

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

themselves but of where they came from. I was pleased to note that my friends did not succeed any better than I did—not much better anyway. (The pair across the table ordered two heaping plates each by the way.) Next item—broiled blue-fish. I am never very fond of this particular brand of fish; I tried to eat a little, but did not manage much. However a glance at the menu assured me that the next article would make up for all deficiencies.

Fresh lobster—boiled. "Delicious" I thought, but whether it was that I was so occupied with the scenery, or that I had partaken of too many clams, I was not hungry even for lobster and my plate went away almost as it came.

Wauwinet Cakes: Here will be something substantial I thought, but I found that they were fashionable cakes, very like one gets at an afternoon tea and only a little bigger than a penny, and it would have taken a large pile of them to satisfy me. Politeness forbade me taking more than two or three, which with a cup of coffee finished the repast. It was a clammy affair and no mistake.

After most of the guests had departed I sat down at the piano, and played a great many airs by request of friends. We then went for a walk, and after our return to the diningroom, I was surprised to find quite a large number assembled, waiting to hear some of my music. A request was made to me to play some Scotch airs, and I was highly complimented and applauded by the little company as tune after tune was asked for. It gave me peculiar pleasure to feel the ability to rattle off those good old airs under the stars and stripes, and my memory was kept busy as now came a request for "Bonnie Dundee," now "Scots Wha Hae," "Ye Banks and Braes," &c., &c., on

through the catalogue down to every one I had heard of. An invalid said to me later with tears in her eyes, that she had not had such a treat for a long time. She was as I learned the wife of a millionaire, but she could seldom get out, and had but little music while at the seashore. The pianos are rendered very tin panny on account of the moisture in the atmosphere.

Tired but happy we returned to 'Sconset, and were ready for the meal we found awaiting us there, which was all the more enjoyed by me because of its freedom from clams.

THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

Clear—clear—clear and far,
Dropping down from the sunset sky,
Like flute-notes from some waning star,
I hear thy lyric cry.
Clear—clear—clear and high,
Where the violet shadows of sundown lie.

Receding still, and faint and dim,
And thrice repeated like a strain,
From some antique Gregorian hymn,

Those three bird-syllables again,
Ascending vespers-wise and holy,
That thrill me with this melancholy.

O silver throat that sings unseen,
And by the careless ear unheard,
So sweet, so sad and so serene.—
To me thou art not any bird,
But the pure soul escaped and free
Of some lost heavenly melody.

Three dropped notes from a poet's song,
That found no fuller utterance here,
Whose solemn harmonies belong
To some diviner atmosphere,
Beyond these earthly clouds obscure,—

Forever clear—forever pure.

K. S. McL.
