

common?" She had written so much and so often, she could not recollect what he referred to, but waited patiently.

"Your whole life is a poem, Lena,—I wish I could find any rhyme in mine."

"But 'Afton Waters,'" she suggested. He heeded not, but continued—

"All prose, and dull reading at that. Life seems all wrong, —so strange and sad."

She could not distinguish the expression upon Frank's face, but his words seemed startlingly like thoughts that had strayed through the musings which the lad interrupted by his presence. It came floating dimly back, like a delusive vision that figured in some long-forgotten, faint-recurring dream.

"You must not think like that, Fra—"

He interrupted her: "I have not forgotten, Lena; but since it cannot be—" He laughed—a proud, scornful laugh—as he moved toward the door.

A voice stopped him: "Frank! forgive me! I forgot myself. I do not wish to trouble you."

There are moments in life that contain the concentrated power of whole hours of earnest thought. Lena lived one of those moments. She trembled; her soul fluttered away from its long anchorage beside the seething waters of alluring fame, and settled with unutterable happiness within the shrine of imperishable love.

"But, Frank, suppose—suppose—what if one were sorry for the past? what if—"

The voice, more than the words, was a revelation to Frank. A moment later he knelt by Lena's side, and his heart was throbbing in rapturous unison with the long, beautiful poem that commenced its never-ceasing, rhythmic measures in the happy heart of his little love.