

Then raising her eyes heavenward, with that loving trustfulness which had made her life such happiness to her husband and son, she said: "The Lord has answered our prayer, because we did what we could—for Tom."—*H. H. Mallory in The Congregationalist.*



TRIOLET

Love is like a beaming star;
 A flirt is like a comet.
 The one may brighter seem by far,
 Yet love is like a beaming star,
 And never will a young heart mar,
 Nor hurt, nor grieve—far from it.
 Love is like a beaming star;
 A flirt is like a comet.

—T. N. B.



SKETCHES

HER TRICK

I HAD tried almost every possible means to rid myself of the feeling. I had taken a run into the most lonesome and out-of-the-way corner of the Maine woods in the hope that a prolonged absence would lull me into sweet forgetfulness. But after six weeks of self-incarceration the malady was stronger than ever. So I tried a different tack. I plunged into activity, attending all the races, theatres, balls possible, and even venturing into 'change. But at last I found that it was all in vain. I could not silence the small, still voice. The unvarnished truth was that I was over head and ears in love, without the consolation of