

the drooping flowers that have been placed there last night. Soon, however, the new grave will be as green as the rest, soon it will miss the gathered flowers and the daily visit, but the gentle sunlight will come back again every morning just the same. Through the weather-beaten palings of the old fence the great heads of clover look in awe at their more patrician neighbours, the roses. But the roses too must die with the clover. On, down the road we pass, till in the meadow we cross the bridge with its noisy stream. The well-worn planks shew that many have passed before us on up, perhaps, to the churchyard on the hill, or to the wicked city many a long mile past it. As we stand gazing into the stream the maples glance over our shoulder at their images reflected in the water, and their leaves tremble as they fancy that perhaps some day they may stoop too

far and fall headlong into the water. Out on the meadow the sheep are grazing as if the sun had been up for hours. Right down in front, a little bird rising from his nest amid the long grass, flies straight up—up as if he would reach the very sky. His song is so glad, so pure, so joyous, that you cannot help envying him the voice that sends forth such a hymn of praise. Farther on, from the top of the hill we see fields on fields of waving grain, backed in the distance by the green woods that look so mysterious with their cold blue mist. Here and there a pine outstripping his fellows tosses up to heaven his sturdy arms. The sky is now full of its morning glory and radiant in gold. We can hardly fancy, as we look round on the smiling earth, that lust and vice and wickedness could ever come to mar such loveliness as this.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

—*Christina Georgina Rossetti.*