

And the sun went down, and the heavens darkened over, and the voice of the innkeeper warned the people that "now was the time for great solace, and this much was the cause for great hurry."

And it came to pass that the man and the maiden, after much consultation together, arose, and left the tavern, and came to the parting of the ways, which is known as the "Short Cut," and left one another with sad hearts.

And the soldier shook the dust of Bexhill from off his feet, and journeyed wearily on and came unto the great camp called Cooden, where he lay for the night.

And on the morrow, when the sun was yet low in the heavens, he arose with great stiffness in his bones, pains in his chest, and his voice was nearly dumb within him.

And lo, in the house wherein he had dwelt, great was the noise and sickness, and loud was cries of the afflicted.

And the voice of the Orderly Corporal rang out with great strength, calling "Anybody goin' sick?"

And he answered with faint voice, "Yea, there is one."

And he arose and went to the elder of the tribe and bared his chest before him.

And the elder spake unto him saying, "Thou hast a fiery furnace burning within thy bosom, and great is the soreness within thy joints, and thy head is giddy, so go thou and gather together thy small kit, and take up thy bed, and journey to the hut which is known as 'K,' for thou hast been stricken with the 'Flue.'"

And there thou shalt rest and meditate for many days; and when thou art made whole, thou shalt return to thy people.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break;

How much the flesh may suffer and not die!

I question much if any pain or ache

Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.

Death choose his own time; till that is sworn

All evil may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems reaching for the quivering
life,

Yet to our sense the bitter pains reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are
still;

Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken, and alone:
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This also can be borne.

Behold we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn
Lo, all things can be borne.

—Exchange.

IN FLANDERS' FIELD.

In Flanders' fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses, row on row.
They mark our places, and in the sky,
The larks still bravely singing, fly.
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead short days ago,
We loved, felt dawn, saw sunset glow.
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders' Field.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
From falling hands we throw.
The torch be yours, to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who lie,
We shall not sleep, tho' poppies grow,
In Flanders' Field.

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