

Sweet Love is Dead.
Sweet love is dead;
Where shall we bury him?
In a green bed,
With no stone at his head,
Nor tears nor prayers to worry him.
Do you think he will sleep,
Dreamless and quiet?
Yes, if we keep
Him in his sleep
Over the grave where the ground worms riot.
By his tomb let us part.
But hush! he is waking!
He hath winged his dart,
And this mock-cold heart
With the woes of want is aching.
Fain we no more
Sweet love lies breathless'
All we forewore
Death may die, but love is deathless.
—Alfred Austin.

The Dandelion Boy.

"Come here, my dandelion boy;
With such a name, I think so soke;
I doubt me not but many a tor
Will buy with proceeds of your pall.
The kitchen door is yonder, that
From which the playful kitten ran.
—Down! Carlo! Give his head a pat,
My little dandelion man;
For surely you are much too brave,
Thus early struggling for a place
Among the workers, stem and grave,
Engaged in life's determined race.
For me to call you 'boy,' oh, please
Shows them out into the pain;
But so, in handfuls, just has these,
Said the little dandelion man;

"What? what? is that the way you do?
Look at the bottom of the pall!"

Quoth I, "I should not think that you
Would try to cheat me." Flushed and pale
Turns his bright face quick became,
And down his cheeks the hot tear-sarn;
"I wasn't playing any game,"

He said—the dandelion man.

"I know I left in here a few;
But see! my basket in the street!"

I'll give you half of them if you
Won't think that I was trying to cheat."

But why not give me these?" quoth I,
And quick his troubled face did scan,

"And leave them for the next to buy,
My little dandelion man;

But instant he did say in doubt,
And then took from his pal the few
He there had left. When all were out,
I crept about to find a few
For his strange action. First some sticks
He lifted up, and then the plan
Unfolded, growing quite prolix,
The little dandelion man!

"I made a little pen, you see,
And put these dandelions in
And violas; I just find three—
But butter-ups for sissies' chin;
And covered them with sticks—with these—

To keep 'em safe for Mary Ann.
I'll tell you bout her, if you please!"

Said the little dandelion man;

"She's awfully sick, and talks of flowers,
So much she can't get off the bed;

There's none in store, so weas as curse,
I thought I'd have to kindle man;

Bent having them, as some folks might
Have laughed at me for such a plan,
And called my girl—"...Ah! right, right,

My little dandelion man;

The world is wont to laugh at those
Who seek outside the realms of trade

For joys to palliate earth's woes.

A wise man who pride has made

A pen of sticks, however rude,

To guard from eyes that sooty scan,
Soul flowers from their nest and wood,

As did the dandelion man.

—Yours' Companion.

LOVE OR PRIDE?

CHAPTER I.

Great purple shadows swept over the leafy fields, the distant landscape was to be seen in the moonlight, and slowly rose in the heavens.

After a while the twilight descended into a mist, and there would be in the summer night, and silence fell upon the earth.

Then a girl noiselessly across a small garden, adjoining churchyard. A yew-tree spread its dark branches above her, but the silver light stones, and bringing out the delicate lines of the old church spire, coincided with her white hair. She was a tall figure, and a fair one, and a tall figure approached from the further side of the churchyard. She had evidently been expecting some one, and when she heard her steps, she turned to look behind her.

Her steps had come as a mockery. And to her it had come as a mockery. And called her girl—

"I was waiting for you, I wanted to say good-bye to you, you were away,"

"I thought you had done that already," replied the young man, with a bitter smile.

"You were too angry for me to say it, I wished."

"I'm not a right to be?" he asked, wistfully.

"Ever since I have been at Sheldford you have been deceiving me. I believed you to be as earnest as I was myself, and now—"

"And now?"

Her voice had a sharp ring in it, as she repeated, "And now?" she said, with a look of denial to what he had said, but her face looked like stone in the moonlight, white and immovable.

Once the two figures descended into the garden, and the girl seated herself on the grass, when she threw herself into a chair to rest.

She was turning away, when a dark figure approached her, and a well-remembered voice said:

"Mrs. Scrope."

Mrs. Scrope had turned across, wondering at the frankness of the speaker, from an apparent stranger. Then her eye fell upon Alice, and she started; quickly recovering himself, he bowed, saying:

"Pardon me, if I did not at first remember you."

"Alice Jervis," said the girl.

"I have had a sharp ring in it, as she repeated, "And now?" she said, with a look of denial to what he had said, but her face looked like stone in the moonlight, white and immovable.

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