

Symphony of Myself

Moods: hot, swift, impatient, gloomy, silent, tranquil, moods of fire, force, and passion, all these make up the measures in the symphony; but these are not the melody. They rise and fall each day as I add a few more notes to the symphony of myself. Sometimes they rise to a crescendo of crashing chords with many a discord rising out of nowhere to cut the harmony of the piece into almost unrepairable ribbons.

Slowly, painfully slowly, these poorly written chords, which could never bear any semblance of harmony, fade away. Even when their final echo is dead, the memory lingers and causes others to forget whatever bit of melody might be found. Many measures, perhaps some of which will transcend all others I may ever hope to write with my life, pass unnoticed until long after I have written the final rest. Perhaps someone will pick up the records of my attempts, wipe away the discords, and see the little good that I have done.

The evidences of my weaknesses are multiplied until I almost lose hope, but I cannot cease. I cannot stop to go back and erase my mistakes. They must remain there for others to hear every time the symphony of my life is played. I must go on. Every note and chord in every measure must be written as it is played. I have no time to think of the proper continuation of the melody. The music races wildly higher and higher until it is almost a scream, and the beats grow faster and faster, continuing at a dizzy pace. The melody grows wilder and more discordant, but still the music goes on. Every note must be in its proper place. There is little time to look ahead to plan a bit of pleasant melody here or there.

The maddening pace goes on, and my silent cries for help grow stronger as it seems that I must vanish into oblivion. Silent cries for help because there is no friend on earth who could help me though I cried aloud.

HILLTOP—PAGE SIXTEEN

It seemed that I could not go on, but I continued moving my baton, trying to keep the control of my life that it symbolizes within my own power. I was forced to go on, counting every beat, until my silent cry for aid became a prayer. Then it was that I saw him standing there. Time rushed on, my symphony continuing with it, but the passing days did not disturb him. His melody continued fast or slow as he wished. It did not matter because he had all eternity to finish. I heard a bit of the melody he was playing, and it seemed to calm my troubled soul. I caught a glimpse of his sad, lonely eyes—surely he was a "Man



By
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of Sorrows"—and they seemed to say to me, "Give me your baton. Let me conduct the symphony of your life." He did not command; he only asked, but I could not help trusting him. I gave him my baton, and the moment it entered his hand the maddening, uncontrollable rush of notes and discords vanished, and then appeared for the first time the melody of hopefulness, peace, sweetness, and strength.

Now the discords are gone because the Master controls the melody. He looks ahead and tells me what notes to write. Sometimes I try my own hand again, then the discords appear, but he is kind and forgiving and soon straightens out the tangled melody and starts me anew. I no longer fear each new measure and the day it represents because as long as he controls completely there can be nothing but harmony from the symphony of myself.

Last Testament

(Continued from Page 14)

A life is crushed with tears o'er
"lips that speak no guile."
But man cannot be blamed: He
does not understand,
That what he fails to say can form
a heartless band,
Which ties itself in death . . .
around a brother's soul.
A hand unpressed is pain. A word
unsaid is cold.
Of all sad things I've known in
human hearts that yearn,
I find none sad as this: A flame of
love unburned.
Relief comes not from earth; her
children turn away.
Lame boys, if in heaven, would
have been asked to play.
Love would not be painful. Tears
would be shed in joy,
Because God welcomes there . . .
a homesick, crippled boy.

The mother's tears halted as she realized that her son had given to the world the thoughts of a dying tragedy, which was caused by deeds of omission. She tenderly touched the lifeless hand, and stumbled blindly from the room.



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