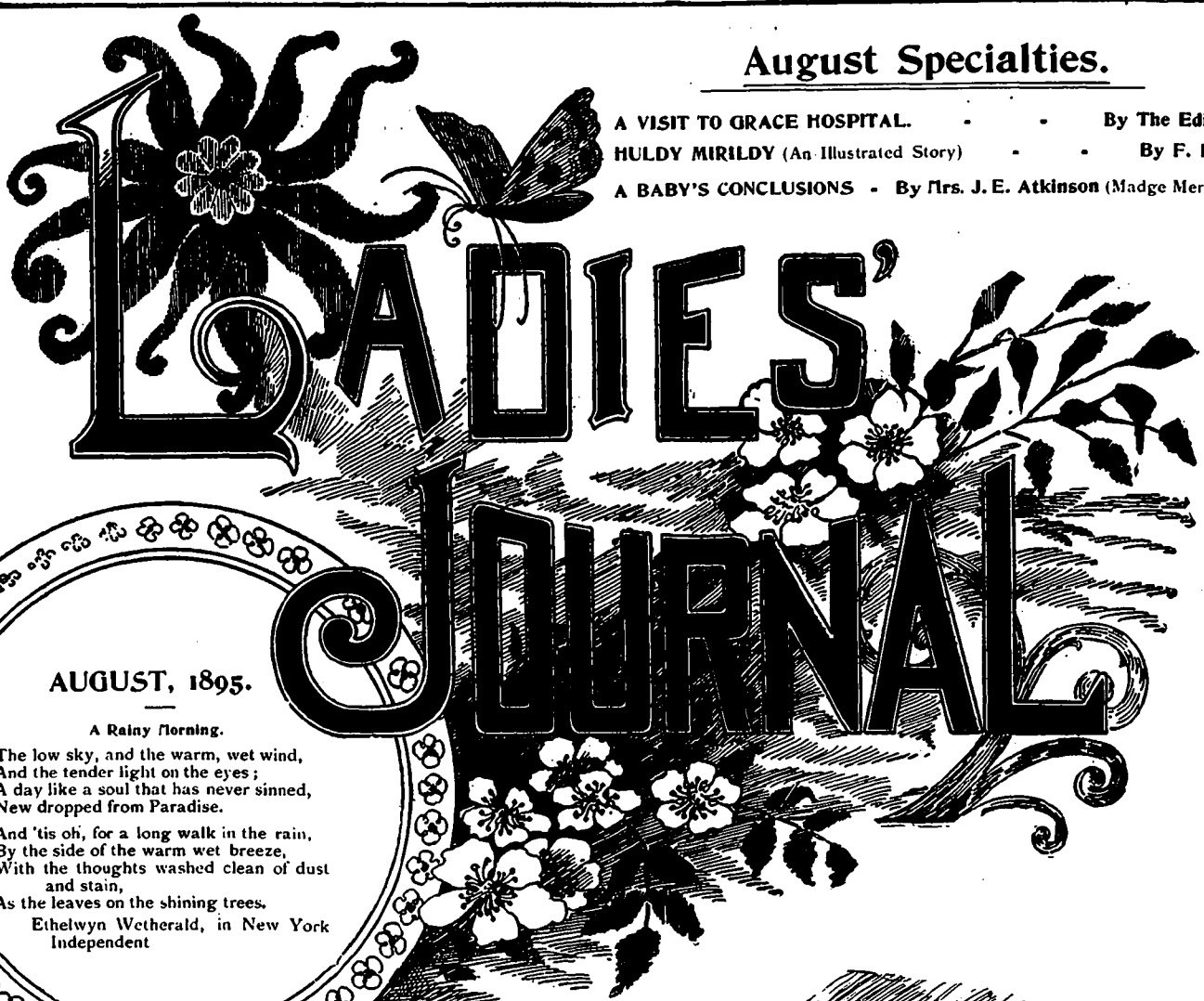


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August Specialties.

A VISIT TO GRACE HOSPITAL. By The Editor
HULDY MIRILDY (An Illustrated Story) By F. Pitt
A BABY'S CONCLUSIONS By Mrs. J. E. Atkinson (Madge Merton)



AUGUST, 1895.

A Rainy Morning.

The low sky, and the warm, wet wind,
And the tender light on the eyes;
A day like a soul that has never sinned,
New dropped from Paradise.

And 'tis oh, for a long walk in the rain,
By the side of the warm wet breeze,
With the thoughts washed clean of dust
and stain,
As the leaves on the shining trees.

Ethelwyn Wetherald, in New York
Independent



Robert S. Sherrill

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing
Just to get away,—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer's day;
Ah! my heart is sick with longing
Just to get away.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Just to get away,—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Just to get away.

HELEN JEFFREY DEL.

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