

wings was wanting to make life perfect. And this he knew because he could fly in his dreams as far as any bird on earth.

Next to flying in the air the little boy desired to live in the water like the little fish. And so he often waded in the burn, and caught the minnows and stickle-backs, and let them go again; or watched them dart and flash in play, and settle and wave their tiny delicate fins, for hours together. And he found out many curious things about them, and learned how they must be able to see things which his eyes were too dull for, and hear much of which his ears quite lost the sound. As he had no one to ask questions of, he found that when he wanted to know anything very much he could know it without asking, and nothing that he knew that way was ever wrong. It seemed like having someone inside himself, who told him these things, and he thought it must be the same part of him which was able to fly in dreams, for in a dream he always knew everything he wanted to know, and could go wherever he wished.

One day the little boy was playing in the wafer among the little fish and he waded under the bridge where the Old Road crossed the burn. It was an old bridge, not very wide nor very high, only just enough for a little boy to creep under without striking his head when he stooped. And he found it cool and shady there, and all the wise old minnows and fat red-breasted stickle-backs seemed to have come in too to enjoy themselves. So the little boy crept about from boulder to boulder under the bridge, and turned over some of the smaller stones, and laughed to see a stout old minnow rush away from his favourite hiding-place. And while he crouched and watched he suddenly observed the little fish,—minnows, stickle-backs and all, of every size, dart behind the stones and boulders as though to take shelter from something coming down the burn. The little boy hardly needed to ask why it was, for his Dream Self told him at once that there was a flood coming, and the little fish had taken shelter so that the force of it should not carry them away, and if he did not get out he would be drowned underneath the arch.

So the little boy scrambled out in a tremendous hurry and wet his clothes not a little as he did so; and sure enough, as

he got up on the road the flood came down, he never could learn from where, and filled the burn up to the keystone of the bridge. Now that he has grown up and his Dream Self seems wiser than ever, he thinks it must have learned all the clever things it knows in some other life before this one, for it knew why the little fish ran behind the stones, and it could never have known that without learning.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

BALLADE OF RE-EMBODIMENT.

In Lotus-land an age ago
Among the pyramids and palms,
Ignoring Nile's mysterious flow,
A Coptic neophyte of Brahm's—
Of Ra's, that is (I make salaams)—
O'er this same problem used to writhe
Which our new critic disembals—
"Pray, who is Albert E. S. Smythe?"

And later on in human woe,
Where Tweedside quaked with pious qualms
To hear the swinish piper blow
A bar from Michael's diagrams,
A novice, bred on Melrose alms,
Found all flesh grass and this the seythe
Between the salmon and the psalms—
"Pray, who is Albert E. S. Smythe?"

When England's monarch proved her foe
And Cromwell waged his war on shams,
Ere Newbury, one sought below
The benedictions and the damns,
The canticles and dithyrambs,
What overlord exacts Life's tithe—
Learned, haply, 'neath Death's oriflammes—
"Pray, who is Albert E. S. Smythe?"

ENVOI.

Ye gods, who sit as dumb as clams,
Reveal this word and make us blithe—
Crux in the cosmical exams—
"Pray, who is Albert E. S. Smythe?"

Sunday World, 7th July, '95.

A CURIOUS MISTAKE.

There is a dead letter office in France as in other countries, and letters to those dead or gone are returned as with us to the sender. A curious circumstance happened in Paris the other day, which may witness to the painful lack of religious knowledge so widespread in France. At Eastertide it is customary to send out a list of services from the Rue d'Aguesseau Church, with the text at the foot—"The Lord is Risen." One of these was addressed to a family who had left, and was returned to "The Lord is Risen, 5 Rue d'Aguesseau," the writer evidently taking the text as the name of some official at the church.