

red and white and golden: the worn tiled roof, vari-colored and gay with patches of lichen and houseleek and moss: the swallows circling to their nests beneath the eaves; the sparrows twittering in the spoutings: the pigeons cooing among the tall chimneys and on the ridges; the pearly smoke lingering in the massed foliage of the trees; and the windows reflecting the dying glory of the sun.

It is a fair, spring evening. The sweet, smiling moon and the stars are out, and the garden is bathed in opalescent splendor: so peaceful, so calm, so holy. The incense from the sleeping flowers lingers awhile in its upward flight, perfuming all the earth. The violet, jonquil, and daisy, the sad-eyed pansy and forget-me-not, mingle with the tall hollyhock and quaint-cut yew, and plats of soft, deep grass, smooth as velvet. The pathways rise and fall, and wind under avenues of laburnum, yellow and purple: and lilac, and May-red and white; past odd nooks and shady bowers; from light to shadow, from shadow to light: where the brook plays sweet airs amidst the pebbles, and the trees murmur softly to the moon.

The hours fly by with woven wings in that enchanted garden. It is a summer night. These two I see wan-

dering, with hands clasped, through that fairy expanse; and the voice of Philomel is less sweet than that maiden's whisper, nor deems he that Paradise contains more of bliss than is his. Upon a rustic bench they sit them down, and for a while the silence is unbroken, save only for the subdued harmonies of nature's voices. The pearly moon reveals the wondrous beauty of the maiden, and the youth can do nought but gaze upon her face—thrilled with the tender love-light



A WOODLAND MONARCH.

of her eyes. To-morrow she will be his bride. To-morrow! Only a few slow, creeping hours. Soon will the night close-fold her raven wings, and