

Perhaps, one day, her cup of pleasure emptied,
Her rose-wealth fallen all in withered showers,
Then may I gladly pour my heart's libation,
And crown her bright head with my sweet wild-flowers.

But, if she *twice* shall scorn my true love's offering,
Her heart again no answering love-beat thrill,
Then shall the vineyard lie unwatched, untended,
The wild-flowers bloom and wither on the hill.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE RETURN OF ORPHEUS.

When the world was young, Orpheus sang to it, and when the world grew old, Orpheus came again and sang a second time. At the first visit all were so enchanted that the rocks and trees could not sit still, but jumped up and danced about to the sound of the music. That was when the world was young and foolish; no one was looking on, and all did as they pleased. When the world grew old, it was wiser and did nothing without thinking about it, and asking what its ancestors would have thought, what its posterity was going to think.

Now it was whispered about that Orpheus was to revisit the world. The world had not forgotten his first coming; the Evergreens took care of that. They stood sprinkled in the forest, and though the rest slept, they kept awake,—they never forgot. All that had happened was intrusted to them to remember. Each year in the spring, they told of Orpheus' visit, and at last, one spring, they added: "He is now to come again, for when he left us he promised to return when the blood of heroes should make the cold world warm enough for his footsteps."

The rocks, the trees, the bushes, all heard this and expected Orpheus, but they were not quite certain how they ought to behave. "When the world was young," they said, "our ancestors danced; very likely, but the question is—are *we* to dance?" A great deal has happened since those days; all sorts of fiddlers have been fiddling, singers have been singing, there has been no general dance, one or two may have skipped a little, but they make no rule; if reports are correct, they were not always very reputable. This was the common talk, but the matter was so interesting that there were many separate opinions.

"What think you, neighbor?" asked the Elm of the Oak.
"Shall we dance?"
"Shall we stand on our heads?" growled the Oak; "I have a

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