

WHERE ?

I.

THE highway leads through fields of green,

And valleys odourous with flowers :

Above our heads the willows lean,

And birds with song beguile the hours :

The highway leads through scenes most fair,

But, Pilgrim, canst thou tell me, WHERE ?

II.

The highway leads by rock and glen,

Through mountain gorge and desert wild,

By deep morass and tangled fen,

O'er crag on crag stupendous piled,

Till weary, sinking in despair,

With clasped hands, we question, WHERE ?

III.

The highway leads unto the Sea,

The Sea that man hath ne'er re-cross :

And here it ends ! ah me, ah me,

For days of sunshine, wasted, lost !

Oh Sea, our barques in safety bear

O'er thy expanse ! but where, oh WHERE ?

H. L. S.

BY THE SOMME.

* * * Veraces cecinisse, Parca,
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
Terminus servat.

TWO women were talking ;—a fact at once singular and suggestive. Both women were young, both good-looking, their dress and surroundings indicating that the development of æsthetic tastes had not been stunted by lack of gold.

What the women said here follows.

“ You think there can be no real friendship between two people