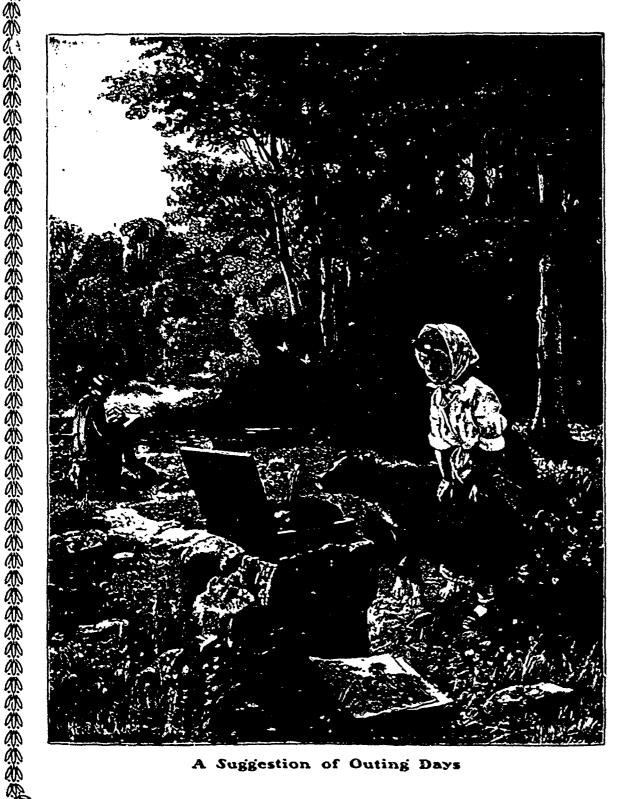
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A Suggestion of Outing Days

## AT THE FERRY

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON



E ar waiting in the nightfall by the river's placid rim,

Summer silence all about us, save where swallow's pinious skim

The still grey waters sharply, and the widening circles reach

With faintest, stillest music, the white gravel on

the beach. The sun has set long, long ago. Against the pearly

Elm branches lift their etching up in arches slight

Behind us stands the forest, with its black and lonely pines;

Before us, like a silver thread, the old Grand River

Far down its banks the village lights are creeping

one by one; Far up above, with holy torch, the evening sar

looks down.

Amid the listening stillness, you and I have silent

Waiting for the river ferry waiting in the dusk

alone: At last we hear a velvet step, sweet silence reigns

no more: Tis a barefoot, sun burnt little boy upon the other

shore. Far thro' the waning twilight we can see him

quickly kneel

To lift the heavy chain, then turn the rusty old

cog-wheel; And the water logged old ferry boat moves slowly

from the brink. Breaking all the star's reflections with the waves

that rise and sink ;

While the water dripping gently from the rising,

falling chains. Is the only interruption to the quiet that remains

To full us into golden dreams, to charm our cares

ana,

With its Lethern waters flowing neath the bridge of yesterday.

Oh, the day was calm and tender, but the night is calmer still,

As we go abourd the ferry, where we stand and

dream, until

We cross the sleeping river, with its restful

whisperings. And peace falls, like a feather from some passing

angel's wings.