



THE SYMONDS HOUSE.

proceed to cut large slices of things more substantial than ice, by pathetically exhibiting a heel of bread and a teapot without any tea in particular, and no nose to speak of—only a little old shadow of a woman, dear to memory for the sake of the past, long since passed, we hope, to an old woman's home, where the teapot, hot and strong, is a chronic institution.

* * *

One or two people have been locked up there, presumably on parole d'honneur, and in winter many a tramp finds warmth and shelter and a bite to eat within the old octagonal.

* * *

Passing east from the village bastille, along the old Mohawk trail, there may presently be seen, across a little stretch of grass, an aged two-leaved gate, which yields, rather unwillingly, to pressure, and sliding back gives entrance to an unguarded paradise.

* * *

Neglected, poor, forgotten, fallen from all prosperous days, nature with kindly hand is doing her best to conceal as well as beautify, with an almost tropical luxuriance of growth, beginning even at the threshold where, as the foot sinks in the long, lush grass, vague snatches of song come to mind unbidden, as the scent of certain forgotten perfumes seems possessed of an electric power which can call up the past, and cry resur-

rection to hosts of memories, long sepulchred in peace, and so pass on, murmuring:

I held my way through Defton wood,
And on to Wandor hall;
The dancing leaf let down the light
In hovering spots to fall.

And also—

O many, many, many,
Little homes above my head;
And so many, many, many
Dancing blossoms round me spread.

* * *

There is greater or less degree of eeriness attending a sudden return to an abandoned sitting-room after everyone has gone to bed. The fire has died down to red embers, and the pushed back chairs somehow have a startled look as if the individuality of the inanimate had stepped in and filled the interval to the exclusion of the human presence. All seems the same, yet not the same, in the room we left an hour before.

* * *

So it somewhat is with the empty house of those long passed away. The quiet phantoms seem impalpably to hover beneath the roof tree and in the places which now for long have known them no more.

* * *

Passing inward from the two-leaved gate, paradise unfolded, even greener,