

and began to read. His voice, which gave life to clipped but generous words, was not unpleasant.

The paper pleased him. Its subtle humor showed on his tanned face and crept slyly into his eyes. When he finished reading, his hands rose momentarily to his mouth concealing an imminent smile. As he bent forward over the paper, studying it intently, his fine brown hair showed thin over the top of his head.

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The Chill Hearth

Reveling in the steady warmth
That was his glowing heart
He drew a magic fairy ring
To keep intruders out.

But heedless dancers in their turns
Ignored his charmed wall;
He would have crossed the mystic bounds—
But dared not break the spell.

From lack of fuel the hearth grew cold;
Blazing logs were ash;
And chill, he envied distant fires
Built of the common rush.

—Ina Marshall

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Priestess of the Year

Bertie M. Layne

It is not necessary for me to take pensive journeys along country lanes or on the banks of streams to be aware of the solemnity that marks the decline of all things in the autumn of the year. For even though I might not have the good fortune to see the passionate beauty in the colors of