

## MYSTERY.

Ah see! Good Lord, I said,  
The things that bloomed all Spring lie dead,  
The dead leaves rustle overhead.

Where are they, Lord, I cried,  
The perfect Summer's wealth and pride,  
The tender grace to love allied?

Where are they, Lord, I sought,  
The gilded train the Autumn brought,  
The gorgeous hues her garments caught?

And through each lifeless bough  
The sudden breezes murmured low,  
Oh, hither come and thou shall know.

Enraptured fast I fled  
Through wood and meadow sear and dead,  
The dead leaves rustling over head.

Still onward seemed to flow  
The breezes calling soft and low,  
Oh, hither come and thou shalt know.

Ah, well, Good Lord, I see,  
Some what thou hidest still from me,  
Thou holdest still some mystery.

Enough it is for me  
A seed-time in the Spring to see,  
And blossoms opening silently.

Enough it is to know  
For me the genial Summers glow,  
The kindly breezes murmur low;

For me the Autumn pours  
Throughout the land her lavish stores,  
And Plenty opens wide her doors.

So idle longing, pass:  
My goal lies in the pleasant grass,  
The tender bloom the meadow has.

All bliss lies at my feet,  
Where all mysteries blending meet,  
Where spring all pleasures pure and sweet.

DAVID DORAN.

## PRETTY PINKS.

I had been resting a few days in the quiet sea-port town of Q.

It was one of those half-decayed remnants of former opulence and prosperity, which are not uncommon in maritime countries. Not quite a century before the period of which I write, it had received within its safe and ample harbour, the stately merchant-ships, which now went by to the younger, yet far more important and populous city of Glidden.

Only the occasional arrival of a small trading vessel, or the returning sloops of the fishermen, disturbed the monotony of the quaint old town.

To me its sameness and dullness, the simple and blameless habits of its people, and the peculiar atmosphere of carelessness and repose which surrounded all, were truly delicious.

For years I had passed from scene to scene, with incredible rapidity; one week I had sauntered through gay Paris, and the next sought refuge beside the dreamy Rhine; now London held me with remembrance of old historic things, then giddy New York, frightened with its Babylon of voices and discordant sounds. So I came at length to yearn intensely for rest; and here, indeed, was rest,—rest from the clamours of men, from the ceaseless importunities and prying curiosity of widows and spinsters.

The mist of weariness had floated away from my eyes; the golden gates had rolled back; and here, in the most prosaic of places, was the Utopia for which I longed. And here I lingered on, knowing no care and desiring no change,—now rowing out for miles over the glittering expanse of the sea, now climbing the bold and picturesque cliffs which towered far above the town, and gazing idly