

for one was thinking of a lonely mother and her crippled son, and the other had a vision of the tender, flower-like face of a little wife.

Jean Perrier and Pierre had cut their way to the end of the main street, and were just approaching the space before the church, when a fleeing German turned and discharged his revolver. With a loud cry Pierre threw up his hands and fell, shot through the heart.

"Poor Babette!" murmured Jean taking steady aim; and the German bit the dust.

The next moment Jean came out upon the village green and found that which made him cry:

"Ah! but the good God is very merciful after all! Pierre and Babette 'were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'"

Dawn broke upon a village in possession of its rightful owners, but a village of burning and blackened ruins; a village of desolation and death, upon which the good God looked down and kept silent. But He had taken count of all; He never forgets, and one day He will speak, for though "God's mill grinds slowly," it never fails to grind, and "it grinds exceeding small."

He Is Just Away.

No more beautiful elegy has been written than these lines by the American poet who has just died.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you,—oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here,

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior's strength to his country's foes—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things; where the violets grew,
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hand have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed.

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away.

—James Whitcombe Riley.