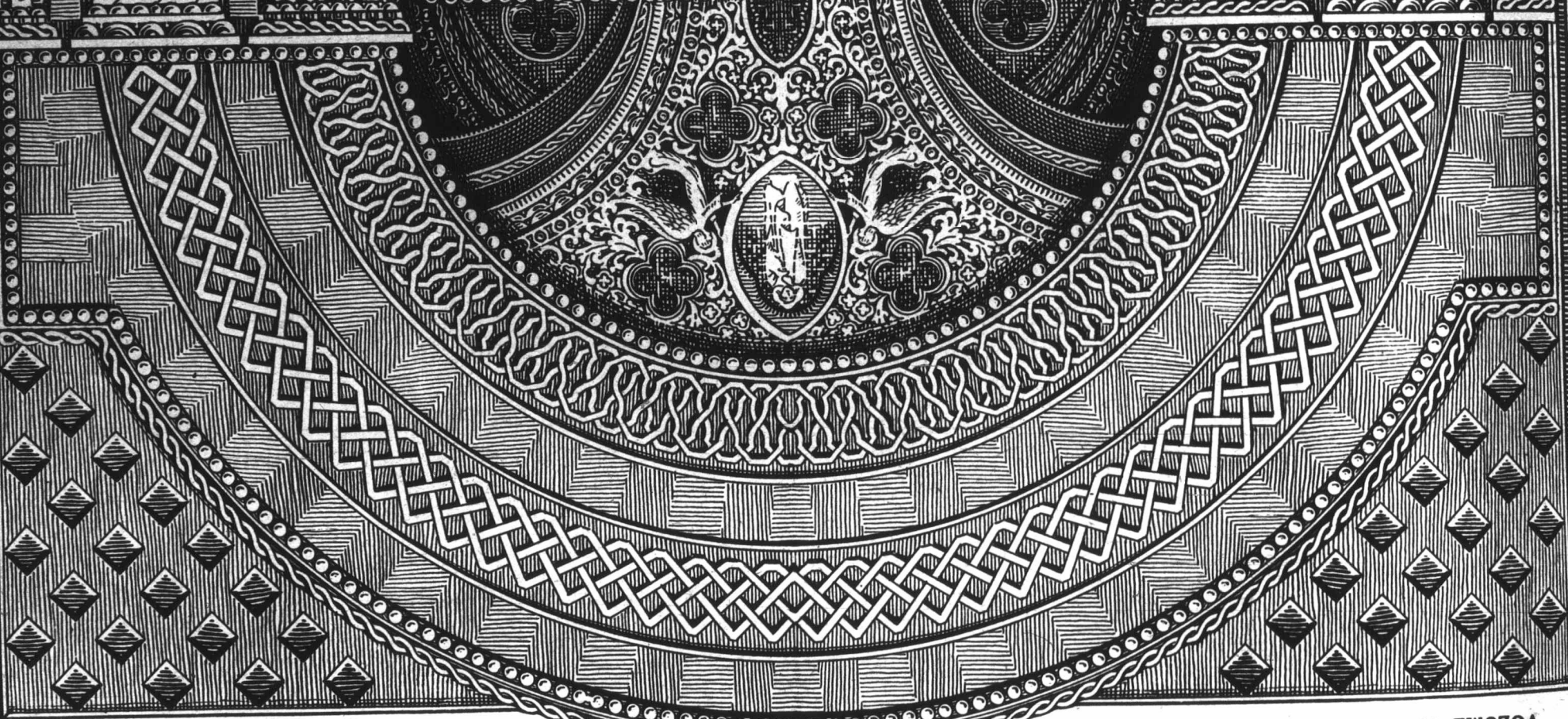


JOHN 20: 16, 28, 31.

Where have ye laid him?
 Where have ye laid him? In what tomb
 Of ancient creed or modern doubt;
 In depths of philosophic gloom
 Close wrapped with wildering words about
 Give me my Lord! to soothe, to save,
 Or I sink deeper than the grave.
 "Give me my Lord! Your subtle thoughts
 But mock the hunger of the soul:
 I turn from all your love hath brought!
 Give me my Lord to make me whole,
 To calm my tears, my guilt remove,
 Give me my Lord, for he is none."



Thurston

coldest days of
 home from
 grave the old
 ark; but when
 ad a sick head
 about coasting
 muse four-year
 na lay down for
 kind of a boy
 abbles," he said,
 kitchen, where
 utiful soap-suds
 and they blew
 time. The sun
 w' making them
 rainbows.
 ould keep 'em"
 re so pretty!
 o Benny's wife
 a piece of an
 anket, and car-
 shed, spread it
 floor in an out-
 hen, going back
 said:—
 ing out into the
 minutes. It's too
 ere, but, if my
 I'll wrap you
 you out to see
 "You keep on
 "You keep on
 Lulu, cheerfully,
 lary, of the soap-
 as possible how
 es, hosing them
 er. The cold was
 froze instantly
 urst; and there
 ke so many deli-
 was well filled,
 uthing on Lulu's
 er out to see the
 n around" she
 sed she was!
 d Benny. "The
 reak them all to
 ot up with her
 ne had to go out
 and so did papa
 cold, and the shed
 being closed, so
 rough of air, the
 ed as ever in the
 noon they began
 dry away, and
 some at night, the
 and each bright
 its place.
 story, and some
 inter you bright
 ry the experiment
 ected.
 "I
 ION 47?
 from the country,
 nductor said, at-
 mists."
 e repeated, "You
 the girl blushed
 e again repeated:
 conductor began
 girl, "they do say
 home, but I don't
 o say it out loud."