

## THE BROOK.

---

*First, 'tis a tiny waterfall, a baby river learning to crawl;  
Winding and frolicking in and out,  
Skipping and dancing round about,  
Pausing to grasp at a perfumed flower  
That clings to the cliff, its earth-brown bower!  
Or cruelly stealing a tender fern; and leaving it stranded just at the turn,  
Where it pauses a moment (a bend in the way)  
To catch and to kiss a sunbeam gay!  
The two go frolicking gaily along  
Gurgling together a lullaby song;  
The green boughs meeting up overhead make for the dreamers a shady bed.  
Then up in the morning and on as before,  
Chasing the pebbles that play on the shore;  
Spraying the graceful maidenhair  
Which on its banks grows rich and rare.  
And now, quite grown, its childish race slows to a graceful, easy pace:  
It longs to linger where tall reeds roam;  
In woody dells with the stalks at home.  
No more will the brooklet gambol in glee,  
"O!" it sighs, "to be once more free!"  
But "life hath its joys," the beckoning sea cries aloud, "Come! I wait, love,  
for thee."  
One backward glance—one tremulous shiver;  
"I come!" she responds, "thy bride—the River!"  
Sunshine the light showered down from above  
Reflecting the heavens where all is love.*

*—Florence Alice McClure,  
Vancouver, B. C.                      Aged twelve.*