THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves breathe daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death; an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks the fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad the scene of sin and strife,
Sings now its everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or soul too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born into the undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome from the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread
For all the boundless universe
Is Life; there are no dead.

—W. S. McCreary.

Under the Maples.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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A youth and a maiden stood under the maples. The youth was holding the maiden's hand, and his eyes and the moonlight were looking down into her upturned face. Her chip hat dangled from its strings, and her hair, yellow as the moonbeams, clung about her neck in riotous ringlets. Her eyes were blue and wistful, but her lips were as silent as the night.

The youth's voice was low and trembled, as though a sob, which he had tried to swallow, was lodged in his throat.

In babyhood these two had played together; in childhood they had wandered, hand in hand, across the violet-dotted fields and along the clover-carpeted lanes. Into each other's hearts they had grown, and to each the future without the other, seemed uninviting.

But the youth was about to depart for a far country, and they were standing together under the maples for the last time, perhaps for years—perhaps for ever.

Jason was a sojourner on the border land between youth and manhood. He was ambitious, visionary, perhaps—and the quiet country town seemed to possess no encouraging possibilities.

Stories of vast wealth wrested from the rocks of Alaska had proven fascinating to him and he had determined to seek for riches in the frozen Klondike.

"I will return to you some day, my Princess Mildred," he said, "I will return to you with love in my heart and gold in my hand and will build for you a palace of marble in the midst of a thousand acres."

At this Mildred smiled sadly and glanced up at a star in the heavens.

"That is the North Star, Jason," she said. "Every night I shall look at it

"I Will Return to You, Mildred."

[illegible] heart as it hangs suspended, like love's undying taper, over the northland northland, whence my love has gone. All other stars change, [illegible] but the Polar Star is constant [illegible] constant as my heart."

She plucked a violet on his coat and [illegible] her wistful eyes.

[illegible] he said "Good-bye," and she [illegible] and watched his re- [illegible] down the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]