

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

And methought 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 fe."

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<sup>s</sup>  
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, scarr'd 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 despondency 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 despondency ?

—*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-