as infinitely as the sea's one sound,

Yea! all within one compass!—But this word, Whereof I lay the sweetness to my tongue, And mimic the minenation as it stirred. My hair, is mellower than a deep song sung In the deep night by mellowest-throated bird, And not the old word, but one forever young!

Rainbows of Gold.

"If you can get to the foot of a rainbow be-fore it fades away you will find a bushel of gold."—Legend of Fairy Lore.

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Facts and Fancies.

The last cup of a frolic is generally the