

SORROW.

I would not weep because the roses die, I do not mourn when the leaves fall; But when blue best goes mourning to the sky, I weep above my soul, and that is all.

BITTER-SWEET.

A symphony of sound and light and scent. A voice of many birds twittering delicately to each other from newly-built nests, amid boughs that swayed to and fro in the wind, and shook their latest buds into leaf and blossom.

For the first time in her life she was tasting that singular gladness which comes to mind and body when alone in the presence of a long-remembered friend.

Windborough is a country town, seated in the middle of a smiling plain which stretches to a line of low wooded hills on the north, and loses itself in the far horizon in every other direction.

Most of our lives are bitter-sweet; but if there is one period in it when the bitter and sweet are superlatives, it is when love takes possession of soul and body.

Margaret Townsend had lived alone almost all her life, with her father, a quiet student, loving but his daughter almost as much as she loved him.

It is unique this village, with its hundred steep hills and down to the gray and the shingle shore.

John was free to come and go as he liked in the blossom-scented room, holding learned converse with Mr. Townsend, meeting his daughter in the woods, now fully leaved, sometimes helping her over the rocks in search of anemones.

They would appear one by one in the windows above, and they would climb homeward. All this led the warm friendliness to help for her, which is often mistaken for love.

He was a good man, upright and true; but he had often played at love before his marriage. "Time back in the light time were one," and he was being pushed now, he doubted whether her love had not declined into that friendlyness which he had known before, and she was absorbed in the child.

Now, Elizabeth & Co. were not waiting in Winborough society, and in the case of John and Margaret, the result was the "rift in the life," and being low, mean souls, they set to work to find a low, mean cause for it, having no idea of the higher love between man and woman.

And here, well, it was the sweetest hour he had ever passed in his life. This girl, with her simple dress and manner, and her serious brown eyes and bright smile, was the very thing he had been longing for.

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be, Margaret's husband, had never felt this delight in her? Might he not have made some other woman his wife, or of whom he would possibly have been tempted to repent his marriage?

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dead child. She told herself that it was better that she should be with the angels, and he would sing hymns, and perhaps he would turn to the right hand, and hurt feeling, for he would never be her own baby again.

After a while her strength failed; and, after a great anxiety, he brought her back to Cleveland, where she died, and she had been bowed by the apple blossoms; but blossoms and birds were all gone now.

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Since many would oppose to the practice of vivisection on animals have based their objections entirely on moral grounds, and this is the position of the subject.

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—The best tomato for pickling is the size of a large walnut. It should be of a good hard green, with one side just beginning to show a tinge of red.

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