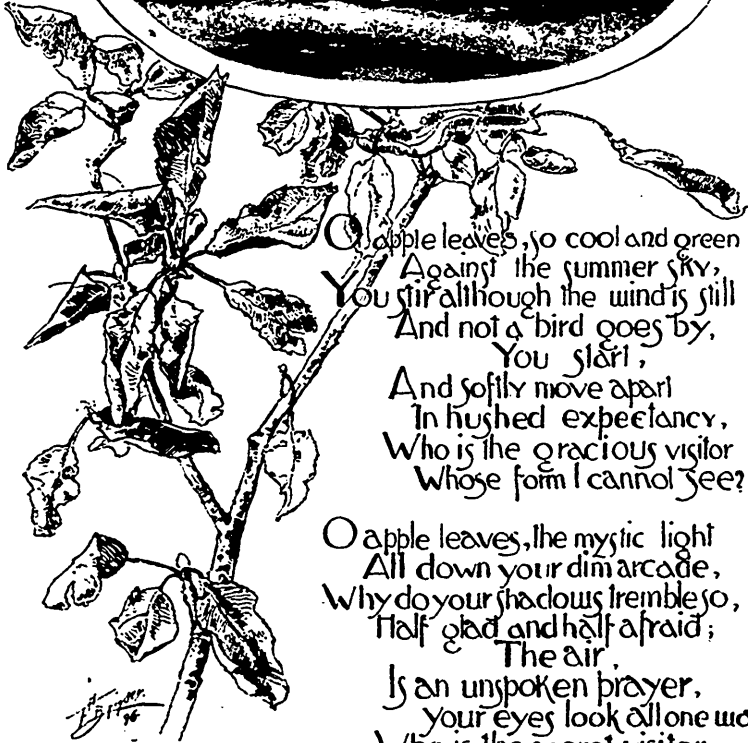


IN THE ORCHARD.



O apple leaves, so cool and green
Against the summer sky,
You stir although the wind is still
And not a bird goes by,
You start,
And softly move apart
In hushed expectancy,
Who is the gracious visitor
Whose form I cannot see?

O apple leaves, the mystic light
All down your dim arcade,
Why do your shadows tremble so,
Half glad and half afraid;
The air,
Is an unspoken prayer,
Your eyes look all one way,
Who is the secret visitor
Your tremor would betray?

Chas G D. Roberts.