

A Sonnet

When, like the coming of the silent dawn,
After a night of lonely wandering
And sad perplexity, the years shall bring
A surer strength to me, to follow on
The paths of high nobility; when gone
From me are all the fears and trials of youth,
And, with new hope, I ponder on the truth
Of that which is, and that which lies beyond:
I can not think that all will yet be well;
I can not think but that I still shall sigh,
Remembering then old pleasures that are fled:
A song that can no longer weave its spell
About my soul; a twice-told tale that I
No longer love; a friendship that is dead.

—*R. B. D.*

Catching A Thief

The farmers in the little village of Capenne were in a state of perplexity that speedily grew into consternation when with their years of experience, the older members of the community had spent fruitless hours in seeking to solve the recent and mysterious disappearance of a great number of their sheep. These sages indeed with many a solemn shake of the head declared their misgivings as to the opinion of several that the thief was a bear or some such animal, but were inclined rather to attribute the ravages to some supernatural being. This latest theory, almost as soon as delivered, was absorbed by the people and spread a gloom over the entire village. It was whispered among the schoolboys, talked of in low nervous tones by the elders and became the chief topic of discussion by the women even at the church door on Sunday morning.