

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

Florence packed up and came home to me at once, never to go away again. We found she had been fading away, going downhill fast since her short visit home in July. Lungs, muscular system and digestion all seemed worn out. But we did not give up hope. We had great faith in perfect rest and Muskoka's bracing air. On first returning she was very ill for a while, and consulted a Huntsville doctor, whose diagnosis was again the same, giving no hope of final recovery.

The following "meditation" was written at this time:

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY.*

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
But the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun."

The soft shadows are creeping; the night winds whisper, full of a vague tender grief. Summer is dying; every foot-fall is hushed in the soft, thick turf. Muffled are the ringing songs of birds; scattered the flowers, the purple skies fading into blue grey distance.

Is it sleep, or death? So sinks a dying summer?
Some tears, some sighs, some pale twilights,
Yes,—but breaking out into gold!
Summer's long playday done—and what a playday!

And shall I die, too—I? Some day! Why, who's afraid?
And must my pulses beat in slow surrender to that pale conqueror? Some time! Look how the leaves are falling; faintly they flutter down. So summer dies—no, sleeps.

So like some dear child, deprived perforce of its prettiest treasures, relinquished slowly from the clinging, feeble fingers, unloosed by *Mother's* hand (grieving, but subdued).

* Thoughts jotted down by A. F. K. on receiving sentence from the doctor, September, 1903. One paragraph she has taken from her favorite Longfellow and put in her own words. After her death, I found the rough copy, and set it in order as above.—S. A. R.