

Asleep, as a flower awaiteth
The spring 'neath the hardened sod.

And thought that in silence there liveth
A sorrow too sad for tears,
And a grave in each heart that groweth
More green with the passing years.

A grave in our life's dark chamber,
Where love like Ophelia sings,
Where the worldly footsteps fall not,
Nor the shadows of earthly things.
—*J. McFarlane,*

LOVE.

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom and song were
rife;

Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned
the air,
And murmured, "I am I feel."

Love came at even when the day was done.
When heart and brain were tired, and
slumber pressed;

Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, "I am rest."
—*William Wilfred Campbell, in the Century.*

IN MARCH.

The sun falls warm; the Southern wind
awake;

The air seethes upward with a steamy
shiver;

Each dip of the road is now a crystal lake,
And every rut a little dancing river.

Through great, soft clouds that sunder over-
head

The deep sky breaks, as pearly blue as
summer;

Out of a cleft beside the river's bed
Flaps the black crow, the first demure new
comer.

The old, scarred drifts are eating fast away
With glossy tinkle into glittering laces;

Dogs lie asleep, and little children play
With tops and marbles in the sun-bare
places;

And I that stroll with many a thoughtful
pause

Almost forget that winter ever was.

—*By A. Lampman, Ottawa, Canada.*

PURPLE ASTERS.

I had a garden when I was a boy,
Wherein I planted fondly many a flower,
And watched it grow, until I felt the joy
That every gardener feels, as Nature's power
To make rare perfumes bursts from stalk of
green,

And dash rich colors o'er dull earth, is seen.

In that old garden, bright with golden bloom,
From early tulip time till winter fell,
It seemed as if no sombre shade, nor gloom,
Had any right, or could desire to dwell;
Yet o'er one spot, where wilderness still had
sway,

I always felt some melancholy lay.

Among the grasses scattered wild flowers grew.
Sweet, tender, trembling things that we called
weeds,

(Names mean so little); always wet with dew,
That clung to their pale disks in liquid beads,
And seeming in the colour symphony
Of the gay garden, minor chords, to be.

In that sad spot, pale purple asters came,
When earth wore gorgeous colours on her
breast,
And fields were ripe, and autumn's flood of
flame

From scarlet maples, swept from east to west;
They bore no wealth of royal purple bloom,
But seemed the children of the great earth's
gloom.

My life has been a garden, from whose soil
Have sprung pale-petalled roses, violets blue
As heaven, and where the passion-flower's coil
Has closed round frail anemones, heart's-ease,
and rue;

But in one sombre spot, apart, alone,
Pale purple asters in the shade have grown.

I would not life should be forever gay
With golden blooms, for brilliant tints would
pall;

I would not have spring's heavy ordours weigh
The senses down too long,—Heaven wisely
limits all

Our joys; but sometimes earth appears
To breed naught but dispondency and tears.

And as with heavy heart one walks his way,
When fields are ripe, and autumn's flood
afame

Is passing from the hills, and dark decay
Is creeping in its track with steps of shame,
He thinks that only purple asters pale
Belong by right to earth, her hill and vale.

They tell us there are gardens always clad
With summer's richest robes, awaiting men
Beyond the stars, where hearts at once grew
glad,

And never to low levels sink again;
Should we not long in such light lands to see
The purple asters of dispondency?

—*Arthur Wentworth Eaton,
in Youth's Companion.*

THE PRESENT TENDENCY OF
ORTHODOXY.

Christendom is divided into two
great schools, the old and the new, the
Orthodox or Evangelical churches, and
the Liberal churches. The old time
division of Christendom into Catholic-
ism and Protestantism has lost its sig-
nificance in view of the more vital
issues of to-day. Some of the so-