



I.
A mocking, crimson rosebud,
Perfumed and warm and glowing,
Sits, slender, on a swinging bough o'erhead;
The sun with passion woos it,
The sweetest birds adore it,
And more than all I love this rosebud red.

II.
When o'er my narrow pathway
It flings its fragrant perfume,
And haunts me with the scorning of its smile;
I love its crimsoned fervour,
Its daring beauty charms me,
Whose every prickles probes its deepest wile.

III.
And when I long to pluck it,
And lay it on my bosom
And keep it mine, and shield it from every harm,
The winds of Fate o'ertake it
To fling it far above me,
And lose to me the beauty and the charm.

IV.
But I shall wait, full hoping
Till Time, the great transformer,
Has blown its beauty to a perfect rose;
When weary of the sunshine,
And full of day's long sweetness,
It gives itself to every wind that blows.

V.
Ah, then, the fitful breezes
May probe my friends at parting,
And from my sweetheart blossom of the past
May drop me one full petal,
To be the crimson promise
That what I long for shall be mine at last.

Galt, Ont.

A. W.

JUST YOU AND I.

SOMETHING—a little business purpose—took me out early one morning, down through the city streets.

The country comes to the city only through the earliest hours of the day. It steals softly in upon us after midnight, when the rush and clamour is stilled. It brings its cool breezes, its sweet fresh air, its purity and leisure. They creep up from out the great wide spaces where they dwell, and the peace of them broods over us until, with the returning dawn, we waken into a world other than that in which we laid down. So utterly fresh and pure it is that even the birds are betrayed into a make-belief, and sing right joyously as they perch in the boughs of the boulevard trees.

This is the mystery of the early morning, when the night hours and night hearts are swept by a cool, sweet influence that comes, we hardly know how, and vanishes, we know not where.

The watchers can tell of it who have sat beside the sick one. They tremble as the cool breath bears in upon them, and in the mystic moments of the day-birth, turn involuntarily to bend over the couch, as those conscious of some unseen yet potent spell.

The sufferer feels it and ceases his tossing to pass into a restoring sleep, or mayhap with a little restful sigh into peace eternal.

The workman, the busy little woman of

the factory or shop, are conscious of it—when on wheel, afoot, or by trolley they hasten to the places of their labours; catching as they go the sweet, pure breath of the quiet, softly-sunny streets, and hearing the bird songs.

The robins were calling clearly this morning, "Come out! Come out! Come out!" over and over again they whistled the tempting invitation. And my thought leaped to the beautiful country places which it has been mine to enjoy for a few brief days this month. I recalled the blossoming trees, the pretty winding river, the wild flowers—veritable May blossoms swinging on slender stems, flecking the green banks with their delicate tints, and the drives along the country roads, with all the prosperous beauty of Ontario Province to gaze upon.

I have a passion for driving, not dashing about in the city heat, with the hard ring of the asphalt beating in weary ears, not spinning along behind swift racers who need tension of nerve to control them;—but with

a quiet, even-tempered creature under rein, and miles of pretty country road outstretching before one;—it is a delight.

We had such 'pleasurings,' as the New England phrase is, during certain of these past May days. Sometimes it was in the morning, when behind patient 'Tom,' well trained to women's vagaries, we followed the pretty river, all laughing in the morning sunshine, or climbed the environing hills by shaded roadways, whose banks were bestrewn with violets.

Sometimes it was after early dinner, when the evening wind blew cool, and we had our 'nightcap' hour along the level roads, noting the pretty home scenes of family groups gathered about farm house or cottage gate; watching the yellow flush fade and the first stars twinkle out of the blue-black night sky; and talking as friends will, under the influence of time or place.

Or again, it was a day's journey from town to town—with miles of splendid farms continuous between, and vistas of beautiful rolling upland revealing itself here and there before our gaze.

To drive thus through the heart of Western Ontario, is to realise in some little measure what a splendid, sturdy, substantial heart it is.

And O! the sweet peace of it,—this life of country and small centres.

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Going direct from the freshness and beauty, it was my lot to pass to a May-week in Montreal, and to spend that week as a hotel guest in the very centre of traffic;—great depots on either side of us, trolleys running in every direction, convent bells ringing over the way,—and the jar and rattle, bang and shouts peculiar to French-Canadian carts and drivers, rising always to my windows.

My room was on the fourth flat,—a cosy little apartment. In my rare spare moments I used to sit upon the window seat and look out over a wilderness of roofs, getting odd glimpses into bits of quaint gardens hedged in by high brick walls and containing one or two fine old trees,—relics of the days when Canada's busy commercial city could afford to have breathing space about each steep-roofed residence.

The noise never ceased. In the day time it was one long clang and clamour; through the night we turned on our pillows in disturbed dreams, to waken in the full recurring tide of it.

How it contrasted with the fair country peace from which I had come! How I longed again for the still nights fresh with pure breeze and fragrant with flower perfumes. How my weary ears rebelled against the clamour and jar of the streets, and listened if perchance they might hear, instead, the musical tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil that roused me so sweetly in country mornings.

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O! these whistling robins are wise when they call us to 'come out.'

Out into the splendour of the June days, with their flood of sunshine;—out into the fragrance of the June roses; out under the glory of June skies, and into the fulness of June vitality.

Aye, little whistling birds! we who live far too much within closed doors shall pay heed to your joyous call; and leaving the narrow confines of limitations visible and invisible we shall 'come out,'—into the great breadth of beauty and purity and sweetness that envisions us and—in these fair summer days—be at peace.

FAITH FENTON.