

A Sheaf of Leaves

By
Hannah G. Solomon

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Dedication

TO MY CHILDREN, HELEN and FRANK: May this volume help to keep green the memories of our happy days together, days in which only one shadow fell, the loss of the dear comrade, Brother Herbert, whose going was the only sorrow he ever brought to others. In these pages you will find your richest inheritance, the religious faith that has come to us through our ancestors, and which I would have you keep strong and pure.

In these days when we are prone to discard the truths that do not admit of practical demonstration, we need to treasure the historic consciousness in our hearts which has been developed by generations of martyrs who were firm in their trust in a Higher Power. Human limitations prevent a full grasp of the Eternal and His Might. "If we could see the whole fabric of our lives spread out, what a wonderful weaving it might show—many a thread that we thought lost would reappear and form strange patterns of cause and effect. But God holds the spindle, and until he cuts the thread we go on adding a bit each day." (From a letter written by Aunt Theresa G. Lesem, October 14, 1899.)

It is only because of the religious note that I gather these papers for you. Although this little volume contains my thought, whatever of success it may record is due to the constant co-operation of your dear father, but for whose encouragement, assistance and sympathy none of it would have been possible.

HANNAH G. SOLOMON.

Chicago, May, 1911.

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