

hand and she saw he was holding a rose, one perfect blood-red rose still sparkling with tiny drops of water. For a moment she could not speak, and she watched his big hands clutch the stem of the rose so tightly that she was sure it would break as he waited for her reaction. She could move then, but before she buried her face in his rough coat, she noticed his smile at her evident surprise and pleasure. His

laugh sounded warm and familiar to her ears.

Later as Jim was washing for supper, she paused in front of the rose. As befits an anniversary present, it was placed in the most conspicuous place in the room. She saw that it was drooping a little in the closeness of the room, but it was still breath-taking in its beauty. It might be days before the petals would fall and before it would wither and die.

SONNET FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

GEORGE COFFIN

Omnipotence revealed! The hidden Lord
Displays Himself in messianic light
Of Word made man. The awful neavens accord
The whole divided—yet, divided, whole tonight.
Kneel down, bow low before the manger. Pour
The pungent myrrh upon the blessed ground;
Fill holy air with frankincense; adore
The King in solemn chants till earth resound.
Tonight?

Prepare the crib of soul, then wait
By open door of faith; let rise the scent
Of prayer that burns with hope. Not yet too late
To keep the feast before the night is spent.
This night the infant Prince of Peace *will* come;
Venite adoramus, Dominum.