

Millenium

Margaret Spencer

The flame of the thick tallow candles flickered eerily in the gusts of wind that swept into the church through the two broken windows. There were only five candles, four in the old iron holders along the side walls, and one, stuck in a cracked glass, up in front on the pulpit. Behind the pulpit loomed the tall, black-coated figure of the minister. The straight-backed oak benches were crowded with people who listened silently to his words. The men, for the most part, were stolid, unmoved; but the faces of the women were more expressive, betraying fear and excitement.

When the meeting was over, most of the people stayed a while to warm themselves by the little old stove and repeat in subdued voices the awful message of the evening; but two of the young people slipped away unnoticed, and met in the path outside. The girl was trembling and her voice sounded shrill and unnatural to the boy.

"David—David, we can't be married in the church Sunday, we'll never be married now; the Lord is coming Sunday for his children and we must be ready."

The boy grasped her hands tightly and tried to see her face. "How can you be sure? He told us once before it was time, but at the last minute he said the Lord had changed his

mind. Sometimes I wonder if he believes it himself."

"David Landow, it is wicked to doubt the words of the Lord's chosen messenger; repent of your evil thoughts before it is too late."

"I don't care. I want us to be married Sunday; I don't think that's wicked, do you?"

"I don't know; the minister says we should put away all worldly thoughts and spend the week preparing to meet the Lord, but I can't help it; I wish we were going to be married, too."

"Then let's pretend we're going to be married Sunday anyway. We couldn't stop thinking about it, not if we tried; you know we couldn't. Promise me you'll wear your blue wedding dress Sunday, instead of making a white robe like the others. I think if the Lord wants our clothes to be white, He will make them so. If He comes, I don't think He'll be angry with us—and if He doesn't come we can be married anyway."

"Do you think He would forgive us? I do want so much to wear my blue dress. What shall I do? Tell me, David. If you think it isn't wicked, I'll wear it, and if the Lord doesn't come Sunday, we'll be married. Hurry, tell me; we must go back in before the minister misses us."

The boy's reply was prompt and firm. "I'll be looking for you in your blue wedding dress."

The girl didn't answer, but she shivered slightly and after a moment, turned and hurried into the church.

HEADLINE

"Come See Strange Beasts at Our Zoos"

I happened one day to peruse.

Without a delay,

I went, right away!

I like to keep "up" on the gnus.

—Maxine Peters.