




|  It seems strange that time should be Rather, he is a y youth, sprightly and hurying besond all imaginings. Time never grows old. When chilidist plans whims innumerable, then the does indeed lag a little and our vielent hands come near murdering him somet purposes but as soon me get detinite pur in life, the tuseal takes to his heels, and eager though we may be co anth with him, we nevermore see anything but his twinking feet in the distance. and falter, be circles round and round so fast that we are sick with dizzines and eager for rest. Oid Father Time and eager for rest. Oid Father "orsooth! Those who eall him "old" forsooth know not that lime is ever young What we eall the olden days were libs new days to those wholived in them and our cay is in advance of theirs preceded them, for progress in some form has been the order since the be <br>  |  |  | reason of the deeds of the present-all very cumulative. Net Nive |  |  |
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