

## A MODERN DRYAD.

BY FIDELIS.

WITH soft blue eyes and curls of gold  
And cheeks like a rose leaf, fresh unrolled,  
Like a very Dryad of story old,  
She smiles at me from her airy hold ;  
Sunny and bright and fair to see  
Brimming with laughter and bounding glee  
Is my fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When spring buds, on the branches bare,  
Are kissed into life by the sweet spring air,  
And rose-flushed clusters, so bright and rare,  
Are bursting forth into promise fair  
Of the coming fruits, so fair to see,  
Fairer still than the blossoms is she,  
—My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When the sun of June has turned to snow  
The tree that was tinged with a rosy glow,  
And over each bough that droops so low  
Showers of white petals come and go,  
Crowned with the snowy flowers is she,  
And she shakes her curls and laughs at me,  
My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When autumn has brought the October glow  
To the rosy apples with hearts of snow  
My fairy is ready to merrily throw  
Her treasures down to the grass below,  
Laughing aloud with joyous glee  
As she slyly throws the largest at me,  
My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When winter comes, and the tree is bare  
Of the last brown leaflet that fluttered there,  
And the snow drifts whirl in the biting air,  
I know a nest, somewhere, somewhere,  
Warmly lined and there shall she  
If she's more than a vision—dwell with me—  
My fairy who haunts the apple-tree.