



June.

Long, long ago, it seems, this summer morn,
That pale-browed April passed with pen-
sive tread
Through the frore woods, and from its
frost-bound bed
Wove the arbutus with her silver horn;
And now, too, May is fled,
The flower-crowned month, the merry,
laughing May,
With rosy feet and fingers dewy wet,
Leaving the woods and all cool gardens
gay
With tulips and the scented violet.

II.

Gone are the wind-flower and the adder-
tongue,
And the sad, drooping bellwort, and no
more
The snowy trilliums crowd the forest
floor;
The purpling grasses are no longer
young,
And summer's wide-set door
O'er the thronged hills and the broad
paving earth
Lies in the torrent of the later bloom,
Haytime and harvest and the after
mirth,
The slow, soft rain, the rushing thunder-
plume.

III.

All day in garden alleys moist and dim
The humid air is burdened with the rose;
In moss-deep woods the creamy orchid
blows;
And now the vesper-sparrow's pealing
hymn
From every orchard close
At eve comes flooding rich and silvery;
The daisies in great meadows swing and
shine;
And with the wind a sound as of the
sea
Roars in the maples and the topmost
pine.

IV.

High in the hills the solitary thrush
Tunes magically his music of fine dreams,
In briary dells, by boulder-stricken
streams;
And wide and far, on nebulous fields
aflush
The mellow morning gleams.
The orange cone-flowers, purple-bos-
sed,
are there,
The meadow's bold-eyed gypsies deep of
hue,
And slender hawkweed, tall and softly
fair,
And rosy tops of flea bane veiled with
dew.—Archibald Lampman.

Browsings Among the
Books.

The Dinner Party.

[From Mr. E. V. Lucas' clever and humorous novel, "Over Bemerton's." The dinner party at which the following episode took place, was at the house of Mr. Wynne, the father of Naomi, with whom Kent Falconer, the narrator of the story, is in love. Mr. Dabney is a Radical editor. Lionel is a county cricketer.]

When the evening arrived, it looked as though Grandmamma and Mr. Dabney were going to hit it off perfectly, and I began to feel quite happy about my introduction of this firebrand into the household.

"I hear that you are a writer," Grandmamma began, very graciously. "I always like literary company. Years ago I met both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray."

I saw the lid of Lionel's left eye droop as he glanced at Naomi. Mrs. Wynne, I gathered, was employing a favorite opening.

Mr. Dabney expressed interest.

"There are no books like theirs now," Grandmamma continued. "I don't know what kind of books you write, but there are no books like those of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray."

Mr. Dabney began to say something.

"Personally," Grandmamma hurried on, "I prefer those of Mr. Dickens, but that is perhaps because my dear father used to read them to us aloud. He was a beautiful reader. There is no reading aloud to-day, Mr. Dabney; and, I fear, very little home life."

Here Grandmamma made a false move, and let her companion in, for he could never resist a comparison of the present and the past, to the detriment of the present.

"No," he said, "you are quite right." And such was the tension that Grandmamma's remarks had caused that the whole room was silent for him. "We are losing our hold on all that is most precious. Take London at this moment—look at the scores and scores of attractions to induce people to leave home in the evenings and break up the family circle—restaurants, concert rooms, entertainments, theatres. Look at the music halls. Do you know how many music halls there are in London and Greater London at this moment?"

"No," said Grandmamma, sternly, "I have no notion. I have never entered one."

Lionel shot a glance at me which distinctly said, in his own deplorable idiom, "what price Alf. Pinto?"

Mr. Dabney, I regret to say, intercepted the tail of it, and suddenly realized that he was straying from the wiser path of the passive listener. So he remarked, "Of course not," and brought the conversation back to Boz.

very generous tip, which was the slang word with which my dear husband always used to describe a douceur. "There," Mr. Dickens said, as he gave it to the waiter, "that's—How very stupid! I have forgotten what he said but it was full of wit. "There," he said—Dear me!"

"Never mind, Grandmamma," said Naomi, "you will think of it presently."

"But it was so droll and clever," said the old lady. "Surely, Alderley, dear, I have told you of it?"

"Oh yes, mother, many times," said Alderley; "but I can't for the life of me think of it at the moment. Strange, isn't it," he remarked to us all at large, "how often the loss of memory in one person seems to infect others?—one forgets and all forget. We had a case in Chambers the other day."

Their father's stories having no particular sting in them; his children abandoned him to their mother, who listens devotedly, and we again fell into couples.

But it was useless to attempt disregard of old Mrs. Wynne. There was a feeling in the air that trouble lay ahead, and we all reserved one ear for her.

"And Mr. Thackeray?"—Mr. Dabney asked, with an appearance of the deepest interest.

"Mr. Thackeray," said Grandmamma, "I had met in London some years before. It was at a conversazione at the Royal Society's. Mr. Wynne and I were leaving at the same time as the great man, and, however, you may consider his writings he was great physically, and there was a little confusion about the cab. Mr. Thackeray thought it was his and we thought it was ours. My dear husband, who was the soul of courtesy,

drawn into the discussion, remarked sentimentally, "The trouble with marriage is that while every woman is at heart a mother every man is at heart a bachelor."

"What was that?" said Grandmamma, who is not really deaf, but when in a tight place likes to gain time by this harmless imposition. "What did Mr. Dabney say?" she repeated, appealing to Naomi.

Poor Mr. Dabney turned scarlet. To a mind of almost mischievous fearlessness is allied a shrinking sensitiveness and distaste for prominence of any kind, especially among people whom he does not know well.

"Oh! it was nothing, nothing," he said, "merely a chance remark."

"I don't agree with you," replied Grandmamma, severely, thus giving away her little ruse. "There is no trouble with marriage. It is very distressing to me to find this new attitude with regard to that state. When I was a girl we neither talked about incompatibility and temperament and all the rest of it, nor thought about them. We married. I have had to give up my library subscription entirely because they send me nothing nowadays but nauseous novels about husbands and wives who cannot get on together. I hope," she added, turning swiftly to Mr. Dabney, "that those are not the kind of books that you write."

"Oh no," said Mr. Dabney, "I don't write books at all."

"Not write books at all?" said Grandmamma. "I understood you were an author?"

"No, dear," said Naomi, "not an author. Mr. Dabney is an editor. He edits a very interesting weekly paper, 'The Balance.' He stimulates others to write."

"I never heard of the paper," said Grandmamma.

"I must show it to you," said Naomi. "Frank writes for it."

"Very well," said Grandmamma. "But I am disappointed. I thought that Mr. Dabney wrote books. The papers are growing steadily worse, and more and more unfit for general reading, especially in August. I hope," she said, turning to Mr. Dabney again, "you don't write any of those terrible letters in August about home life?"

Mr. Dabney said that he didn't, and Grandmamma began to soften down. "I am very fond of literary society," she said. "It is one of my great griefs that there is so little literary society in Ludlow. You are too young, of course, Mr. Dabney, but I am sure it will interest you to know that I knew personally both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray."

Here a shudder ran round the table, and Lionel practically disappeared into his plate. I stole a glance at Mr. Dabney's face. Drops of perspiration were beginning to break out on his forehead.

"Mr. Dickens," the old lady continued remorselessly and all unconscious of the devastation she was causing, even at the sideboard, usually a stronghold of discreet impassivity, "Mr. Dickens I met at a hotel in Manchester in the sixties. I was there with my dear husband on business, and we breakfasted at the same table. Mr. Dickens was all nerves and fun. The toast was not good and I remember he compared it in his inimitable way to sawdust."

Mr. Dabney ate feverishly.

"I remember also that he made a capital joke as he was giving the waiter a tip, as my dear husband always used to call a douceur. "There," he said—"

Mr. Dabney twisted a fork into the shape of a hair-pin.

It was, of course, Naomi who came to the rescue. "Grandmamma," she said,



Beauty Spots in Canada—Falls on Tamaska River, near Brome, P. Q.

"Mr. Dickens," said Grandmamma, "did me the honor to converse with me in Manchester in the sixties. I was there with my dear husband on business, and we stayed in the same hotel as Mr. Dickens, and breakfasted at the same table. The toast was not good, and Mr. Dickens, I remember compared it in his inimitable way to sawdust. It was a perfect simile. He was very droll. What particularly struck me about him was his eye—so bright and restless—and his quick ways. He seemed all nerves. In the course of our conversation I told him I had met Mr. Thackeray, but he was not interested. I remember another thing he said: In paying his bill he gave the waiter a

pressed him to take it; but Mr. Thackeray gave way; with the most charming bow to me. It was raining. A very tall man with a broad and kindly face—although capable of showing satire—and gold spectacles. He gave me a charming bow, and said, "There will be another one for me directly." I hope there was, for it was raining. Those were, however, his exact words. "There will be another one for me directly."

Mr. Dabney expressed himself in suitable terms, and cast a swift glance at his hostess on his other side, as if seeking for relief. She was talking, as it happened, about a novel of the day in which little but the marital relation is discussed, and Mr. Dabney, on being