

head fell back upon the soft arms of the woman who loved him !

* * *

Many months after, when, the burden

being removed, the man was free to live his own life, he told her what had kept them apart—and she believed him.

Grace E. Denison.



ONCE MORE AFLOAT.

ONCE more afloat! The breath of dawn
Sweeps o'er the bosom of the stream;

The mists recede to wood and lawn,
Again the running waters gleam!
Within the west one lingering star
Burns bright although the night is done,
And seems to challenge from afar
And bid defiance to the sun!

Once more afloat! The breeze hath blown
The last and lingering mist away;
The quivering star all pale hath grown
And melts before the rising day.
His banners red before unfurled,
Up bursts at last the glorious sun,
And sweeps his glance across the world
Until the farthest fields are won!

Once more afloat! Before the wind
That freshening fills our snowy sail!
Our camping ground lies far behind,
We see the shore-line fade and fail!
But blue with promise bends the sky
Of all the day we have in store,
And miles a-lee to traverse lie
Ere we shall camp to-night once more!

Charles Gordon Rogers.

IN JUNE.

BRIM all the hills with sorrow,
This golden afternoon:
Brim all the hills with sorrow,
As brims the day with June.

For half the year is over,
My heart has marked its fall;
For half the year is over,
And dead to me is all.

Alas! This summer weather,
How fair once bloomed its prime!
Alas! This summer weather,
Bright, once, the summer-time.

June stirs a thousand raptures
To life by land and sea.
June stirs a thousand raptures,
—But never one for me!

A. B. de Mille.



CONTENTMENT.

"Beauty is Truth—Truth, Beauty; that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."—*Keats.*

IF Truth is Beauty and in Beauty lies
All Truth can tell when human heart aspires—
Then, have I found within thy wondrous eyes,
All that my soul delights in or desires!

Alice S. Deletombe.