

"No, I don't think so," he answered. "Sarah never tells you such things. She ought to do your work herself, and you wouldn't need to know about such people. It's just that boy of Adam's, the one who was bringing your tea in the afternoons. He ran off on the evening train with one of the maids. Sarah doesn't think he even bothered to marry her. Nasty boy. It's a good thing he wasn't around long enough for you to know him very well."

The night breeze was suddenly very cold, and the smoke from James's cigar made the scent of the roses seem too heavy. The Rose felt sick. She shivered and pulled James's dinner jacket closer around her. She reached out her hand to find Lucas's ruff, but grasped a rose bush instead. A thorn pricked her hand, and she put her finger in her mouth and began to cry.

IF EVER I HAVE LOVED YOU

Hubert P. Williams

If ever I have loved you,
It is now,
When sleep rests quietly
Upon your brow,
And first-born rays of light
Chase shadows of the night
That held your face—
If ever I have loved you
It is now.

If ever I have loved you,
It is now,
When sleep rests quietly
Upon your brow,
And Dawn leans from the skies
To see your mouth and eyes,
Which sun and air embrace—
If ever I have loved you,
It is now.

LIFE

Life, more clever far than I
Sent to breathe, love, ache and die,
Life, to whom we all must kneel,
Vain hope, soft moth, rock of steel,
Where my strength was wont to lie
Where my weakness broke to a cry,
Lying like a willow bough,
Bondage then, and bondage now.