

row of maples that skirted the common upon the right. This brought her some nearer the garden, and as the industrious toiler there was the only visible sign of active life, she fell to dreaming over and wondering about the different phases of humanity she had so often studied; wrote a little upon the stray paper in her book, and idled away the happy hours until the dinner-bell awoke her to a sense of her surroundings,—if, indeed, she had lost consciousness of their rare beauties. As she arose to obey its summons, a penciled scrawl stole out of the pretty volume in her hands, and, unnoticed, settled itself where she had been sitting.

Deacon Hammond always had his help at the same table with his summer boarders, and it was at his hospitable board Lena first met Frank Wallace, the lad who had been working in the garden. Being a new comer, she was introduced in a formal way to the inmates of the dining room; as she met the lad's penetrating glance, she thought she had never seen such beautiful deep blue eyes before; Frank bestowed one compassionate thought upon Lena's pale face, and then devoted himself to the tempting viands that were so generously served.

Dinner was over. Frank Wallace had been to the little post office across the common, and was walking back beneath the shade trees, when he came upon a sheet of paper which, at first glance, he supposed to be Lena's handkerchief,—for he remembered having seen her sitting there. He picked it up, and with boyish curiosity, read—

"Life contains much prose, yet every heart one day lives a poem. It may not flash in letters of gold before the gaze of a multitude, nevertheless it is there, palpitating in warm, rich life, beneath a cold or impenetrable exterior. When a child, I wondered, with childish thoughts, why every paper, magazine, and countless books contained poems. Childlike, I dimly supposed when one had written a poem they were done with