

IN THE ORCHARD..... *Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

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 tremors would betray ?

LIFE AND NATURE..... *Archibald Lampman.*

I passed through the gates of the city,
 The streets were strange and still,
 Through the doors of the open churches
 The organs were moaning shrill.

Through the doors and the great high
 windows
 I heard the murmur of prayer,
 And the sound of their solemn singing
 Streamed out on the sunlit air ;

A sound of some great burden
 That lay on the world's dark breast,
 Of the Old, and the sick, and the lonely,
 And the weary that cried for rest.

I strayed through the midst of the city
 Like one distracted or mad.
 "Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
 And the very word seemed sad.

I passed through the gates of the city
 And I heard the small birds sing,
 I laid me down in the meadows
 Afar from the bell-ringing.

In the depth and the bloom of the
 meadows
 I lay on the earth's quiet breast,
 The poplar fanned me with shadows,
 And the veery sang me to rest.

Blue, blue was the heaven above me,
 And the earth green at my feet ;
 "Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
 And the very word seemed sweet.

JOURNEYING UP IN A BALLOON.

S. BAIRD POWELL.... *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.*

In theory no experience that we poor, non-flying mortals can enjoy is more fascinating, more ideally charming, more poetically sublime, than a trip heavenward in that curious, unnatural, and yet extremely simple apparatus—a balloon. To soar aloft, rising up and up without rocking or vibration! To glide o'er the country, above the tree-tops and houses, perfectly noiselessly, perfectly at ease! To gaze on distant views, on glorious cloudscapes, and have the earth laid flat beneath one's feet! Surely one's wildest dreams can conjure up no more perfect mode of motion.

The little basket in which we are to spend the next hour or two is being attached by its few stout cords to the wooden hoop where all the strings of the netting concentrate. It is time to get into the car. The valve-line is all right, for we have looked up the open neck at the bottom of the gas-bag, and have seen it leading down from the valve at the very top. "Let go!" We are off! All the rocking motion, the creaking of the car, the various excited voices—all these have ceased. The earth sinks away from under us. Instead of a few people struggling close around us, we see a multitude of upturned faces. Look at the place we started from now! It has grown quite small. How still and peaceful it all is! It seems quite hot, since there is not a breath of wind noticeable to us. We have travelled away from our starting place, and are skimming over comparatively unknown country. See the roads white and straight, the fields of green and brown, the clumps of trees, the country houses in their well-planned grounds—all as in a colored map. Now let us see what the aneroid says. It has fallen nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, equivalent to a rise of 3,000 feet. See how this hot sun has expanded the gas. The balloon is as tight as a drum. But no matter, it can stand it. How curious it is to hear the dogs barking, the children crying, and the many trains whistling! For we can hear every loud noise that occurs within several miles.

We are still rising upward. See how faint the country appears to the north, and now it begins to appear so all over—it is all blue and misty. Nothing is visible anywhere except grayness. We are in the clouds. It gets comparatively dark, and soon the balloon above our heads begins rustling and looks loose. It is getting lighter. A dim sunlight strikes us. Suddenly we realize we