

his pleasure of gleaning some new thought from old expression, he forgot himself and his own dream fancies, until in the turning of a page—he found—a faded flower.

Only an idle fancy! Only a passing day dream! No longer was it necessary for him to seek expression for his feelings. They were more pleasant unexpressed. It was only a faded flower. But the life blood of the crushed and dying rose had left a stain upon the page, yea, a sacred mark upon the very words so full of pregnant meaning.—

“It was nothing but a rose I gave her,

Nothing but a rose.

* * * * *

“Withered, faded, pressed between these pages,

Crumpled, fold on fold—

Once it lay upon her breast, and ages

Cannot make it old.”



Like a reality there came back to him that Summer among the mountains. He had just graduated from College. And having worked very hard during the four years, he felt he had earned a much needed rest. And so he had gone to visit his Uncle in a little out-of-the-way village among the hills.

Here he had spent the first few days in idling about the roomy old house, or in exploring the quaint little village. And then he had extended his walks to the quiet lakes among the woods. How he had enjoyed those days, when, with no thought or care, he had spent whole hours in lying on some mossy bank and gazing into the placid waters. Those were indeed pleasant days. And yet they were but the bud to the full bloom of the happy days to follow.

For in his idle wanderings one day in an unfamiliar place, he had suddenly met—a girl. And she had answered