Conclusion

air with joyous wing, burst into a rapture of song, and rose far, far, far into the eastern sky, until it seemed to be singing at the very gates of the morning. A wind from heaven blew over the green earth. It was the spring.

and Miwas but Queen, as ants, Berois, -- not peen prolked out tree tops were adhaze lay he river and then , sweet eadows; if they he blue

nt

breathed of

to suffer, of

soul should

ing higher.

strong, so

nning with
nward, had
l, heart,—
and maknont when
ltar, every
nurch, and
rly of her
eded one,
neath bim
her, and
him!