

still in heaven! We are poverty-stricken and encumbered with misery, and you, you wear majestuously brilliant robes, whitened in the blood of the Lamb; but turn away not your regard of compassion from your brethren herebelow!"

When the lofty arches of cathedrals, alike with the humble roofs of the modest village churches, resound to the echoes of these poetic words, the days have already begun to grow shorter and the night to fall earlier with its shades.

All Saints is the last feast of the year celebrated in the rural cottages; after its solemnization their temporary guests return once more to their city homes. Henceforth the verdure, the flowers, and the cloudless skies disappear; and the withered leaves fall silently, like the illusions of life which vanish at the approach of stern reality. Mighty tempests break forth suddenly in the mournful darkness of night, and disturb the dreams of the slumbering with their sad vision of ruin and death. Yet in this sorrowful mourning of agonizing nature, those who have grown aged under the weight of years and of sufferings, discover a secret, solemn charm. The verdant feasts of spring seem well adapted to giddy, light-hearted, heedless youth; but our feast, for us who are bent under the toils of life, is more appropriately placed near the great day of the dead.

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"What makes you late?" asked Tim's father, who in the boy's absence had to see to the evening chores himself.

"Teacher kept me in."

"What for?"

"'Cause I couldn't find Moscow on the map."

"Couldn't find Mocow? And I'd like to know who could then! Why, I remember hearing tell of Moscow being burned when I was a boy! Its an outrage to put such nonsensical question to children what's there to learn something useful. I'll look into that and let yer teacher know I ain't been elected on the school board for nothing!"