

## MY LADY OF DREAMS.

MRS. JEAN BLEWETT, Toronto.

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams  
Murmurs a roundelay tender:  
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,  
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,  
Standing so stately and slender!

Silvery white where the lone shadows brood,  
White where the starlight is streaming,  
Silvery white through your virginal snood,  
Silvery white through your veil and your blood —  
You, with your singing and dreaming!

You, with a cloak of the loveliest green  
Draping your warm whiteness over!  
You, with the breath of the forest, I ween,  
Mosses and briars with lilies between —  
Haunts of the poet and lover!

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams  
Murmurs a roundelay tender:  
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,  
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,  
Standing so white and so slender!

## WHY PLANT A TREE?

Why plant a tree? Because the birds  
That 'trance the listening air,  
May nest among the rippling leaves  
And sing your praises there.

Why plant a tree? Because the beasts,  
As seasons come and go.  
May shelter underneath the boughs  
And there mute thanks bestow.

Why plant a tree? Because you may,  
As aging years invade,  
Eat of its fruit, admire its form,  
Or rest beneath its shade.

Why plant a tree? Because your son,  
And his son's son again,  
For this alone in future years  
May rise and bless your name.

Why plant a tree? God himself  
A garden set of old,  
And if you follow in his way  
You'll find mayhap, his fold,

So then if God, and child and you,  
And beast and bird agree,  
Why, man! get up and hunt that spade  
And go and plant a tree.

## THE SPRING MAID.

April, half-clad in flowers and showers,  
Walks, like a blossom, o'er the land;  
She smiles at May, and, laughing takes,  
The rain and sunshine hand-in-hand.

So gay the dancing of her feet,  
So like a garden her soft breath,  
So sweet the smile upon her face,  
She charms the very heart of death.

The young moon in a trance she holds  
Captive in clouds of orchard bloom,  
She snaps her fingers at the grave,  
And laughs into the face of doom.

Yet in her gladness lurks a fear,  
In all her mirth there breathes a sigh,  
So soon her pretty flowers are gone —  
And ah! she is too young to die!

*Harper's Magazine*

## THE BOY'S SLING.

A great hulking boy with nothing to do  
Was trying his sling with a hard stone or two,  
And thought it good sport to shoot down and kill  
Our sweet feathered songsters upon the green hill.  
A dear little bluebird, perched up in a tree  
Was singing the song of the happy and free,  
With his pretty mate by him, how happy were they,  
In God's blessed sunshine, that beautiful day.  
In the midst of his song came a stone from the hand  
Of that cowardly boy, skulking there on the sand,  
And the bird's note of joy broke in a faint cry  
And he fell on the roadside to struggle and die.  
A bright life thus ended and laid out of sight,  
A helper destroyed, who well earned his right  
To his share of sunshine and his place in life,  
His pride in his nestlings and his dear little wife.  
His song had been hushed, but woe to the heart  
So cruel and so mean as to act such a part.  
Oh, never, dear children, thus sully your hand  
By killing for sport the sweet birds of our land.

## ARBOR DAY.

(For eight small children)

A is for apple whose fruit is the best,  
R is for redwood, the pride of the west,  
B is for beech whose small nuts we eat,  
O is for orange with fruit juicy and sweet,  
R is the rubber, a tree of Brazil,  
D is the date-palm, many boxes to fill,  
A is the ash our forests will boast,  
Y is the yew tree, at Christmas used most.—*Kindergarten Primary Magazine.*