

One moves, the spell is broken. The tired, heated wings cease throbbing; down, down it drops, hopeless, lost—still down and down—till with a hissing switch of a foot and a wing in your nostril it soars again to the Empyrean. Lying here, on this neck of land, gazing down the lake into the distance we have come, and forward into the unaccomplished distance—if it could be always noon, and the sun always shine, bees hum, birds thrill, fish jump; with canoe glistening in the sun and imaged in the water—sign of isolation and a link with past and future—an age would scarce suffice for our resting here—why ever depart?

But rich as is noon in dreamy rest, evening and night have a rarer suggestive power of gorgeous, or it may be sombre colour, of dumb intensity of mood. Cooled and refreshed by an evening breeze we paddle on and on, through water glowing like heaped-up diverse gems, into the ardent west. The hither side of hills take on a sable tinge, their crown of daffodil succeeds to sky of sapphire, star-pierced, the

waters deepen to inky black and the hills to lapis-lazuli: and night holds universal sway. It is as though the great Master-dramatist, whose puppets we are, were using us as dummy pieces in this scene of his composition. For it reminds us strangely of some play-scene of marvellous creation and league-wide range. Dim knolls and tree-clumps stand like towers, square-buttressed, deserted, shadowy with age and lichen and decay. It is the enchantress Night at work, as she has been since ever the world began, enriching the imagination with intimations of an alien time chaotic or pacific, or presenting to man "gigantesques" of his handiwork.

All nature's children of the day are asleep. We lie down to rest, the air heavy with the fresh odour of pines and rustling with undefined night voices whose undertone is the rhythmic beat of waves. The senses grow more acute, the ear is flooded with pulsations unperceived before; with at last a sense of perfect peace, the overflow, and of an encompassing harmony, and—we are in oblivion. •

DAFFODILS

BY HERBERT L. BREWSTER

WHAT matter that the evening air is crispy yet, and chill,
 What matter that the rim of snow still lies athwart the hill,
 There are cadences of promise in the free-song of the rill;
 And the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

The germs of balm and blessing that were sleeping 'neath the snow
 Are coming forth in triumph where the swift March breezes go,
 And hearts that love the sunny skies are bounding now to know
 That the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

We think of hazy hill-tops in a maze of summer light,
 And dream of violets by the stream, and pearly dews of night;
 Since Spring's caress has broken down the thrall of Winter's might,
 And the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

Oh! the Northern ways are weary, and the Northern nights are long,
 When the world is wrapped in whiteness, and the woods have lost their song;
 But the heart-beats of a fairer time are pulsing full and strong
 When the daffodils are blooming in the lane.