

"I shouldn't wonder if she did come sometime," said Lucile as we went back to the hall. "There is something to her."

"You are always seeing the invisible," I said, laughingly, "but I don't see how I could have entertained her without you."

Last week at a reception which I attended at the college I was introduced to a tall, rather striking-looking girl, with auburn hair and questioning gray eyes. "I do not think you know me," she said, "but I shall never forget you, because you opened the gates of paradise to me. I have always wanted an opportunity to thank you. I see you recognize Sar' Abby," now she added with a smile, for it was she. And the wonder of it has been with me ever since, but the credit should be Lucile's, not mine.

At Evening

First let me kneel here by your chair,

So, with your cool hand on my brow,

And my hot cheek against your hair;

Breathe low, love whisper there, and now

Your name, my holiest prayer.

Your voice is like oil in my ear;

For I am tired of sounds that ring,

Tired of loud chords and tones of fear,

And speech and song and everything,

But to wait kneeling here.

Ambition lures no more, the fires

That dazzled me this morn are cold;

Hushed is the din of jangling choirs,

And gone the lustre from the gold—

Naught now, of all, inspires.

But here the worst yields to the best;

Your lips upon my lips, once, while

The worn day slips into the west,

And sheaves the ripe hours with a smile—

Ah, night is come, and rest!

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