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Poetry

Between the Lights. A little pause in life, while daylight lingers Between the sunset and the pale moonlight.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover. Born in the light of stars that long have gleamed. Boiled ones, whose earthy toll is over, Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Must the old joys be evermore withdrawn? Even their memory keeps me pure and true; And yet, for you Jerusalem the Golden Gate speaks, saying, 'I make all things new.'

Peace, peace—the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth. The human soul in all its life and death. Out of his throne no stream of Lethe flows.

He giveth life, says, life in all its sweetness. Old loves, old sunny scenes will he repeat. Only the curse of sin and incompleteness Shall taint this earth and vex thine heart no more.

Serve him in daily work and honest living. And faith shall lift thee to his blissful heights. Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

Select Literature

"With this Ring I Thee Wed." CHAPTER I. (Continued.) She was silent. She dared not even lift her eyes to the world's end.

"I will not leave you or forsake you. Your home shall be my home, and my country shall be your country. I will be with you in all your trials and in all your joys."

"I never had," she said sadly. "If I had, I should have been a different woman. I should have been a woman who would have loved you as you love me."

"You cannot tell how you tempt me," she said, looking at him with a smile. "I am striving hard to refuse, but I am so weak, so weak, so weak."

"I thought you knew all this when you came here," he said, looking at her with a smile. "I thought you knew all this when you came here."

"Then there my evil star shone out," she said, looking at him with a smile. "Then there my evil star shone out."

"I did not know," she said, looking at him with a smile. "I did not know."

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Poetry

but 'id the effort his voice broke and quivered, his eyes rested on her in lingering anguish.

"I will never come for me! I shall never see his face again! I should kill him, or the sight of him would kill me." She spoke passionately at last with the light coming to her eyes, and color flashing on her cheek.

"I am not his wife! Jocelyn, you will not leave me like this?" "Not his wife! But you soon will be— you have married him!"

"You never will! Why have you not said this earlier? Why have you not spoken these words to me?" "Jocelyn, I will love you, there shall be no good-bye between us and no forever. Speak! I am waiting to hear you."

"You would not let me tell you. I feared to say what you will now—I am broken down. I think for a word that will help me to suffer." He held out his hand in the old way; eyes and lips both his hands, in the gesture of entreaty.

"I have not a word to say to you," he said, looking at her with a smile. "I have not a word to say to you."

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"Tell me again you are not his wife. The words are plain and honey to me—by ears such as the sound of them."

"The ring was not placed on my finger, the priest did not join our hands and declare us man and wife, we signed no register. Oh, I know it is not a marriage! But I said terrible words, and so did he. Can he claim me through them?"

"Perhaps he never shall! And what are the words said to him compared with your solemn oath to me? By that oath I claim you. Come, Lillian, we will hurry away. Do you see that ship in the distance, beyond the Breakwater? There is our home for a time, till we land in a new world. We shall not be rich, dear—Poppy's sake I made myself a poor man. Will it grieve you to be poor?"

"I am rich having you. All my wealth is here within this little ring." "And once more her arms wound about him, and, bending back her head, she held her lips ready for his kiss. It was a long and fervent kiss, full of the restored innocence of their love and joy; the fever of passion, the fear of guilt, was no longer present to mar their sweet-loved bliss."

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Poetry

I only know, when he asks me a thing I can't withstand him—I, a poor old shivering man, to whom his black eyes and his sweet voice are nothing. So how can she say him any? It's his way—yes, it's his way he has; he can stoop any human creature to death. Brother and sister, both alike! Thus, if I could I laid flowers—the wild flowers she liked—on her grave to-day—the last thing they'll say that old Dan did on land."

"With curious, wistful gaze he looked around on the dairy room, and marked the boxes packed, and partly packed, standing about. 'If only he had come a day later, she would have been safe. Poor young lady—she's been waiting with her W. I wish she should have this.' And Dan seized a travelling-bag, which his shrewd eyes told him was packed with useful things; shouldering this, he went down the garden."

"How long you have been, Dan! And the sky looks ugly. I want to escape the rain."

"I shall make her my wife, Dan, when we touch at Havre. You can tell them all that to-morrow, when we are safe away. Say not a word this evening, just the ship should not sail to-night. Will you promise?"

"I promise. Never a word will I say of this to any soul, not even to the ship's crew. Now we are near the surf, sir—better put her in the boat, and launch her with it."

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