

mon vista stretches before them of toil in the seed-time, of plenteous reaping, and a well-filled garner of accomplishment at life's eventide. But whatever betide, whether of sun

and stars, like a vision of light from some fair world far away.

She smiles on both the same, and in sweet converse the bright hours fly by all too quickly; but in the slow hours come reveries and visions—and two only are walking in a pathway set with light. And these two friends are the same, and yet not the same, and they do not understand; and then it is not the same and they each know; but no outward show reveals the estrangement of the soul—and the hours go by.

In the circles of the moon there comes a time when one is filled with an exceeding great joy—a joy surpassing knowledge; only that fading friendship strikes a minor cord of sorrow: that gain, so precious to one, to the other brings loss and pain. And the rift widens.

The hours fly by with woven wings for one—that first youth—through dreams of love enchanting. The unclouded blue of heaven's high dome deep-

ens, and the pale moon rides above amidst the myriad stars: she silvers the tips of the rustling foliage, and mirrors herself in the depths of a glassy lake, while the sweet, clear voice of the melodious nightingale floats upon the peaceful air of night—and thus, and then, in beauty's setting, is love revealed and glory glorified.

Is it but a dream, a fantasy; or do the angels sometimes hallow a spot of earth and transform it into a paradise?

Out of the darkness rises an old-world home, set in a garden fair, in the midst of a fertile valley hemmed in by wooded knolls. Every line, every character, each color and perfume and sound, every fine gradation of light and shade, is graven deeply into my very soul. I see the old rambling walls overset with rough warm stucco, to which cling ivy, jessamine, clematis and honeysuckle, roses,



"Through the long hours I sit and brood."

and shine or storm and stress, through placid waters or storm-tossed seas, the silken cords of love might ne'er unbind: nor dangerous reefs, nor jagged rocks, cut friendship's bonds in twain.

The hours fly by, and another face appears,—a sweet, girlish face, with wondrous eyes, like soul-windows, and fair, wind-kissed hair, and a mouth as the portal of beauty's temple, from whence issue sounds divine. Exceeding fair and graceful she appears, encircled with a halo of spotless purity—the type of glorified maidenhood. Her goodness, sweetness and pity holy and unfathomable. Hating nought but baseness and dishonor—and these, with an exceeding loathing.

She smiles on both the same—and these two sing in chorus her unmatched divinity—beneath the broad sun, in the gloaming, beneath the moon