

MISS SMITH.—“Don't you *see*, Sadie, how nicely it harmonizes with my nun's veiling?”

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When at nine o'clock in the evening a deep-toned bell tolls once somewhere in the night, and the sound—set like a great round period at the foot of the page of a day's life—sinks into the stillness, the fragrance-laden night breezes steal through a garden, and past a trellised, modern casement into a pretty, cosy room, where a small clock is tinkling the hour silverly. A handsome girl, with thick blonde hair, and a vivacious brunette stare at each other breathlessly until the little clock is silent again.

MISS SMITH (from a sofa,—with wide-eyed earnestness).—“*Gracious*, Sadie, there it's nine, and we haven't done a thing yet!”

MISS TURNER (from her low chair,—careless and good-humoured).—“I guess we shall have to try to keep quiet, and if the agony becomes really *too* intense—”

MISS SMITH (severely).—“Oh, Sadie, we *must* read this through to-night!”

And as the pretty little French clock tells out the dulcet seconds, the munching of caramels goes on over the study of the modern languages.

W. J. H.

#### IN SUMMER DAYS.

How sweet in dreamy afternoon,  
When heaven and earth have hushed their tune,  
To lie beneath some forest shade  
In the low pause the day has made;  
Down where the genie of the leaves  
His web of light and shadow weaves,  
And builds his lattice-work of green  
Where airs and sunbeams steal between.

Down underneath my cool green tent  
Wood violets in wonderment  
Peer shyly at their patch of sky,  
Blue and soft as a maiden's eye,  
Which gave them their own gentle hue  
In sunbeams, wind and pearly dew.

My couch is of the softest moss:  
No damask has so fair a gloss,  
No ceiling tracery receives  
Like my green canopy of leaves,  
No roof has such a tint of blue  
As where the holy sky looks through.

From lichened rocks a fountain near  
Distils its waters sweet and clear,  
And in its bosom like golden lances  
The shining sunbeams hold their dances.  
High on a shady bough above  
A robin tunes his pipe to love,  
And near-by through the whispering woods  
His shy mate on her blue eggs broods.

Outside, amid the sunny farms,  
The river spreads his great blue arms,  
And drinks into his swollen veins  
The waters of a thousand rains,  
And locks within his turbid breast  
All streams that run to him for rest.

Between the orchard's snowy bloom  
The farm-house roofs and gables loom,  
And in and out on wings of snow  
Soft cooing pigeons come and go;  
The farm hand in the half-cut clover  
Sleeps, and dreams the day is over,  
Oblivious of the drowsy team  
Dozing the blossomed swarths between.

Blown over fields the humble bee  
Comes up the farm-lands from the sea,  
And on the lips of some sweet flower  
Hangs honey-laden a music'd hour,  
And then is gone in the low song  
And murmur of the day's dream throng.

Here in these realms of sun and air  
Comes not the weary wail of care,  
Blown from the din of half-mad mirth  
In the Red Market-place of earth;  
Where God and Heaven are sold for power,  
And virtue panders to the hour;  
Where hatred, misery, and strife  
Beat round the shores of human life.

Here a far sweeter, lower tune  
Murmurs the soft-tongued afternoon,  
Where nature, like a flute half-blown,  
Reverberates an undertone.

In sleepy fields, the tired airs,  
Like mortals that forget their cares,  
Drugged by the clover's sun-brewed wine,  
For other regions cease to pine;  
Forgetful of the breath of flowers,  
In the hushed slumber of these hours.

The pigeons hang on snowy wings,  
The river drifts and dreams and sings  
And runs off shimmering to the sea,  
Winged by his own melody,  
Kissing the blossomed banks below,  
That fold in white-arms all his flow.

Here all is peace and holy rest;  
The soft wind walks a silent guest,  
Among these lofty forest halls,  
With high-arched roofs and leafy walls,  
Like one who in his spirit hears  
A tune not heard by mortal ears.

And here in dreams I love to lie,  
Where the low wind goes stealing by,  
And in the hush of sky and sod,  
The silence seems the voice of God.

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#### THE ALL-MOTHER.

I.

ONE DAY.

What can be more prosaic than the aspect of a railway track? Two metal lines drawn hard and fast across half a country, rough wood, hard steel, loose gravel, bare earth and all bounded by dull rows of ugly fencing. And yet the Dreamer, faint after a night of passion and parting in the morning, leant his head against the open sash of the railway carriage and, looking out upon these common things, saw that they were not common. The train rolled slowly up a steep incline, beside the water and across the bridge. The summer mist, just brightening to sun-rise, was carried on the breeze like a cooling balm to the feverish eyes and throbbing temples. With his eyes so anointed the Dreamer saw more clearly. The huge raw gashes of the cuttings had been healed by the tender far-spreading grass: green bushes and shrubs, tangled with wild vines, crowned their summits and ran along the fences, shrouding them, like cloth of gold upon a cripple's twisted limbs. On the slopes, row over row, were armies of clovers; now a blur of pink, now a flash of white as the train sped past, and when speed slackened you could see each soldier as he stood in the