

And then when the song is ended, love,
Bend down your head unto me,
Whisper the word that was born above
Ere the moon had swayed the sea.
Ere the oldest star began to shine,
Or the farthest sun to burn,
The oldest of words, O heart of mine,
Yet newest, and sweet to learn!
—
George Hawthorne, in Harper's Magazine.

By Charles S. Hathaway.

However, he was appreciative and grateful, as were his wife and boy, over the service I had performed, so that while I enjoyed hearing the words of praise, sometimes quite fulsome, I did occasionally grow weary over the same details of the same story and the same commendations which I was certain to

"It is for you to ride in if you wish," he answered in a quivering, shrill voice at which I stepped more closely to him. Then he said, as he stepped upon a log, "let's get up on the logs; we'll get a better view." As he did this I saw, in the hand farthest from

Highly Accomplished.
He—Yes, Miss Wilder is a very sharp girl.

The average height of Americans has been about five feet seven for men and five feet four for women. The average has unquestionably been lowered by immigration of small races, like the Italian.

There has been many a good old-fashioned wedding in the old-fashioned bureau and in the bureau a box and in the box a folded paper and in the folded paper a half blown rose, slightly fragrant and discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. She put it there when she was a girl and she would like to see it again. She would like to see the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper and to her eyes will be exposed the half blown bud and the memories of the past will rush upon her and a tear will drop upon the rose and she will say, "I have seen it before, there is a stir in the dust of the nether and it rounds out and it is full of life and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dense music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air, and the wedding march begins to play and the bride and the groom are there and the bride has a crown and a mainly voice proclaims, "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing couple, but a sigh of that anniversary day centers the scene and the bride is dead and the flowers, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud which is put into the paper and then it

In Jesus' name, let us pray:
The early dawn begins to burn, the bonfire
a great victory. All read now for the
procession of reconstructed humanity
Upward and away! Christ leads and
the Christian dead follow, battalion after
battalion, nation after nation. Up, O
God! On! Forward, ye ranks of God
mighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting
gates, and let the conquerors come.
Resurre-dion! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal fables
the world has ever known, of all Christen-
dom into one great chain, and with the
chain I bind the Easter morning of 1
with the closing Easter of the world's his-
tory—resurrection. May the God of peace
that brought again our Lord Jesus
from the dead, Shepherd of the sheep
through the blood of the covenant may
you persevere in every good work to do
with