

Love.

Mind and Heart of God were wedded!
Unto them a child was given!
All the earth was dark with darkness
But this child appeared from heaven
And a flood of light came with him,
Bringing peace and sweet content
Unto all whose hearts were open
To the being God had sent.

Where he makes his habitation,
There he dwells evermore;
Faith, the bar upon the gateway,
Hope, the seal upon the door,
Keeping him a willing captive
From his erstwhile home above,
Mighty child of mighty parents,
Everlasting, perfect Love.

—[Adèle R. Ingerson, in Harper's.]

A MAID OF ARCADIE.

BY ELIA J. HUNTER.

The corner store at Shubennadee was decorated for the holiday trade. The villagers stared through the small window-panes at the unwonted display. Saw-ages hung in graceful festoons. Cakes of snowy lard leaned against a background of glossy spruce. Even the country-knit mittens, in their ugly plaids and wolf-grays, were arranged in a pyramid, with a tiny enamel pair at the apex. The candy-tins were no longer dingy, and were freshly filled with home-made molasses drops, while, on the blue-edged pie plates, was piled tally of many kinds.

Inside the store the change was still more wonderful. The shelves, burdened with home-made preserves, were bordered with evergreen. A tray of inviting patty-cakes and ginger-snaps usurped the place of the time-honored assortment of reels, buttons and yellowing pieces of tape, which had formerly graced the one show-case of the establishment. Another innovation was the chair behind the counter—the pork barrel had done service there for many years. Lastly, who should be in the place of the late proprietor—the fat, wheezy Widow Smith—but Bettine Baisot! She it was who had hired the store on the widow's decease, and she it was who nervously awaited her first customer, for the shutters were but just taken down.

Such a loving, earnest face she had, with its tender dimples, eyes—they could flash fire, if occasion were given, though; wavy black hair, carefully plaited, yet somehow the love-locks would steal out; and oh! such red, pebbly lips, that told of both sweet and firmness; small of stature, but like most of her country women, dressed to perfection—the plain, black gown with its white-bibbed apron, the scarlet kerchief knotted at the neck, the trim slippered feet.

Just then, the pretty slippers patted the floor impatiently, and an anxious look crossed the bright face, for the venture was a serious one, with much depending on it.

It was for Jacques' sake she had given up so much. For was not Victor waiting for her to name the day? The dear, handsome Victor! Had not his father at last consented to the match—though surely he had objected loudly until Bettine's god-mother died and left her a dowry. Not a large sum, to be sure, but it was ready money, and the stern parent relented. Still Bettine, with all her love for Victor, was puzzled. She had besought the Blessed Virgin to aid her when troubles had oppressed—when the worthless father was brought home dead, and Jacques was so helpless, and Victor's father so obdurate.

Her answer had come very soon to her. Victor had his father's consent, but Bettine looked further.

Was not her first duty to Jacques? She thought so. With her little fortune, she bought the business and set bravely to work.

Her skill in cookery was well known, and with it she determined to win wealth and education for Jacques. His case was not hopeless—so a city physician had said. He should never be a charity patient. And then Jacques was to have the best instruction in drawing; for was he not a born artist?

After that, if Victor should be single, then she would see him. "Till then, not at all," she said imperiously. "Perhaps it will be better if you seek another bride—one with a larger dowry."

Then her tender heart reproached her for the look that crossed his handsome face, and in her excitable way, she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him many times, and, after he had gone, she flung herself on the floor and sobbed bitterly. When Jacques' feeble voice called out, she almost gayly unfolded her plans to him. The room was dark, else her face would be a tell-tale. So it had

come to pass that she had put aside love for duty.

A garland of gay paper flowers swayed in the draught. The first customer entered! A good one, too, for the sturdy farmer had admired her pluck, purchased a liberal amount of her taffy, and left a weekly order for loaves of bread until "she" should be around again; for "she," like many of the wives in the district, was "clean tucked out," and help was not to be had.

The farmer shook his head as he went out, and thought: "That shiftless Baisot's daughter! She must be like her mother; he didn't know enough to go in when it snowed, but got frozen stiff in his own yard!"

In the kitchen behind the store there was a jubilee. Bettine was kneeling by a couch on which lay the little Jacques, dearer to her than ought in the world, until she had met Victor. The room was quite bare—the invalid's couch, a white table, a shining black stove with a crackling fire, not much more, but all spotlessly clean. The only disorder was from Jacques' work. Clippings of bright tissue paper lay about, for he was making more garlands—roses, sweet-peas, snowflakes. The thin fingers were very dexterous.

"The good God has helped us, Jacques. You shall have lessons in drawing—they shall be your share! M'sieu Smith will take our bread, day by day—that will not be less than half a dollar, and the whole dollar will come! Little Jacques, little Jacques, what would I do without you?"

"Dear Bettine!" fathered the lad, wincing with pain, "it is who am of no use—it is I who stand between Victor and you! If I could but stop living when the agony is great, then I could be at peace!"

"Jacques! little Jacques!" pleaded the sister, "it is for you to live, for you to become famous. There shall yet be a Baisot who will be celebrated! I love to think I shall have helped to make him so! As for Victor, we are young!"

"Tingle! tingle!" went the shop-bell. In a trice, a business-like young woman was dispensing her wares and soliciting orders in her pretty English.

Bettine soon carried on a brisk business, for she was both energetic and obliging. Each possible cent was laid by for the end in view. Long before dawn a thin curl of smoke arose from the kitchen chimney—the show-case was replenished with crackers or crisp seed-cakes before the sun was well up. Home-made pies were added to the stock. Bettine found time at night for them. Nor was Jacques ever neglected—Jacques first always, then customers or cooking. Beyond doubt she was doing well. A snug sum was laid by. Jacques did his share also, and found a market for his work in the city—drawings on birch bark, delicate paintings on Easter eggs. His paint-box was one of the first purchases and it proved a good investment, for it gave the lad congenial occupation and a sense of helping in the earning.

At last the time came. There was enough for Jacques to go to the hospital. Bettine took him to Halifax at once, gave him in charge of the cheery-faced matron and hurried back to the shop.

How desolate it all was without Jacques! Each kindly inquiry for the lad brought tears of longing to her brown eyes. Jacques was all she had now, for Victor had been gone a full year, at work on the new railroad, and no word came from him. She heard that he had quarreled with his father. However this might be, L. Baisot, Sr., never came near her shop and passed her coldly on the street.

A godsend came at last. One blustery winter night, she found a little old woman on her doorstep. She took her in for the night, but in the morning she could not let her go. It was so terrible to be alone. The old woman was deaf and very peculiar. Her black eyes followed Bettine with an imploring look. Bettine sometimes fancied that the eyes were like Victor's, but she put that thought steadfastly from her. She had found, at least, what her strong self-sacrificing nature needed—something to care for.

It was nearly a year since Jacques had gone. He would be at home in plenty-time. He would go to the fete without a crutch. Bettine would go with him, but oh! with such a heavy heart. This had once been her feast of betrothal, as it would be to many of the maids this year. Jacques came—the fete came! Bettine took her two charges to the merry-making. Jacques was so well and strong! Her heart thrilled with pride as she looked at him. She had arrayed the old lady most carefully for the fete, but behold! what a sight was she now! Her cap all awry, her

white hair floating wildly about, as she broke right through the dunes and fell into the arms of no less a personage than—Victor's father!

Truly, French people love a scene, and the reunion of mother and son was much enjoyed. It was an old story.

The old lady had a strong desire to see her eldest son once more. Notwithstanding her infirmity she had traveled safely alone from Upper Canada, until nearly at her destination, when her money had been stolen. She had attempted to walk the remaining distance, and was perishing of exposure when Bettine found her. The shock and exertion had unsettled her mind, but the sight of her dearly beloved son had restored it to her.

There could be but one ending to such a romance. Victor was summoned home. And, of all the gay assemblies, none was blither than that on Bettine's wedding day, when the handsome young couple led the measure. A devoted son was the partner of his aged mother, and happy Jacques, with visions of countless drawing lessons ahead, led out the wife of the first customer. —[Pittsburgh's Magazine.]

Modes of Burial in Various Countries.

The Mahometans always, whether in their own country or in one of adoption, bury without coffin or casket of any kind.

During the time of the old Roman Empire the dead bodies of all except suicides were burned.

The Greeks sometimes buried their dead in the ground, but more generally cremated them in imitation of the Romans.

In India, up till within the last few years, the wife, either according to her wishes or otherwise, was cremated on the same funeral pyre that converted her dead husband's remains into ashes.

When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned in regard to this peculiar superstition they will only answer: "A dog can find his way anywhere."

The natives of Australia tie the hands of their dead together and pull out their nails; this is for fear that the corpse may scratch its way out of the grave and become a vampire.

The primitive Russians place a certificate of character in the dead person's hands, which is to be given to St. Peter at the gates of heaven. —[Atlanta Constitution.]

Out of the Accident Came a Patent.

The accidental origin of what may yet become a useful patent came under the notice of the writer a few days ago. A cashier in a downtown restaurant had returned from his vacation, and had, on his holiday, run a thorn into the palm of his right hand. The wound caused him considerable pain, to alleviate which he put a rubber band around his hand, which held in place a moistened sponge.

"That's a clever idea," remarked a Westerner, "for moistening your fingers when counting bills. Where do you buy them?"

The cashier explained what the real use of the band and sponge was.

"Do you mean to say that thing is not patented?" asked the man, and learning that it was not, expressed his intention of taking out a patent at once.

The cashier, however, told the tale to a New York man, who promptly hurried off and had a strap and buckle made, to which is attached a cup containing a sponge. The whole can be comfortably carried on the hand, and in future, cashiers wishing to moisten their finger-tips have only to close the hand. The New York man got the patent. —[New York Tribune.]

The Birds Whose Nests Men Eat.

In the Andaman Islands the important work of edible birds' nest collecting is reported to be over for the season. The swifts arrive in the islands toward the end of November, but they take their time in building the nests, which are formed from a gelatinous secretion from the salivary glands of those beautiful members of the swallow tribe.

If there has been a wet December the first crop of nests is generally a poor one, being soiled by the damp and drippings from the roofs of the caves. Collectors, however, begin in January to go round the islands to the different caves in an open boat. The best quality resemble pure isinglass, and are worth their weight in silver. Afterward there are two other collections. The caves in which the nests are found are scattered about the islands; some are far inland, others in rocks concealed in mangrove swamps. —[London News.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

There's a dark little maid that always sits
For hair with a golden splendor,
And a lily forehead and hands, and eyes
Like violets blue and tender.

There's a fair little maid, and bright, she
Knows,
But comb-black hair would smother her,
With lips and cheeks like a pink rose,
And eyes like a purple pansy.

But suppose some fairy would let them
Trade,
Or change them into each other,
O! what would become of each little maid,
And what would the story be to her mother?

—[Youth's Companion.]

ANIMALS WITH HUMAN VOICES.

A species of crow in India has a note which exactly resembles the human voice in loud laughing.

The laughing jacks, when warring, have their feathers raised, and break in at hand, uttering a cry resembling a group of boys shouting, whooping and laughing in a wild, hoarse way.

The nightjar has a cry like one lamenting in distress.

Among birds that have the power of imitation the parrot is the best, but, as a matter of fact, its voice is decidedly inferior to that of the ordinary rattle, a species of starling. Curiously enough the male bird speaks most clearly, clearly, like that of a child, while the female has a gruff voice.

Another kind, the morepork of Australia, is frequently heard demanding more pork, in a clearly stereotyped voice.

The whippoorwill also demands his punishment in a distinct imitation of the human voice, and the command of the guinea fowl to come back could easily be mistaken for a human voice.

Coming to the quadrupeds, the cries of none approach more closely that of the human voice than those of the seals when lamenting the loss or capture of their young.

The cry of a wounded hare resembles that of a child in distress. —[Vancouver Blade.]

A VOUCHING CASE AND HIS ANSWER.

It was surprising to see how quickly Middy made himself at home. He acted as if he had always been at sea. He was never seasick, no matter how rough it was, or how uncomfortable any of the rest of us were. He roamed wherever he wanted to, all over the boat. At meal-times he came to the table with the rest, sat upon a chair and lapped his milk and took what his of food were given him, as if he had eaten that way all his life. When the sails were hoisted it was his especial joke to jump upon the mainmast and be hoisted with it; and once he stayed on his perch till the sail was at the masthead. One of us had been aloft and being him down. When we had come to anchor and everything was snug for the night he would come on deck and scamper out on the mainboom, and race from there to the bowsprit end as fast as he could gallop, then climb, madder than a cat, and way up the masts, and drop back to the deck or dive down into the cabin, and run riot among the berths.

One day, as we were jogging along under a pleasant southwest wind, and everybody was lounging and dozing after dinner, we heard the boat's call out, "Stop that, you fellows!" and a moment after, "I tell you, quit—or I'll come up and make you!"

We opened our eyes to see what was the matter, and there sat the Bos'n, down in the cabin, close to the companionway, the tassel of his knitted cap coming nearly up to the combings of the hatch and on the deck outside. Middy, clinging his claws into the tamping yarn, and occasionally going deep enough to scratch the Bos'n's scalp. When night came and we were all settled down in bed, it was Middy's almost invariable custom to go the rounds of all the berths, to see if we were properly tucked in, and to end his inspection by jumping into the captain's bunk, treading himself a comfortable nest there among the blankets, and curling himself down to sleep. It was his own idea to select the captain's berth as the only proper place in which to turn in. —[St. Nicholas.]

Cruelty to Insects.

Butterflies, moths and beetles should not be subjected to the cruelty of being impaled by a pin while still alive. Every entomologist should carry with him as a part of his outfit a small vial of ether. A few drops of this poured on the sides of worm, moth or beetle will instantly kill the insect and enable the collector to adjust it with less difficulty than if it were alive, as by its struggles after capture a very few specimens are often completely ruined. —[New York Journal.]

DESERT DANGERS.

Perishing From Thirst in the Great Colorado Plain.

Sand Storms That Deal Death All Along Their Route.

The great Colorado Desert, which forms a part of San Diego County, Cal., recently alarmed three prospectors to their death. These men, who were seeking gold, died within a few thousand yards of an abundant water supply, simply because they made a slight miscalculation as to what was needed to carry them safely over the hot, dry, treacherous desert plains. One of their stampeded mules died at the edge of the water pool. The other mules were found dead. The bodies of the men were found not far apart, as they had fallen when overcome by the death weakness. This is only one of the thousands of instances of the terrible possibilities of a death from thirst in these Western deserts.

During the summer their average daily temperature is over 110 degrees. The air is absolutely dry, and a strong man cannot count on living unless he gets water at least every six hours. Cloth covered canteens, containing several gallons of water are usual receptacles used in desert marching, and five quarts a day will keep a man feeling pretty comfortable. A great danger in desert marching is the liability of finding water holes, where the night's encampment is to be made, dried up. Years ago General Childs marched a brigade across a forty-five mile stretch of desert in Colorado. The water holes along the route were dry, and for many hours the troops were without water. A number of the men died en route, and many others were carried along in army wagons at death's door physically. The utmost exertion of the officers were needed to keep the men from lying down and dying. At the close of the command died on this awful trip, their bodies swelling to twice the natural size before death ensued. Upon reaching the Grand River, after a grueling march, the three drunken troops were allowed to drink all the water they desired.

The symptoms of approaching death from thirst are an overwhelming lassitude which rapidly increases. A kind of film forms over the eye and partially obscures the vision. The mouth, tongue and throat become parched, the tongue feeling like a coal, as it grows dry and hard. Hallucinations fit through the brain until the weakness becomes so great that unconsciousness follows, and death soon ensues, as the unwarmed blood thickens and interferes with the functions of the heart. Men have been known to go without water for forty-eight hours, but the conditions were different from those of the desert. A San Francisco sailor, who was taken from a water-logged ship, had been without water for fourteen days, save such scanty supply as he could lick from the spars in the form of unguilted dew. When found, this man's throat was actually closed up, and before an entrance to his stomach was obtained by proper medical means, the poor castaway died.

When it comes to a question between the dangers of desert or sea, the natives in these parts much prefer the seas being safer than the desert. Winds on the desert can be as fatal in effect as the fiercest hurricane on record. A long continued sand-storm deals death all along its route. The sand is so oppressive to certain kinds of trans-continental railroads, that they wear goggles for the protection of their eyes. The sides of telegraph poles exposed to the prevailing desert winds are literally eaten out by the constant friction, and the station windows on the windy shore are quickly turned into ground glass by these sand blasts.

In crossing a desert a freight car containing supplementary water tanks is attached to the locomotive. Stationary water tanks are unknown quantity on the desert, except in rare instances. —[New York Tribune.]

Perilous Riding on the Iron Horse.

"Did you ever ride on a locomotive?" asked O. G. Haskins. "I tried it once and have no desire to repeat the experiment. It was out in Colorado, where you sometimes run so close to bottomless chasms that you could drop your hat into them, and make turns so short and sudden that it nearly disjoints your spinal vertebrae. The master mechanic was an old friend of mine and gave me permission to ride over the road on the engine of the lightning express. My presence much, but treated me civilly.

We were behind time, the night was black as Erebus, and a terrific thunder storm was raging. The engineer was determined to go in on time, and the way he rushed around those curves and across canyons, was enough to make a man's hair turn gray.

"The peculiar thing about these mountain engines is that they do not take a curve like any other vehicle. They go plunging straight ahead until you feel sure that they are clear of the track and suspended in mid-air, and then shoot around and leave you to wonder by what miracle you have been saved. The trucks take the curve in the orthodox manner, but the superstructure is so arranged that it consumes more time in making the turn. With the lightning playing about the mountain peaks and half disclosing the frightful gorges and scrofulous forests, the great iron titan was swaying and plunging around this slippery, serpentine track. I first realized the peril of railway travel and the responsibility of the man who kept his hand on the throttle and his eye on the track. I stood with my heart in my throat, admiring his nerve, but not envying him his job. At the first stop I scrambled back into the coach and stayed there. —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

An Odd Occupation.

Among Chicago's industries is a factory where the manufacture of shoes for corpses is carried on exclusively. Last year this factory turned out 20,000 pairs of such shoes.

Out of five feet, black boxes a very representative of the firm took as many different sizes. These were adults' and children's shoes. The principal correspondence with the purpose of their use. The shoes are certainly not to look at. The soles are cut out of paste-board and are covered with ground paper. The uppers are a combination of quilted satin and crocheted work. A golden, insect-like at the top and first in a neat bow knot, holds the shoes to the foot.

"Men's shoes are always black," it was said. "Occasionally we turn out a lot of brown ones. We have had special orders for men's white shoes, but only in a few instances. Shoes for women and children are always white. They are not expensive. \$5 to \$10 will purchase a dozen pairs."

The burial shoe, as described above, is a patented article. It was designed by a dapper little woman who now enjoys the profits of her idea. The Chicago Burial Shoe Company has been in existence for nearly a decade, and is catering to an ever-increasing demand. The firm employs a traveling man, who covers all the territory between Maine and California. It takes ten girls and several machines to keep up with his orders. The average monthly output is 15,000 pairs during the hot season; it increases to 20,000 during the busy period, which commences September 1. —[Chicago Tribune.]

Cure for Low Spirits.

Take one ounce of spirits of 1840 (ten, an equal proportion of the oil of good conscience; infuse into these a tablespoonful of the salts of patience and add thereto a few sprigs of others' woes, which grow extensively in the garden of life. Gather also a handful of the blossoms of hope; sweeten these with the balm of Providence and if possible procure a few drops of genuine friendship, but be careful of counterfeits in the ingredients of self interest, which grows spontaneously: the least admixture of it with the above would spoil the composition. Reduce the whole to an electuary by a proper proportion of content, flavor with the essence of good judgment and regulate the quantity according to the violence of the disease. Having tried the above recipe we know it to be an infallible cure. —[Philadelphia Times.]

Too Late.

By whom or when the virtues of tea as a beverage were discovered is lost in the wide revolving shades of centuries passed. The famous herb is spoken of in Chinese annals as far back 2500 years B. C., at which time its cultivation and classification was as much of an art as it is today.

Tradition says that its virtues were discovered by accident. King Shun Nang Shie, "The Divine Husbandman," who flourished 40 centuries ago, was boiling water over a fire one evening when some tea leaves hanging over the vessel were loosened by the heat and fell into the steaming liquid. Nang Shie partook of the decoction while it was hot and felt himself renewed in limb and spirit for seven days thereafter. Then and there he conceived tea as the sacred beverage of China. —[St. Louis Republic.]

Twilight.

Across the silent mountains vague and brown,
Dusking to quiet many a distant town,
The night comes slowly from the far-off sea.

O beautiful dead day, sun-kissed and flower-crowned,
My heart goes down into the dusk with thee!
Thy darkness in the valleys far and near

And darkness on the shadowed plain below,
And still and black the rugged mountains rise,
Base where, against the deepening purple skies

Two rocky cliffs transfused glow.
White tender mothers clasping wee ones
Sigh softly in the fading light,
Half joy, half sorrow.

Half fear against the unknown morrow,
The river flows through the night,
And hushes with the mothers' singing
Anon a murmur slowly ringing.

The twinkling of the river lights and grasses,
The twinkling of the river grass and trees,
The very wind on its endless wings that passes
Makes music through the troubled woods and meads.

The night's choir is hushed and silent now,
The last bird note has died away,
A mist lies on the mountain brow,
And hush and gray like the dead day.

And so the night comes on,
And with it, day, the world forgoes thee,
And count's more will be as fair,
In my heart I hold thee.

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