

RAIN AND SHINE.

(For the Pictorial Times.)

The rain on my roof-tree is falling,
The darkness is filling my room,
And a voice from the far depths is calling
That echoes so weird in the gloom,
I cover my brow and I listen
Till its music thrills to my soul,
And I start as the tempest lights glisten
Or the angry thunderbolts roll.

Ah! well may my heart shrink and flutter,
Ah! well may I cower with dread,
And kneeling with diffidence mutter
A prayer for the days that are dead,
'Tis the voice of remorse that is pealing
A dirge for my sins and my shame,
Which the lightning shafts are revealing
With their violet jets of flame.

The beautiful rainbow is springing
Across the vanishing cloud,
And a bird in the garden is singing
His carol of gladness aloud;
At the open window reclining,
I drink in the soul of his lay,
While the lilac blossoms are shining
In the fragrance and splendor of May.

Ah! well my forehead be gleaming,
Ah! tears from my eyelids may start,
You heaven with radiance streaming
Is not more serene than my heart,
For the voice of hope is outpouring
A joy o'er the good I have done,
And upward my thoughts are now soaring,
Like the beams of the glorious sun.

As the storm and the darkness of heaven
Are followed by sunshine and calm,
So the heart by remorse that is riven
Is soothed by hope and its balm;
The one purges out all the sorrow
From the folds of the wearisome past,
The other illumines the morrow,
And points to forgiveness at last.

JOURNAN.

AT THE PINES.

A SNOW-SHOE STORY

It was a gay party that made its way from the College gates for a quiet tramp across the mountain. They were all arrayed in snow-shoe costume, with the sandals strapped behind their backs. Two strong young men and three girls. The time was early evening, on the stroke of six, when the daylight glimmered faintly, and the illumination from the city rose in feeble reflections along the broad avenues below them. The atmosphere was soft, only a gentle breeze blowing down the slope, and the crescent moon shone above them through a field of cirrus clouds.

A brief consultation took a place. Would they wind up the Côte-des-Neiges road, leisurely picking their way, or would they boldly attack the mountain, in the old trail of the snow-shoers? A decision was quickly reached. The party divided. Two couples moved to the left, taking the first route, and the third young lady, all alone, resolved to take the second and go straight on toward the Pines. They laughed heartily as they separated, but that was all, only on losing sight of her companions, the solitary traveller looked around at them one moment, and broke out into a merry laugh.

"I wonder if they will catch me?" she said, stooping to lace on her snow-shoes. "They give me a full hour, and I am not to hide behind the trees or crouch in any hollow, but keep right on the snow-shoers' track." Then she straightened herself, tossed her pretty head, and attacked the steep proclivity like a professional. It was a hard task. After a few minutes she got blown and paused to gasp, but bracing up once more, she bent her head forward and started to complete the ascent without stopping. She did so and was rewarded, for as she stood on the crest of the hill, she beheld the panorama of evening on the broad river before her, and the shadowy landscape behind where the trees stood like sentinels around her.

"Why, Judy, what are you doing here?" said a stout young fellow who came up, dragging a toboggan behind

him. Another peal of laughter greeted his presence and she explained in a few words that she was waiting for her companions.

"Let us go down this slide, in the meantime," said he.



"It will take too long, Fred."

"No, not more than ten minutes, and we will be back here again before they arrive."

"All right."

And away they went, reaching the hollow in a flash, tilting into a snow-bank as usual at the end, and picking themselves up with a quiet chuckle and familiar words of banter.

Then they resumed the ascent without loss of time.

"Let us hurry up," said Judy. "We are late. I didn't think the slide was so long."

"Shall I pull you up?" said Fred. "It will be faster work."

"Nonsense," replied the girl with a smile on her lip, "I can walk as fast as you can."

And so they went up the hill at a rapid pace, but when they reached the summit, they found no one there. They waited a full quarter of an hour, moving about continually to reconnoitre, when the girl suddenly exclaimed:

"They have been here and are gone. See their tracks. What shall we do?" There was no token of alarm and anxiety in her voice and her companion, who was equally cool, simply replied that they would follow them.

"I am sure, they can't be far," she said. "Let us go."

"Right away," said Fred. "We have only to follow their tracks to the Club House."

The other party had their little adventures. After climbing the Côte-des-Neiges road on snow-shoes, they turned into the interior to meet Judy at the Pines, as by agreement. The couples were well matched.—Mary and Henry; Jane and Arthur. It took them no time to clear the distance to their destination, and they reached it within the specified hour. But to their astonishment, Judy was not there.

"We should not have let the crazy thing go off by herself," said Mary.

"Oh, that's nothing. She'll take care of herself," replied Henry.

"Yes, there's no fear of that," said Jane, "but my opinion is that she is still far down the hill."

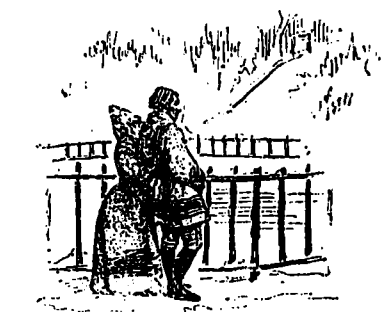
"Let us go to meet her there," said Arthur.

After a moment's consultation it was agreed that Jane and Arthur should do as the latter had suggested, while Mary and Henry should go on to the Club House and make arrangements for the entertainment of the whole party.

It was all accident, but nothing could possibly have been arranged more fittingly. The first couple that went down the mountain side in search of Judith, unaccountably strayed from the main path, and found themselves, before they knew it, on the level of the upper reservoir. There they paused, half vexed and half amused. The glass

mirror lay before them shimmering in the moonlight and therein they could see the outlines of their forms and faces. At first, the young people spoke in their usual familiar, offhand fashion, but gradually their talk became more serious, and before a half hour had elapsed, they had said things to each other which can be uttered only once in life.

"Oh, but Judy," exclaimed Jane, with a frightened look, and turning from the balustrade of the reservoir. "We have forgotten her clean. It's a shame."



"Very strange," replied Arthur, "where is she and what have we been doing here?"

"Let us retrace our steps at once. Surely we are not going to leave her all alone on the mountain."

"She will have pushed on to the Club House and we will follow her." And they started.

In the meantime, the second couple which had left for the Club House, did not reach there, luck having it that Mary should break her shoe, and that both should stop while Henry mended it. It was a quiet spot in a little dell, where three tamaracs stood, through which the moonlight fell upon a fallen trunk. Mary sat there while Henry worked, and they too drifted into a



strange current of conversation. Whether it was the hour or the place, the twin suddenly appeared to each other as they had not done before. Mary never stirred from her seat, but spoke on slowly, calmly, with not a laugh. Sometimes Henry would look up from his bended knee, suspend his work and gaze at her with a keen, penetrating gaze. The best part of an hour was spent in this way and when at length, the young man announced that the shoe was repaired, Mary arose mechanically and put it on.

"Shall we go now?" asked Henry. Mary reflected a moment, then exclaimed:

"But what have we been doing? Where is Judy? Where are Jane and Arthur?"

"They must have reached the Club House by this time. We will find them there."

All this while Judy had been going along with Fred, she with her snow-shoes on her back and he dragging his toboggan. Their destination was the Club House, and they directed their steps in a straight line toward it. When they reached the door, they heard the sounds of merriment within, and the illuminated windows showed that there was a gathering in all the parlors.

"They are waiting for us," said Judy. "go in and see in what room they are, and I will wait outside."

Fred was absent only a minute, and returned with a grave face, informing his companion that their friends were

not there. Judy did not seem at all taken aback, but looked at Fred with a peculiar smile.

"We had better go in a moment," said he "and wait for them. They will turn up soon."

"No," was her reply. They will not come to night; let us return."

Fred proposed that they should take a sleigh and drive home, but Judy would not agree. She preferred walking back on the same road over which they had come.

"It is not late," he said, "and we will meet them somewhere."

Backward they went, side by side, she with her snowshoes behind her and he dragging his toboggan. When they reached the hollow which they had left a little before, they paused as by a mutual impulse. They spoke a few words together, in earnest tones, but the conversation was abruptly broken off by a wave of Judy's hand and a peal of her merry laughter. There, at a sign made by him, she sat down in the toboggan and he leisurely drew her up the gentle incline.

At this point there was a commotion in the sky. The clear moonlight and starlight were obscured by shifting banks of cloud, and a sharp wind blew among the trees. It was a rising storm, and when the elevated ground was attained, the snow was being swept in eddies.

"Where are we?" asked Judy in a calm voice.

"At the Pines, the place we started from," replied Fred.

"Let us wait a moment. It is not later than eight and they will yet be here."

"The storm must have frightened them and they are gone."

"Wait only five minutes."

All at once the deserted plateau seemed animated. The shuffling of feet was distinctly heard, and there were perceptible sounds of voices approaching.

"Who goes there?" cried Judy, in a clear gay voice.

"What is that you?" And Mary with Henry appeared upon the scene. The girls embraced; the men shook hands, and the four began talking at once, explaining their adventures.

Presently, other sounds were heard, and at a second summons from Judy's lips, Jane and Arthur stepped forward, as if in answer to an appointment. The whole group came close together, and there was a rolling fire of talk, and laughter, tapings on the "shoulder, stamping" of feet and other tokens of fun.

"How innocent Fred looks," exclaimed Jane and Mary. "One would think he does not understand."

"Oh, I understand now," said Fred, taking Judy by the arms and setting her down in his toboggan.

Then, from that meeting at the Pines, the six moved down the mountain, to the music of the snow-storm.—Fred with Judy, Mary with Henry and Jane with Arthur.

Six months later, there was a triple wedding at St. Georges.



Yours sincerely,
M. George M. Fairchild, Jr.

M. George M. Fairchild, President of the Oritani Snow Shoe Club of New York and Vice President of the Canadian Club.