

Heard you ever of a Babel where only birds' notes were mingled? You may hear it for yourself any morning of June, in the foliage and evergreens that surround that country home and as you listen, the gray morning steals upon you unawares and away in the East the broad sun sends forth his crimson rays to tell you that another day is upon you. The soft light creeps into your eastern window as if the sun would not all at once overwhelm you with his majesty but sends you first the gray light of the dawn which changes softly to the redness of the morn and then to the glory of the day in its splendor.

III.

In our northern woods there grows a little waxen flower, as delicate in its structure and coloring as showiest orchid or purest lily. You take your way along the iron rails that connect this secluded, isolated country with the bustle and confusion of the city, you note the brown woods, the dull grass, the sluggish streams. The road is skirted by a barrier of old worm-eaten, time-worn rails. There is nothing to be seen of beauty or charm for the spring has not yet shown her beauties—they lie asleep beneath the sod—yet over in that brown wood with its layers of withered leaves lies a gem awaiting you: With gentle hand brush away the dead bare leaves and discover it—a little trailing flower, whose tendrils hug the brown earth, whose waxen petals give forth an exquisite fragrance that shall ever be associated with all things beautiful and sweet—the fragrance of the trailing arbutus. God did set his bow in the cloud but ever nearer and dearer are these sweetest of his messengers that charm the weary heart and make all things once more fresh and glorious as on that earliest dawn when first the morning stars sang together.

H. M. D., '05.

The Heroine of Cape Beale.

SINCE early morning the storm had gathered in fury, and by noon a perfect tempest of sleet and snow was driving along the coast. High up in the light-house tower of old Cape Beale, standing as sentinel guard on the sheer west of Vancouver Island, they watched its course, the keeper and his wife.

"It will be a bad night," Thomas Patterson said, peering through the narrow windows, out upon the storm-lashed sea. "The lamps must be trimmed early. They'll be needed to-night if ever they were."

"See!" cried Mrs. Patterson, "What awful blinding sleet there is over the water! Bring your glass and look!"

The keeper's practised eye swept the old Pacific. "It's rough," he announced calmly, though the furrow deepened in his brow. He moved the glass back and forth, fixing it finally on a spot near shore. For a moment he was silent, then, handing it to his wife, "Do you see anything strange near Devil's Rock?" he asked.

As she looked, a low cry broke from her lips,—**"A ship! They're in distress! There's a signal flying! They're on the rock!"**