



BY LIZZIE IRONS FOLSON.

A CRUMPLED, small, pink envelope with a scent of white rose, and a small cupid blazing in red wax on the seal; essentially a woman's letter, and I am very much inclined to believe that the contents were dictated by the cupid on the outside.

I say this with all due modesty, and, as the letter passed into oblivion and ashes long ago, you cannot prove that it was otherwise.

Perhaps it is hardly fair for me to sit here alone, at my desk, and make such statements about the dainty souvenirs that a long time ago I tucked so safely away.

I can charge these feminine knick-knacks with coming to me—one and all—upon tender and loving missions, and, with insinuating tenderness, creeping into my heart and life—and there is no one here to contradict me. If you think it hardly the square thing, I will, to strike a balance, admit that I was once madly, wildly in love with each and every token, for the sake of the sender—or thought I was, which amounted to the same thing at the time.

This little pink envelope—I wish I had the letter—is soiled and musty; but I dare say that when it came I caught it to my lips and covered it with kisses; I always did that sort of thing, I was so terribly in earnest—for a while. Maud was much given to writing dainty notes, and, at one time, I might have papered my walls with this same little pink paper; but the thought then would have been sacrilegious! I wore them next my heart—that is, I wore twenty or thirty of them,—all that I could without exciting remark. And I recollect that it was my custom to take them out and kiss each one, gently and reverently, before I went to bed.

That exercise must have been, towards the close of our acquaintance, extremely protracted. Our love died a natural death—slowly and painlessly—and the last time that I saw Maud she introduced me to a flaxen-haired husband and a sour and cross-eyed baby which she said was hers. And now I take her musty envelope and drop it in my waste basket and brush from my fingers the dust of a vanished past.

A little withered bunch of flowers, that crumbles away at my touch. The leaves seem to shrink away from my fingers as if they recognized that I am old, worn and *blase*, and scatter over my desk—a dusty, musty lot they are. They are before me as the sole relic of the hour when they and I were Lottie's. She was crying when she slipped them into my hand and whispered 'Good-bye,' between her sobs. She was little Lottie Linden when her father carried her off to Europe to escape my unwelcome attentions; but she was N. Charlotte Linden when she stepped again upon Canadian soil. A very trim and English young lady it was who gave me the tips of her two fingers and found it quite impossible to sound her r's.

A slender, gold band, with a broken padlock dangling from it. This came back to me one day and, figuratively speaking, blotted me from the face of the earth. I never knew what caused it to be sent, but a stern note, with Leslie's signature gave me to understand that 'it was all over.'

All explanation was denied me, and unless it was my rival's tandem team—I never knew what caused the downfall of my castles in the air. I have always thought it was the team and, with my large experience of woman-nature now before me, I am sure of it. I said that I was heart-broken—I am not sure but that I cried. And I distinctly remember going down on my lavender knees on the grass under her window and staying there all

one long summer night. What a spectacle I must have been!

I remember the evening I locked this bracelet on Leslie's dimpled wrist, as we strolled through the orchard under the pink and white blossoms massed above our heads. I held her hands—dear, little, soft hands they were—and the blushes came and went on her feminine cheek so near mine.

And I think the grasses held their breath to catch



## DAISIES.

IRIPPLING and tossing at every breath

Of the random zephyr that passes by,  
The daisies sway like a sea beneath  
The deep-blue vault of the cloud-  
flecked sky;  
Over the billows of gold and white  
Flicker the shadows and fall the light.

There's never a daisy in all the host  
Was here in the summers of long ago,

And still the fancy which charms us most

Is a haunting whisper sweet and low,  
Stirring our hearts with a tender strain.

"Here are the daisies back again."

The same dear daisies we used to cull,

When hands were tiny and hearts were gay,  
Gathering them till our laps were full

Many and many a summer day,  
Softly repeating a magic rune,  
Fringing the petals to time the tune.

And here, in the midst of the white and gold

Old as Eden yet ever new,  
Is the same sweet story of a gladness told

Under the sky so wide and blue,  
Her face on the daisies shyly bent,  
His eyes on her with a proud content.

There may be, far from this hushed retreat,  
Din and tumult and sordid care;  
Somewhere, perhaps, is the drum's harsh beat,  
And women kneeling in tearful prayer;  
There is only peace where to and fro  
In the silent meadow the daisies  
blow.

There are always dreams in this  
toilsome world.

Pure as heaven and true as  
God,

Who sends us dawns with the  
dews imperaled,

And scatters the glory of bloom  
abroad,

May the story that's ever both old  
and new

For the lovers here be a dream  
come true!



MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



our whispered words, and the little, brown birds nudged each other with their wings and rolled their round eyes knowingly, as we passed. And we vowed eternal faithfulness and found our lives all rose-colored. And all this strong and deep-seated affection, one tandem team whisked away before my very eyes! I am glad you broke the bracelet, Leslie. It is all that kept me from locking it on many another just as white a wrist since then.

The days of my foolishness were long and many, but I am out of it all now, unscarred and unshattered.

A small, round picture, evidently once cherished in a locket. I turn it to the light. Discolored, cracked and bent, it still bears some likeness to the bright, brunette face of the original. She was the nicest of them all, and for three months I lived but in her presence. Her home was the third floor, back, of a cheap lodging-house, and I don't believe her parentage would have been reassuring if looked into, but I was desperately enamored. I forgot the past I forgot every dear creature whose love had cast a temporary glow from paradise across my pathway. I vowed the old vows with fresh ardor, and the time-worn loving epithets gathered new tenderness when whispered to Mignon. There was nothing near, and dear, and sweet enough to murmur in that listening ear against my coat collar. I quite forgot what came along to draw us apart. Strange that I should, when I was so in earnest! It may have been that she tired—it may have been that I did—but still, I have a half-recollection that there was a third party in the case. However that may be, her picture was pried out of my locket and that of stately Julia inserted in its place, and my heart repaired its damaged works, and started briskly on. A way it always had, and a cheery and comfortable way, enough.

I would expect to suffer. Would desire and intend to, as quite the proper thing to do; alas! in the midst of my mourning, a glance from a strange pair of eyes or a touch of a taper hand would raise me from my sackcloth and ashes, high to the blest and shining pinnacle of love. It was always so.

Here is a small and wrinkled bunch of kid. I smooth it out upon my desk. A small, pearl-colored glove, with the initials, L. H. upon the inside. It belonged to Louise. Pretty, fair-haired little Louise.

Such a mite of a glove! And as I hold it I can almost fancy that the years, the gray hairs and the wrinkles have never been, and that I hold again the dear hand that has so long been stilled forever. Just here, I can see the print of the pink, soft finger tips, and against the back the blood in her blue veins throbbled. And here lay the cool, pink palm with its broken life-line. And at the thought of the smooth, fair skin that the long wrist covered, a lump comes into my throat, which, were I not so old and careless and bitter, I would almost think the little glove had brought.

The air has grown so full of mist—there must be rain outside—that I can hardly see the pearl-white glove before me, which I will lock away until some time when the sun shines in and my eyes see clearer.

But can I lock up all my power of memory? Can I lock up the rapture of kisses, or the heart that grows sick with longing for the dear, dead past? Can I lock up the touch of soft fingers, that sends the blood dancing madly through my veins? Can I lock up the memory of those fair, fond days, when the gates of heaven opened and took me in? Those days when life was love, and love was life—for Louise and I.

I feel that I am standing by an open grave, within which lies all that might have been great and good in me; within which lies, beside the pearl-tinted glove, my youth with its unfulfilled promise; my hope and trust and the one true love of my life.

The wind blows cold across me, and I push aside my trinkets with hands that tremble. I rub my eyes to clear away the mist, and look about me with my old, serene, affable nonchalance.

But my heart is not at rest, and I wonder if it ever will be again.

