

Re-gave the sword but not the hand that drew,  
And struck for liberty the dying blow ;  
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,  
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,  
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed ;  
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene ;  
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,  
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

### *EASTER MORNING.*

BY GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

Too early, of course ! How provoking !  
I told ma just how it would be.  
I might as well have on a wrapper,  
For there isn't a soul here to see.

There ! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,  
I declare if it isn't too bad !  
I know my suit cost more than hers did,  
And wanted to see her look mad.

I do think that sexton's too stupid—  
He's put some one else in our pew—  
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely ;  
Now what am I going to do ?

The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet !  
I don't care, I think it's a sin  
For people to get late to service,  
Just to make a great show coming in.

Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—  
She said she'd a headache last night.  
How mad she'll be after her fussing !  
I declare, it would serve her just right !

Oh ! you've got here at last, my dear, have you ?  
Well, I don't think you need be so proud  
Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it,  
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.