, and flowers, they were so happy gathering the beautiful flowers of the early spring. When all nature seemed to farm cheerfulness, the sun was warm, the birds sang, the fields were green, and all was bright.

When they were gone and I was again left to myself, my thots were not as they were when I left my home. I saw myself in the springtime of life, groping in the cold, crowded, darkened paths, trying to avoid the crome, shame and misery of a narrow life, instead of wandering out into the clear, free, warm atmosphere of good company, good literature and rest.

Instead of gathering the flowers of life I was searching for the dry, dead sticks.

I went back to my home determined to follow the lessons learned from those bright, happy children.

*M.M.H. (From the Ionian Oracle)*