

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

recognized me.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Glad you came. I have often wished that some one could be present when the child I told you of is here. It is almost time for her to come. Ah, there she is. Now for the most wonderful, most sublime——"

"He did not have time to finish, for all at once from the old violin on the shelf came the clear and distinct 'do' with wonderful vibration and sweetness, as though a master hand had drawn a bow across it. No sooner had the first sound died away than it was succeeded by another. The old man reached up and took it down and handed it to me. As I took the instrument it repeated the 'do' again and again; not only could I hear the sound, but I could hear the constant vibration of the whole violin. At last I recovered from my astonishment and asked what it all meant. The old man smiled and told me that it was as much of a mystery to him as it was to me, but that always as soon as the little girl entered there was a continuous sounding of the violin until she took it.

"I handed it to the little girl, and to my surprise the sound of the vibrations ceased. She stepped to the case in which the bows were kept, and, taking one began to play. And such music — such divine music! I never heard it's equal before, and I never expect to again.

At this point there was a sharp rapping by the conductor with his baton as he called the players' attention to the score. The musicians played it as if they were in a hurry to get through the act. When the curtain was rung down again one of them reached far forward and whispered to the white-haired old fiddler in a hollow, excited voice, "Well, what then?"

"Why, I awoke," was the solemn reply.

### A SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON.

I sit alone on a garden seat,  
Under the hickory trees,  
A little bird calling sweet, sweet,  
sweet!

In a gamut of minor keys.

The crickets chirp in the aftermath,  
A myriad blended strain,  
And the ant toils over the garden  
path,  
Tugging his winter grain.

His subterranean house and store,  
With its galleries all complete,  
Its tiny cells, and its nursery floor,  
Its secret vaults, and its guarded  
door.

Are here beneath my feet.

And strange it sounds among the  
corn,  
In long crescendo chime,  
To hear the fuscus's strident horn,  
As in mid-harvest time.

For now the squirrel stuffs his cheek,  
With nuts and acorns brown,  
And stops and scolds in squirrel  
greek,  
As he comes scurrying down.

And all the still September air,  
Is sunny as in June,  
But the leaves fall here, and the  
leaves fall there,  
And the signs of Autumn are every-  
where,  
And the year's in its afternoon.

K. S. McL.