



A Farewell Interview.

MY Furlough was over.
I walked down the garden to bid
farewell to the daisies.

The tiger-lilies turned and bowed.

"I'm going back to the city," I said.

They did not speak, but I'm sure I saw
tears in their eyes. Maybe their thoughts
were too deep for words—like mine.

I pushed through the beds of golden sun-
flowers; I pressed in close amongst them,
till they nestled their warm, velvet faces
down to mine. "You darling," they sigh-
ed, and I felt their soft breath scented
with honey.

"I'm going away," I whispered.

"Keep your face to the sun; keep look-
ing up. We always do."

So I kissed them good-bye.

The river came hurrying round the
curve of the broken bank. I leaned down
low and dipped my hands in the current;
the little waves lapped up and down as
they lifted the white water-lilies.