

to herself as something midway between an antagonism and an attraction, but exasperating whichever way she looked at it. She struggled with herself, but made no reply.

"If I am honoured with your presence," continued Bayard, still with some decision of manner, "I shall count upon your sympathy. . . . God knows I need it!" he added in a different tone.

"And you shall have it," said Heien softly.

It was too dark to see the melting of her face; but he knew it was there. They stood on the piazza of the cottage in the strong, salt wind. Her muslin dress blew back. The dim light of the candle within scarcely defined her figure. They seemed to stand like creatures of the dusk, uncertain of each other or of themselves. He held out his hand; she placed her own within it cordially. How warm and womanly, how strong and fine a touch she had! He bade her good-night, and hurried away.

That "something" which is to supersede the sermon was not written that night. Bayard found himself unable to work. He sat doggedly at

(To be continued.)

his desk for an hour, then gave it up, put out his light, and seized his hat again. He went down to the beach and skirted the shore, taking the spray in his face. His brain was on fire; not with intellectual labour. His heart throbbed; not with anxiety for the fishing population. He reached a reef whence he could see the "Mainsail Hotel," and there sat down to collect himself. The cottage was lighted now; the parlour windows glimmered softly; the long lace curtains were blowing in and out. Shadows of figures passed and repassed. Presently she came to the low window, and pushed back the lace curtain, which had blown in, half across the little parlour. She lifted her arms, and shut the window.

The tide was rising steadily. The harbour wore its full look; it seemed about to overflow, like a surcharged heart. The waves rose on; they took definite rhythm. All the oldest, sweetest meanings of music—the maddest and the tenderest cries of human longing—were in the strain:

"Komm beglücke mich?
Beglücke mich!"

THE RESURRECTION.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer;
Death is strong, but life is stronger:
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right;
Faith and hope triumphant say,
"Christ will rise on Easter Day!"

While the patient earth lies waking
Till the morning shall be breaking,
Shuddering 'neath the burden dread

Of her Master, cold and dead,
Hark! She hears the angels say:
"Christ will rise on Easter Day!"

And when sunrise smites the mountains,
Pouring light from heavenly fountains,
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet;
And her countless voices say,
"Christ has risen on Easter Day!"

—Phillips Brooks..

THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

What though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue,
That morn when Magdalene hastened through
Its fragrant silent paths?

She caught no scent of budding almond-tree;
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,
Saw neither lily nor anemone—
Naught save the Sepulchre.

But when the Master whispered "Mary," lo!
The Tomb was hid! the Garden all ablow;
And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—
From that day "Mary's Flower."

—John Finley.