

Cutting Rushes.

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago?
 Meself was risin' early on a day for cutting rushes,
 Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,
 Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes,
 Young, still young! an' drenching wet the grass,
 Wet the golden honeysuckle hanging sweetly down;
 Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,
 An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain?

Then was it only yesterday or fifty years or so?
 Rippin' round the bog pools, high among the heather,
 The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave it go,
 'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.
 Come, dear, come!—an' back along the burn,
 See the darling honeysuckle hanging like a crown,
 Quick, one kiss—sure, there's someone at the turn!
 Oh, we're after cuttin' rushes on the mountain!

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago—
 I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes,
 Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,
 For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.
 Run, burn, run! can we mind when we were young?
 The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown;
 Sing, burn, sing! can we mind the song ye sung
 The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?
 —Moira O'Neill, in Boston Globe.

Lost.

What? Lost your temper, did you say?
 Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it;
 It isn't such a dreadful loss—
 Pray, do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one,
 As all can well remember
 Who have endured its every whim
 From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away,
 And wrinkled up your forehead,
 And changed a pretty, smiling face
 To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,
 The laughter, and the singing;
 And clouds upon a shining sky
 It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
 Make it your best endeavor
 To quickly find a better one,
 And lose it—never, never!
 —Harper's Young People.

A Beautiful World.

Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world,
 For the banner of blue that's above it unfurled,
 For the streams that sparkle and sing to the sea,
 For the bloom in the glade and the leaf on the tree;
 Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the mountain peak,
 Where the wind and lightning meet and speak,
 For the golden star on the soft night's breast,
 And the waving fields where the reapers reap;
 Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the rippling notes
 That come from a thousand sweet bird throats,
 For the ocean wave and the sunset glow,
 And the waving fields where the reapers go;
 Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the ones so true,
 For the great earth's heart, when it's understood,
 And the kindly deeds they have done for you,
 Is struggling still toward the pure and good;
 Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the One who guides,
 For He holds the ships and He holds the tides,
 And underneath and around and above,
 The world is lapped in the light of His love;
 Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

W. L. Childress.

Arcades Ambo.

By Helen Coale Crew, in The Outlook.
 See you glad lover piping there
 To Amaryllis sweet?
 He hears the hum of golden bees
 Soft murmuring in the blossoming trees;
 He hears the tinkling of the bells
 Where feed his flocks in grassy dells;
 From out his lithe throat, glad and strong,

He breathes a lover's joyous song,
 And pours it at her feet.

Mark you this lover, thin and white,
 Beneath these somber skies?
 He sees a narrow, paven street,
 At whose high top tall factories meet;
 He hears the shrill, metallic roar
 That shakes the trembling wall and floor.
 She toils beside him. He lifts high
 His passionate heart, with voiceless cry,
 To her young, patient eyes.

Arcadians both—young Corydon
 At dalliance in the grassy grove,
 And he, with drudgery wan and worn,
 Whose soul is big with pain and love.

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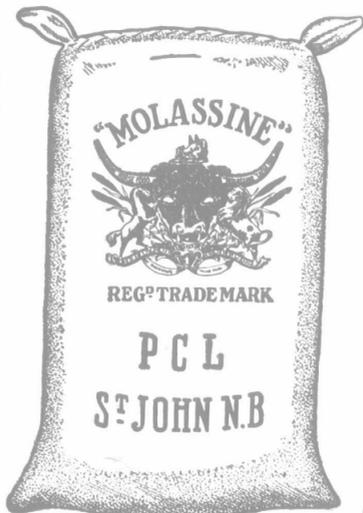
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