

DEDICATED TO MRS. MAUDE E. BAKER

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THE ROSE STILL GROWS BEYOND  
THE WALL

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,  
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,  
Watered and fed by morning dew,  
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,  
Slowly rising to loftier heights,  
It came to crevice in the wall,  
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,  
With never a thought of fear or pride.  
It followed the light through the crevice's length  
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view  
Were found the same as they were before;  
And it lost itself in beauties new,  
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,  
And make our courage faint or fail?  
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive:  
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide,  
Just as it did in days of yore,  
Just as it did on the other side,  
Just as it will for evermore.

—A. L. Frink.