

wonder what it was. Then would follow mysterious tales of Indian chiefs and princesses and snow-maidens and sun-flowers, until the timid ones shivered and thought longingly of their own city home where nothing suggested such uncanny topics of conversation. But the touch of homesickness soon passed away when baskets were opened and cedar branches cut to decorate the table-cloth. A fire was kindled and a pail of water hung over it on a rustic tripod where it soon began to boil merrily, unless the whole thing collapsed into the fire and they had to begin all over again. After tea songs took the place of stories until, the evening calm silenced them and the party lingered by the water to watch the sun set behind a bank of golden clouds and the moon rise slowly to light them homeward; and little feet were so tired, and little eyes so glad to close until the morrow, when they were all ready for a new excitement.

The little church did not remain closed up in those days. Every Sunday, the children crossed the orchard and attended the service there. Once the bells rang out in a joyful wedding peal, when a bride was married from the old house. Once a train of mourners followed up the aisle the remains of one who had spent her life in thinking of others, and had slipped away quietly in the night when her work was done. They laid her to rest in the shadow of the little church beside her daughter, whom she had "loved and lost awhile."

All this, however, was long ago. The children have grown up and the new generation of frogs would not know a bit of flannel from a fly. Strangers inhabit the old homestead—strangers who do not know the stories of the haunted room, and who would only look at you with an incredulous stare if you told them about the fairy rings in the grass under the great pine tree where the peacock used to roost. They would tell you there were no such things as fairies or fairy rings. But we know better, and perhaps in the future the good little spirits may revive the old village and it may yet rise to the dignity of a city, or at least part of one, a pleasant suburb, perhaps, just removed from the confusion of the city itself. Other children may climb the trees and tame the frogs, but for those who used to play there, the past with its childish joys and sorrows can never return; they have said good-bye to it forever and life with its realities has come. And so farewell to memories.

G. E.