

a few verses from a poem found in *A Day's Song*:

"THE ARBUTUS.

" Here love, with straying feet, shall go  
Where Spring's paths meet together ;  
One way the Winter went, I know,  
And it was blustrous weather.

" The snow was falling, wide and white,  
In calm it melted slowly,  
Again I looked, for well I might,  
I saw a blossom holy :

" A cream-cheeked thing on slender stalk,  
So timid and so vagrant,  
I might to tropic gardens walk  
And find no bloom so fragrant.

" We gathered lilies in the south,  
You and I together ;  
You pressed them to your chin and mouth,  
And laughed—'twas summer weather.

. . . . .

" But, dear ! this trailing, pink-lipped flower,  
First of Spring's gentle creatures,  
I tender in life's hopeful hour  
The picture of your features."

MISS JOANNA E. WOOD, novelist, was born in Scotland, and came to Canada with the family when a "wee lassie." The home is on the Heights of Queenston. Author of *Judith Moore; or, Fashioning a Pipe*, 1898; *The Untempered Wind*, 1898 (both issued by the Ontario Publishing Co.); *A Daughter of*