

AT FOURSORE.

Ah, yes, I divine, by the way they look
Who bring me the birthday gift and words
They think me waiting for priest and book,
And the place where greetings
are never heard.

Yet though I am standing
at Death's dark door,
I am not thinking of him or his;
The soul of twenty returns once more,
Although in the body of age it is.

With the thought of dying, away tonight!
Away with the thoughts of ills and pain!
I would have no comrade of mine in sight,
Flaunting a life that is on the wane.

But give me young faces without a seam,
Give mirth and music and tripping feet;
Give me red lips with the corn-white gleam
And the light of life that is summer sweet!

Whence is this hunger, this thirst of mine
To cast the trammels of age away?
Is it all human? Nay, half divine—
The reach of the night
for the dawn of day.
—Charlotte Bates, in Sept. Century.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH,

Into this glorious world I came,
The free-born of the wind and flame.
I bound to me for good or ill
A body-serf to do my will.
Though he was frail and prone to rest,
I snatched him from his mother's breast
And bade him serve me. What would you?
I had a great King's work to do:
Wrong to make right; comfort to bring
To those in trouble sorrowing.

I needed one both swift and strong;
Great was the load, the journey long.
Yet this my slave was weak and lame;
Faltering at my behest he came;
So, when his strength was almost gone,
I took the scourge and urged him on.

Yet hurry as I might to keep
The minutes' pace, both food and sleep
My slave must have. Impatiently
I saw the glorious hours pass by.
(I could not leave him, for we must
Have hands of dust to work with dust.)
At last he fell and would not rise.
He called me with imperious eyes,
And bade me pause.

This small white room, this cot of snow,
Ministering forms that come and go—
I crouch here listening for his breath,
And with my hands I hold back Death,
My work neglected and undone.
If he but beckon, swift I run
This worthless serf of mine to save.
How hard they toil who serve a slave!
—L. B. Bridgman in September Century.

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Friend—Considering that this is your third baby, I don't see why you should be so exuberantly happy over it.
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Her Usual Custom.
Mrs. Bleecker—How do you expect to celebrate Independence day, Mrs. Laker?
Mrs. Laker (of Chicago)—I expect to get a divorce, as usual.

Warm Enough.
Mother—Do you think the water is warm enough yet for swimming?
Little Son—Yes, indeed. Tommy Fraddles was in yesterday, and he's alive yet.

No Penny.
Little Dot—Papa wouldn't give me a penny.
Mamma.—He wouldn't?
Little Dot.—"No'm. He is penny-arious, isn't he?"

A Lord of Creation.
Friend—I heard your wife giving you the again this morning.
Jinks—That wasn't my wife. That was the servant girl.

Little Miss Townley—Was that honey we had for breakfast "home made" Mr. Stubbs?
Farmer Stubbs—Why, surely, missy.
Little Miss T.—Oh! Then I suppose you keep a bee?

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