

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

— EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE STORY OF SIR GALAHAD

The Knights of the Round Table were met together at Camelot, and Arthur had ordered the knights to take their places at the table.

But Sir Kay, the ruler of the feast, spoke out: "If you now sit down, you will break the royal custom. You have never sat down at a high feast until you have seen some strange adventure."

"That is true, Sir Kay," said the king. "My mind was taken up with other things. Let us hold the feast for a time."