

Infirmit.

What is the truth to believe,
What is the right to be done?
Caught in the web I weave
I drift from sun to sun.

The bright world flows along,
Calm nature's streaming law.
And its stroke is soft and strong
As a leopard's velvet paw.

Froes of the doubtless mind,
Full of the olden power,
Are the tree, and the boy, and the wind,
And the ground the brave may-flower.

Man was the last to appear,
A glow in the close of day,
Clouds clearing now in fear
He grasps his shuddered way.

All the up-thrust is gone,
Force that came from old,
Up through the boughs and the sun,
And the sooth's mighty mold.

The youth of the world is fled,
There are none in the sky,
Spirits that are chilled and dead,
And the close of age is nigh.

The time is too short to grieve,
Or to choose, for he end is one;
And what is the truth to believe,
And what is the right to be done?

—E. H. Still or Dead. Monthly.

CONTENT AT LAST.

Fresh as a rose looked Harry Morny
as she came in from the woods, on
that clear autumn afternoon, with her
apron full of wild grapes, and her hair
garnished around with scarlet-veined
autumn leaves.

Her husband, sitting in his study,
glanced up at her bright, flushed face,
with sombre eyes full of past memo-
ries.

"Is the world coming to an end?"
screamed Harry, as she flung the
purple cluster on the table—for I
am sure that nothing else can account
for such a sooty face as yours,
Julian."

He tried to smile.

"You have been in the woods all
day, Harry?" he said.

"Where else could I be?" retorted
the young wife, whom he had married
because she was such an embodied
sunbeam. "You don't catch me pok-
ing myself up in the house when all
the world is so full of brightness!"

But she looked half doubtfully at
him as she spoke.

"Now you are going to scold me,"
she said, with a pretty uplift of her
hands, as if to ward off some verbal
onslaught. "I can see the stern words
rising up on your lips."

"Am I, then, so stern with you?"
he uttered. "If so, it is quite unin-
tentional. No, Harry, I am not going
to scold you."

For he remembered that Harry was
only eighteen, and that he was eight-
and-thirty.

Harry came and perched herself on
his knee.

"Julian," she said, with a sudden
burst of penitence, "I am sorry."

"Sorry!—and for what?"

He put his hand caressingly on her
blonde curls, as he might have stroked
a pretty infant's head.

"I meant to practice to-day," he
pleaded, "and to read a whole chapter
in Macaulay's History of England,"
and to darn your stockings in the con-
vent stitch that Aunt Prudence taught
me; but when I got out in the sun-
shine I forgot it all. Oh, Julian, I
shall never learn to be a companion to
you!"

And she glanced ruefully around at
the drifts of paper and open folios on
the desk, and her radiant face glowed
over suddenly, as she caught sight of
a tiny photograph lying close by his
inkstand.

"Julian," she exclaimed, abruptly,
"why did you marry me?"

"Is that so hard to guess, little
one?"

"Yes, but why?" she persisted. "I
am so silly and shallow—that is ex-
actly what Mrs. Merle calls me—
and my poor little groveling soul can
never reach up to the height of yours.
Oh, don't try to comfort me—I un-
derstand it all," with another sidelong
glance at the photograph. "You loved
her! She was a true wife to you. I am
only a plaything!"

"Have I ever said so, Harry?"

"A score of times!" cried Harry, get-
ting more and more excited, while the
deep roses burned vividly on her cheeks.
Not in actual words perhaps, but—
Oh, Julian, why did I ever marry
a widower? She is as much my
rival now as if she was a living and
breathing woman. Julian, I hate her!"

"Harry! Harry!"

"Give me that picture!" cried the
young wife, snatching the photograph
from the desk, and retreating a pace
or two, as if she feared to be pursued—it
shall not lie beside you at your
wor... You shall not carry it next
your heart when you go out of the
room!"

She paused as if expecting a volley
of remonstrances—perhaps a stern re-
proof—but he never spoke a word.
He only looked at her with sad, grave
eyes.

"Julian," she hesitated, more ent-
tainingly, "may I have it—the photo-
graph?"

"Yes," he answered. "I can remember
how she looked, without any
counterfeit presentment. Yes, you
may have it, Harry, if that is your de-
sire."

And Harry vanished out of the
room, half-delighted, half-terrified, at
what she had done. Swift as any ar-
row she darted down to a cool, shady
nook, at the foot of the garden, where
a crystal trout-stream gurgled under
the shadow of a canopy of elm leaves,
and a twisted root formed a sort of
rustic seat.

"Shall I fling it into the stream?"
she asked herself. "Shall I tear it up?"

But as she looked at the soft, calm
features, a gentler mood crept over
her.

"How wicked and babyish I am!"
she said. "No, no! I will not tear up
your face, sweet saint. I should have
loved you, too, if you had been a girl—
will try to love you now, because he
loved you! Look down from your
throne in heaven, dear, white-robed
angel, and help me to be worthy to sit
in your seat at his board, to share your
place in his heart!"

And glancing fearfully around her,
lest she should be observed, she kissed
the photograph once, twice, three
times, and placed it in her bosom.

When she came back to the house
she was quieter and more silent than
usual, but she did not offer to give
back the photograph to her husband.

"Is the world coming to an end?"
she demanded of Harry, as she flung the
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for I am sure that nothing else can account
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The husband's serious face bright-
ened at the fair vision. —Demarest.

"Why, my pet!" he exclaimed, cap-
turing the hand that was laid lightly
on his shoulder; "what is the meaning
of this extraordinary brilliancy of col-
our? Is there to be a party or a
ceremonious dinner?"

"Neither," Harry answered. "But
my *fête* today. Do you remember
what anniversary this, Julian? Ten
years ago, to-day, you were married to
Evangeline Sedley."

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