

black ever since the war; she went down as a nurse."

"Yes; she found Bob Yorke there and nursed him all the time, they say."

"I wonder if they were in love."

"Oh, I don't know; they say, years ago, before he was married, they used to be together a great deal. There never was any engagement, so mamma says. His wife went to Europe while he was down there."

"Yes; isn't it terrible the way she's behaved?"

"I should think so—awful! Will they be married now?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"But I heard she had left the count already."

Above the whisper of the gathered throng came the grand requiem of the organ, as the people, rising, left the church. How many of them carried away from that noble service its deep and solemn meaning? But one, at least, pale-faced and sad-eyed, a young woman in black, knew that the words of the preacher were true, and that, "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."



## INTERPRETERS

OH, sweetly the last wind of day-time is blowing,  
And breathing on blossoms, and wrinkling the lake;  
A-flush with the flame of the sun's fiery going,  
And silver with lilies a-bloom for your sake.

For your sake, my sweetheart, for your sake the sheathing,  
Of boughs with pale petals and intricate lace;  
For your sake the magic of Summer's still wreathing,  
Whose patterns grew plain when I looked on your face.

For me, till I saw you, the lane had no story  
I might not translate from the hawthorn buds there;  
And the trees stood close-veiling the delicate glory  
Of pale Dryad-girls and their wonderful hair.

But, sweet, when I saw you, strange bells fell a-ringing,  
Strange, beautiful words thrilled and throbbed the world through;  
And lo! all of beauty was fluting and singing,  
A-voice with the exquisite language of you!

ZONA GALE.



## OF THE SAME MIND

EDITH—I didn't accept Arthur the first time he proposed.

LENA—You changed your mind, did you?

"No."

## A LOVE SONG

By Frank Dempster Sherman

SWEETHEART, now the Summertime  
Turns my fancies all to rhyme.

Now the bird and petaled rose,  
Every gentle breeze that blows,

Fragrant vine and leafy tree,  
Each one holds a word for me.

Waving grasses at my feet  
Yield a whispered message sweet;

Whirr of wing and purl of stream  
Tempt me forth where all is dream;

Murmurs of the magic spell  
Linger in the lily's bell;

Clover-top and buttercup  
Offer sweets for me to sup.

Hums the bee a ditty fine,  
Drunken with this honey-wine

Sun and shadow, gloom and glow,  
Keep beside me where I go,

Winning me with visions fair,  
Weaving verses in the air—

Couplets which, if one could catch,  
Herrick's lyrics one might match.

Every leaf a secret hides;  
In each cloud a song abides;

Moon and stars that gem the night  
Lean down, proffering delight;

Full of similes and tropes,  
Gathered on their azure slopes.

All I see and know is this  
World of beauty, wonder, bliss.