

IN SORROW'S HOUR.

The brambles blow without you—at the door
 They make late April—and the brier too
 Buds its first rose for other folk than you;
 In the deep grass the elder bush once more
 Heaps its sweet snow; and the marsh marigold
 With its small fire sets all the sedge aflame
 Like flakes of flame blown down the gray, still air.

The cardinal-flower is out in thickets old,
 Oh, love! oh, love! what road is yours to-day?
 For I would follow after, see your face,
 Put my hand in your hand, feel the dear grace
 Of hair, mouth, eyes, hear the brave words you say
 The dark is void, and all the daylight vain.
 Oh, that you were but here with me again!

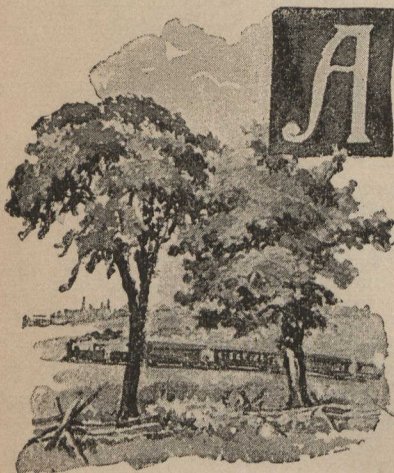
FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE TALE OF A TREE.

OR

THE EVOLUTION OF A CITY ARAB.

BY MRS. J. K. LAWSON.



WAY out in the country, on the edge of a field near a farmhouse lived two stately trees, a witch Elm and a Maple.

The Elm was a gentle graceful tree which had a fashion of drooping its arms and lapsing into long fits of musing during the drowsy Summer afternoons, while, like thoughts, innumerable gossamer-winged insects

kept up a dreamy hum as they glanced hither and thither among the leaves. And whether she thus stood still, or, blown by the wind, bent over, she always appeared in the most charming attitudes.

The Maple was a handsome well proportioned tree, which stretched out wide motherly arms and welcomed to her ample bosom all the birds of the air. She was always beautifully dressed. In Spring she wore a silken suit of the most delicate

tint of green: as the Summer advanced she donned a darker deeper shade, but in the Fall her apparel was a harmonious combination of the most gorgeous colors, rich russet and crimson and gold. A generous tree giving to the traveller a cool shade by day and by night a quiet shelter, where, looking up, he could see the stars like diamonds quivering among the leafy spaces.

These two were the oldest inhabitants of that region, and of an evening when the breeze went wandering by they had a habit of leaning over and whispering to each other of the good old days when they were surrounded by hundreds of stalwart neighbors, all of whom had since been cut down and carried off into the city, which could be seen away in the distance.

Of late a railway track had been laid along the line of the fields on which the trees stood, and when the cars came rumbling past with the human faces smiling out of the windows, the trees would wave their hands and bow their stately heads to them by way of friendly salute.

But as the years passed on, the Maple began to get restive, and one day it murmured in the hearing of the Elm,

"Oh, how delightful it must be to fly hither and thither across the country like these human beings, instead of standing rooted here for ever and ever."

But the Elm only inclined her head gracefully towards her neighbor and sighed contentedly.

"Ah! but it is so pleasant here when the sun shines, and the birds sing, and the bees hum drowsily, and the scent of the clover comes sweet over the fields."

"But think of the long dreary winters, during which we stand here bare and shivering, while these happy human beings go whither they will," said the Maple. And then they lapsed into silence for a time. But when the Summer was past, and the grain garnered, and the last of the apples were gathered in from the orchard, and the pensive haze of the Indian Summer lingered no more in the woods, under the clear and chilly starlight the Maple again began to complain.

"Ah, how wearisome it is to stand here year in and year out, a useless tree, while there is so much to be done in the busy bustling city yonder. Dear! dear, but I would like to make myself of some use."

The Elm did not reply for some minutes. She was thinking of all the birds the Maple had sheltered in her ample bosom; of the merry gambols of the squirrels; of the happy days when the picnic parties, escaping from the dust and heat of the city, had reclined gratefully in her cool shade; of the many human eyes which had restfully lingered on her noble beauty and been the better therefor. She was thinking also of the young poet who, one Summer afternoon, had lain on the sward with his hands clasped under the back of his head, and, looking up through the green interlacing arches to the blue glimpses above, had called it the Cathedral of God, and had under the inspira-