
OPINIONS OF MARY

gether happy, that imaginary woes have a pleasing fascination for her, and in the locked diary that is sacred to the outpourings of her inmost soul one need not wonder to find such harrowing wails as this:

And wilt thou come to my silent tomb
When the daisies deck the sod,
When the birds sing sweet, and gold is the wheat,
And the summer grasses nod?

My heart is broken; my life is dead;
Oh, how can I longer bear
This pain and loss, this bitter cross,
This burden of woe and care?

Ah! Love, that unknowing hast passed me by,
Wilt thou come to my silent tomb
When the birds sing sweet and gold is the wheat,
And the daisies are in bloom?

Oh, say, when this dreary life is o'er,
Wilt thou shed a tear for me,
And breathe a sigh for the days gone by,
And her, who died for thee?

She probably wept copiously during the writing of this pathetic effort, and had a comfortable feeling as she laid it away that there were unfathomable depths to her being; emotions and possibilities were hers that even her lover failed to appreciate.

Charlie, the youngest boy, is a delicate lad of thirteen. Of a timid and sensitive disposition, the other boys rather bully him. This, perhaps, is one reason for his objection to the paths of