

be possible, amid new scenes and a different occupation. Now I am undecided. I want time to think it over. Time, if possible, to know myself."

Glen rose from his chair and waited, but there was no answer, and the old lawyer sat silent, his arm thrown out upon his desk, his chin sunk upon his breast, and his gaze fixed upon the floor.

For a moment the young man stood irresolute, then he said, "I am going,

major. Thank you for your words. I'll let you know my decision, for it is due your kindness to me. Do not think too harshly of me if I appear to decide wrong. You do not know my reasons."

Then he went out into the cold entry and closed the door gently, having a vision of the gray-haired pleader sitting alone and desolate in the gloom of the dingy office, which should remain with him constantly for many a day.

*(To be continued)*

## HUMILITY

By HARRIET LUMMIUS SMITH

A slender little hand, too weak by much  
 To grapple with occasion and prevail:  
 Fit for the ministry of soothing touch,  
 But for achievement all too slight and frail.  
 Yet can I not despise it since that day  
 When, throbbing with a happiness unknown,  
 Enshrined, enthroned, and glorified it lay  
 Clasped fast in both your own.

A pensive little face, too wan and white  
 For any of the charms that lovers prize.  
 No mounting blushes ravishing the sight,  
 No golden coronet, nor lustrous eyes.  
 Yet, I have known the ecstasy of pride.  
 Since first you stopped to kiss my braided hair,  
 To my heart's center more than satisfied,  
 So that you found me fair.

A useless little life, by pain beset,  
 Haunted by yearnings for things out of reach,  
 Shadowed by failure, troubled by regret,  
 Futile in effort, faltering in speech,  
 Yet since you claimed this same poor life as yours,  
 Giving most richly where you seemed to take,  
 How can I fail, while memory endures,  
 To love it for your sake.