



## TRUTH SEEKING.

Think not, O seeker after truth  
Thy path with roses strewn will be;  
That friends shall, smiling, grasp thy hand  
And cheer thee by their sympathy.

That souls as eager as thine own  
With joy shall hail truth thou mayest find  
And bid long cherished errors flee  
And loose the chains of creed that binds.

Nay, nerve thy soul to meet rebuffs,  
To lonely plod thy weary way,  
To bear the scorn and bitter sneers  
And all that tries man's constancy.

Truth is a bird of beauty rare  
That ne'er hath been by mortal caught  
And though it sings a noble song,  
But few can hear its heavenly note.

A dreamer may, amid the throng,  
Above the clamour, faintly hear  
A few sweet notes that thrill his soul  
And fill with melody his ear.

And, pausing, may bid others pause  
And listen to the wondrous song.  
But, ah, the din of earth is great,  
And all unheeding is the throng.

Alexander Walker in *Philadelphia Record*



### PICTURE:

Pilgrim's Progress: The Man With the Burden  
by  
Rachael Robinson Elmer

