

Young Canada.

Mabel's Dream.



S Mabel sat in a chair before the fire, her feet, encased in her last new dancing shoes, were perched on the fender, and a frown was on her face. At first it seemed as if Mabel were enjoying only her own company—and not exactly enjoying it, either—but a close scrutineer might observe sitting on the fender beside the high heels, a dull, grey looking creature, with a heavy frown, whose name was Discontent.

'It is such a wretched day,' Mabel was saying to him; 'Bob told me there were flowers in the woods beyond the city, and I wanted so badly to get some.'

'A wretched day,' echoed Discontent, 'you are a most unfortunate girl.'

'I know,' replied Mabel, with a sigh, 'Oh, very. Then Mabel, much to Discontent's chagrin, fell asleep in the chair and soon began to dream. She thought she and Discontent were walking together to the woods. They had passed the city, and the path outside was very uneven and muddy and the sun had disappeared behind a cloud. Discontent had not stopped grumbling once, and Mabel was really beginning to think that there was not such another unhappy girl in the world as she. Then the sun peeped out again, which made Discontent very angry, for he said the light hurt his eyes, which caused Mabel to discover that it hurt her eyes, too, and she wished the sun had stayed behind the cloud. But the sun had a mission to perform and it wasn't an obscure one, either, so he shone forth again in all his noon-tide glory, and right across Mabel's and Discontent's faces he threw his brightest ray. Mabel blinked, and Discontent became almost invisible in the sun's bright light.

'What made you forget me, Mabel?' asked the Ray, 'every cloud, you know—' 'There, that will do,' interrupted Mabel, 'I've heard about the silver lining before, and I'm sure there must be rents in it by this time.' Discontent loomed larger. The Ray saw he had made a mistake that time, so kept silent for a while and thought of what next he had better talk about.

By and by he said, 'Mabel, who is that fellow by your side—he seems to be afraid of me; some new importation, I suppose?' 'No, indeed,' Discontent interposed, indignantly. 'I am nearly as old as you are; I was born in the Garden of Eden, and I don't see why you have to shine so much.'

'Well, it's my business,' retorted the Ray, 'and it makes the flowers grow.'

'Bob said there were flowers in the woods—we were just going to get some,' said Mabel, eagerly.

'Well, I'll show you the way,' said the sun, 'come along with me.' So Mabel trudged over the uneven path, and held up her skirts so they wouldn't trail in the mud, but she found it difficult to walk in her high heels, so she couldn't help complaining a little. Thus Discontent travelled bravely along side.

At times the sun would suddenly disappear and Mabel would stop in dismay, for she didn't know where to find the flowers herself, and Discontent knew still less about them. Then when the sun came out again Mabel was quite pleased and forgot to grumble for some time, but whenever she did the sun would as surely hide behind some passing cloud. So in this manner they reached the woods—the three of them, but Discontent had grown so diminutive as to be scarcely noticeable. 'Now,' said the Ray, 'the woods are so thick that I will only be able to flicker along your path at

intervals, but if Discontent goes in with you he will make everything so dark and grey that you will not see to find the flowers.' Mabel saw the Ray meant what he said, so she smiled and Discontent instantly vanished, and somehow she didn't even miss him, but seemed pleased at his desertion. 'That's right,' said the Ray, and Mabel entered the woods while the sun shone serenely on or beside, his bright lights dancing down on the green trees, and now and then a sunbeam would steal down through the leaves to flicker along Mabel's pathway. So Mabel found the flowers—little pink May blossoms, and fragrant soft-tinted hyacinths, and she gathered her hands quite full, and twined leaves in her hat, and decked herself all over with May blossoms. Then when she couldn't carry any more she retraced her steps, and as she reached the outskirts of the woods she saw the sun nestling down towards the west, leaving behind a beautiful red glow, and all the world about was suffused in its light; even the dirty city was changed and seemed

'That city of Delight
In Fairland, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and lights and flowers'

Mabel thought how beautiful everything was, and that she must always feel as happy as she did at that moment, with her arms full of fragrant



May blossoms, the city stretching out before her, and the sun gradually sinking beyond the vermilion-touched clouds.

Mabel was awakened by a brilliant ray of sun shine that played across her face. She started up and looked around for her flowers—they were all gone but so had the dull, grey creature that was sitting on the fender beside her high heels before she went to sleep and dreamland.

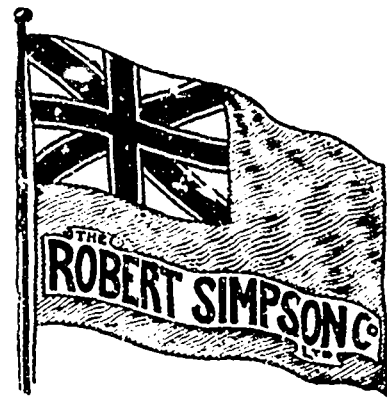
MAUD TISDALE.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night—the little lips touch ours,
The little arms enfold us;
And oh, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us.

Good night, we answer back, and smile,
And kiss the drooping eyes;
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise.

Who in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips. 'Good night?'



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