

A MAY-DAY FANCY.

DEEP in a light-shunned hollow,
The last of the snow-drifts lay,
Covering before spring's van-
guard,
Aghast at the voice of May.

Many a golden arrow,
Shot swift from the Sun-god's bow,
Had pierced its crystal target,
And lodged in its breast of snow.

Sullied the perfect whiteness,
All shrivelled the rounded form,
Wasting before the zephyr,
It longs for the wintry storm.

Clods of brown earth around it,
Above it a mist of green ;
Grey rocks of jutting limestone,
Swept bare of their leafy screen.

Sounds of the snow-wraith wailing,
" Would that my shroud might be
A film of feathery snowflakes,
Blown soft from yon wind-shorn lea."

Faintly the piteous pleading
Rose sobbing up the height,
To a bank of fragile bloodroots
In the sun-gleams' shimmering white.

Then, fluttering past the moss-beds,
A shower of living snow
Fell on the sullied snow-drift
In the light-shunned dell below.

The snow-wraith ceased her wailing,
But next morn the petals lay
Dead in a flood of sunshine—
'Twas the birthday of the May.
M. E. Richardson.

THE GALE.

THE wind came down on the waves
A midnight breath, [that drew
O, the wind came down, and as he
[flew
He laughed within himself and knew
The end was death!

Out darted his long, cruel arms,
Persuading sore,
He roughly kissed as the snake that
[charms,
And wakened all the wild alarms
Of sea and shore.

He whispered, hissing : " See delight,
Not far, not far !"
O, the sad waves shuddered that mid-
[night,
And shrieked and moaned at the sudden
Of the hidden bar. [might

Shrilled there a voice above the lash?
The bitter mock?
Woe! for the waves they flee and flash
In the flood of the moon till they die and
[crash
On the birth-blind rock!

G. Herbert Clarke.

INSIGHT.

IF, in the midmost silence of the night,
My soul might rise and stand beside the bed,
And look upon the low unconscious head,
And scan the form laid open to its sight,
And think some mysteries might flood with light,
And life's strange things unfold their hidden page,
So that my soul, returning to its cage,
Might know the laws and bounds that bar its flight.

For, gazing through the sightless lids of sleep,
Could it but learn its subtle bond with sense,
The knowledge might explain their endless strife,
And bring fresh weapons for the soul's defence,
And turn the keys of fleshly form that keep
The cells of thought, the secret springs of life.

Frank L. Pollock.