

**"CURFEW MUST
NOT RING
TO-NIGHT"**

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"Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" by Rose Hartwick Thorpe

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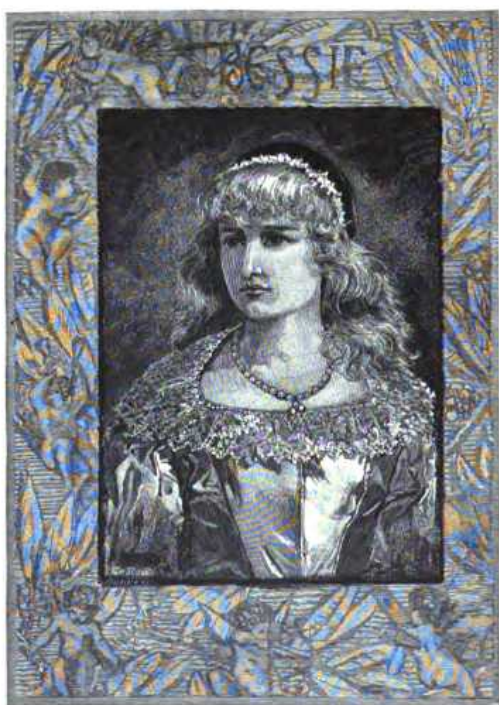
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ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

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TO-NIGHT"

BY

MRS. ROSA HARTWICK THORPE

ILLUSTRATED



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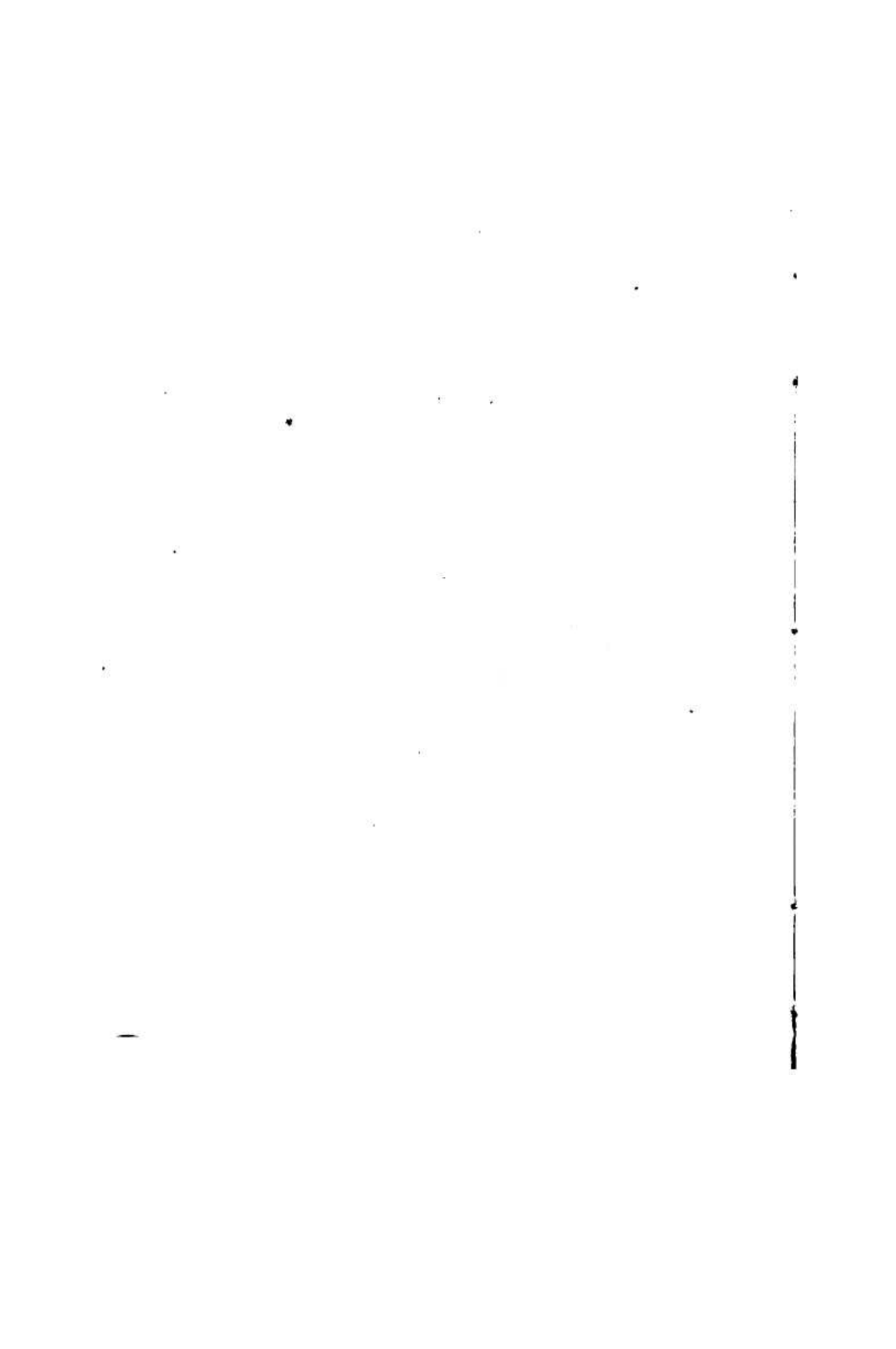
BY

F. T. MERRILL and E. H. GARRETT.

Drawn and Engraved under the supervision of
GEORGE T. ANDREW.

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"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops
far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one
sad day ;
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man
and maiden fair,—



He with steps so slow and weary; she with sunny,
floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she,
with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must
not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to
the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, moss-grown walls
dark, damp, and cold,—