


Dear Princess

Encouraging Young Ladies who are Daughters of the Heavenly King



I said, "Let me walk in the fields,"
He said, "Nay, walk in the town";
I said, "There are no flowers there,"
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the sky is black,
There is nothing but noise and din."
But He wept as He sent me back;
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered me, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your guide."

I cast one look at the field,
Then set my face to the town;
He said, "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He,
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see!

—George MacDonald

