

Ah! In that last long breath what deep repose!
 Upon the still, white-brow, the parting soul
 Has stamped the image of its glad release:
 No shadow there, no longing, no regret,
 No wish on earth to strive with trial and care—
 Sweet child! Who knows, had you lived long
 Or passion's lures or freedom's fancy wild
 Had snatched from you this lasting peace and joy!

M. S. '03,

The Early Bird.



VERY bad weather! A cold, raw morning! Here I am, half asleep at work. Lovely work, balancing Mr. Gilford's books. Page upon page, I check off; column after column of a scrawl barely decipherable. Heigho! ten dollars is a huge sum for a purse like mine. Confound it! Figures, figures, nothing but figures! They seem to be dancing a jig now. Brur-r-r! How infernal cold! The wind blows and my attic window rattles. I have a mind to bundle into the fire these cursed accounts.

"Hah! the door-bell peals. Who braves such weather and before seven, too? Not the high and wealthy, snug in their beds while I am toiling at this early hour without fire and breakfast.

"Ring! Ring! What outrageous persistence! Does he imagine, whoever he is, that I am going to open my door and disclose my poverty. I was once prosperous and my father rode in his coach! No, I won't admit anyone.

"Listen to that racket! The tenement from the roof down will be roused and cursing me. I might open, but not now. Time is money. Mr. Gilford, the crusty old curmudgeon, is at this moment, fuming for his books.

"There! silence at last! Patience rewarded! A violent man, in my place, would spring out, throttle the intruder, shove him down stairs and throw him into the street."

The lone individual, thus talking to himself, chuckled at his own