THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1911

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G. M. LAWSON, AT

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

SUMMER By Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvell)

From "Dream Life," page 104-106. HE sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter dial, two hours beyond the meridian line. Great cream-colored heads of thunder clouds are lifting above the sharp, clear line of the western horizon; the light breeze dies away, and the air becomes stifling, even under the shadow of my withered bows in the chamber window. The white-capped clouds roll up nearer and nearer to the sun, and the creamy masses below grow dark in their seams. The mutterings, that came faintly before, now spread into wide volumes of rolling sound, that echo again and again from the eastward heights. I hear in the deep intervals the men shouting to their teams in the meadows; and great to shine the fiercer for his coming eclipse. The whole west, as I look from the sources of the brook to its lazy drifts under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness; and, like swift working golden ropes that lift it towards the zenith, long chains of lightning flash through it, and the growling thunder seems like the rumble of the pulleys. I thrust away my azalea boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet; and my

room darkens with the coming shadows.

For an instant the edges of the thick creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and show gorgeous scallops of gold that toss upon them the hem of the storm. But the blazonry fades as the clouds mount, and the brightening ines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masgreat elms in the plain, swaying their tops, even before the storm breeze has reached me; and a bit of ripened grain upon a swell of the meadow, waves and tosses like a billowy sea. Presently I heard the rush of the wind and the cherry and pear trees rustle through all their leaves, and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast. There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind, even, seems weary and faint; and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree toad, doling out his lugubrious notes. Now comes a blinding flash from the clouds; and a quick, sharp clang chatters throught the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then—like great grief spending its pent agony in tears—come the big drops of rain, pattering on the lawn, and on the leaves, and most musically of all upon the roof above me; not now with the light fall of the spring shower, but with strong steppings, like the first proud tread of youth. even, seems weary and faint; and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree

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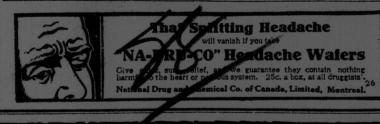
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