

### LENA'S POEM.

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Lena Ewing was sitting upon the fragrant grass that softly carpeted the wide common in front of Deacon Hammond's house. She had been trying to look the glowing sun straight in the face, and he had rebuked her with such a fiery stare that her sweet blue eyes were filled with unbidden tears.

Lena had been in the quiet New England village but a short time, yet she felt more at home, sitting there in the glowing sunshine, than she ever had in the long years that had been spent in the noise and bustle of a city. It seemed to her that she had found her ideal host in jovial Deacon Hammond, who kept his large, airy house open to "summer boarders;" and she felt very happy, despite the tears she was trying to wink off the long lashes that shaded her eyes.

A volume of poems lay upon her lap, and a sheet of blank paper and a pencil held it open at "The Barefoot Boy." Her quick eyes had noted the beautiful scenes that spread away from her upon every side, and she drew a deep sigh, born of unspeakable happiness, as she looked down at the open pages in her lap, and then across the pretty green into Deacon Hammond's garden, where a boy was busily hoeing.

"Wonder if he is a barefoot boy!" and then a musical laugh broke the stillness about her as she fancied how comical such a well-grown person would look barefooted.

The heat was growing intense, and thinking her sun-bath quite sufficient for the time being, she sought the shade of a