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Two Points of View.

I.

The woodmen were toiling with axe and wedge,
Between the fir-tree rows;
The midges were dancing, dancing, dancing,
Until the evening's close.

Said the knat that led the waltzers there,
"Look at those foolish men!
They work while we take our pleasure,
Let's go on dancing, then."

II.

The picnic over, the dance went round,
The bugle blew clear and the fiddle began;
Quoth the ant to her train of workmen small,
"Industry, see, is unknown to man."

"We'll hoard our pile of hard-earned corn,
Then shall we be rich when they are poor;
If summer's the time for them to waste,
Summer's the time for us to store."

Drifting.

Echoes of cathedral music
Heard—it may be—long ago,
Linger with us unforgotten,
Haunt us still and live and grow;
They are drifting, softly drifting
Through the wild unrest of life,
Golden organ-notes, uplifting
Weary souls above the strife.

Though the clamor of the city
Round our outer being rolls,
Still those sacred notes [illegible]
All the chambers of our [illegible] with love,
As if touched by [illegible] open portal
Stray cords, [illegible] south wind above!
Gifted throu[illegible]

[illegible] morn
[illegible] vibrant
[illegible] mist hides the valley
[illegible] of airy lawn;
[illegible] listen—hearing slowly
[illegible] through the stillness deep and calm,
[illegible] murs of that music holy,
Like the cadence of a psalm.

When the summer sunset lingers
Low adown the crimson West,
And the weary hands are folded
With the blessed sense of rest,
Then we listen—strengthened, soothed
By the magic of that strain,
Till the furrowed brow is smoothed,
And the heart grows young again.

They are drifting, softly drifting,
Through the great world's daily strife,
Golden organ-notes that tell us
Of a new and better life:
[illegible] clear music, sweetly blending
[illegible] the spirit's voiceless cry;
[illegible] tones that have no ending,
[illegible]es of eternity!

The Flight of the Birds.

[illegible] wise little birds, how do you know
[illegible] The way to go
[illegible] eastward and northward, to and fro.

[illegible] up in the other piped they:
We but obey
[illegible] who calleth us far away.

[illegible] calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
[illegible] maketh the way appear."

[illegible] birds, He calleth me
[illegible] maketh ye;
[illegible] light as trusting be!

Scribner's Monthly.

[illegible]E DONATION PARTY.

"Why, of all things—when did you get [illegible]" said the merry Mrs. Belles, as she [illegible] her cheerful parlor at ten o'clock [illegible] Thanksgiving night, and found her husband sitting moodily alone, having just returned from a trip to New York, and she [illegible] heartily by the hand, and left [illegible] of true wifely affection upon his [illegible] keeping his seat and looking as [illegible] run off the track or had his [illegible] merchandise sunk to the [illegible] Erie.

"[illegible] you been here?" she [illegible] not heeding his silence.

"[illegible] two."

"[illegible] on the clipper?"

[illegible]eman nodded.

"[illegible]ell?" she continued, drawing [illegible] gloves, unpinning her shawl, and [illegible] her hat.

"[illegible]dling."

[illegible] she exclaimed shaking back her [illegible] "[illegible]ow I wish you had got home be[illegible] that you might have gone with [illegible] donation party; we had the [illegible]—I would have given anything [illegible] been there; I have not seen a [illegible]ty this many a day. Oh, I wish [illegible]me sooner."

"[illegible] You had better save your re[illegible]am very sure I should not have been at home, and peradventure have staid at home with me; so [illegible] been so highly delighted with [illegible] make the best of it. You [illegible] no friend to such doings."

"[illegible] Edward, you could not have [illegible]ing pleased to-night. Why my [illegible] is fluttering with joy just to [illegible]t. Returning thanks to the Father, by giving of our good [illegible] poor and needy."

"[illegible] and needy," he repeated with [illegible] "[illegible]it Parson Allen you call poor [illegible]hose wife wears a better bon[illegible] better dinners than nine out [illegible] of his flock?"

"[illegible] Allen—pshaw, Edward, [illegible]ld talk about Parson [illegible]?"

"[illegible] Minor, with ten [illegible]?"

"[illegible] guess [illegible] again for this [illegible]ination [illegible]artie is a kind [illegible] and I am very publ[illegible] have been induced [illegible] to give your aid [illegible]ch think."

"[illegible] with surly tone, [illegible]rted, low, true and [illegible] had been home four [illegible] a bird over summer [illegible] dut[illegible]tiring of no [illegible] little, although the smile [illegible]her eye, the love whis[illegible] sleepy, [illegible]t at So [illegible]

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