

TO A. T. G.

She was born in the dreams of my childhood,
 A creature of fancy, as fair
 As the flowers that yield in the wild wood
 Their souls to the spring-laden air ;
 Her cheeks were the dew-nourished roses,
 Her voice was the music of dawn,
 And her eyes were the blue night discloses
 When the curtains of darkness are drawn.

She left me, as passes a vision,
 When my heart with its love was aflame,
 And though nature seemed smiling derision
 At one who'd a spirit reclaim ;
 Though reason and sorrow were speaking
 Their truest and falsest to me,
 Through the years I came ceaselessly seeking
 Till I found my ideal in thee.

P. M'ARTHUR.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

The Welburn Road runs where it listeth, and in the gay springtime you get stuck in the mud thereof ; but no one, unless he has the typographical instincts of a German army officer, can tell either whence it comes or whither it goes. You may sometimes, to be sure, find it necessary, as you journey along from one town to another, to drive a small way on this strange, old road ; but somehow or other you have always to turn off again to reach your destination. It may pass by the outskirts of a village or two, but it shyly avoids direct entrance into them. Its bridges are all of them old—in appearance, at least,—and the occasional traveller breathes a sigh of relief when he finds himself safely over. Like the gentle winds of summer, that affectionately waft their heated dust into the wayfarer's eyes, it goes wilfully hither and thither, and silently laughs at the scientific accuracy of the old government surveyor ; for before he came, it was. And now when his name is known only to the dusty volumes of the registrar's office, it still runs on and is indeed all the world to many a little boy and girl that tread its green sod on their way to school. Much as I love the old Welburn Road, I am afraid its actions are not always commendable. For instance, who but the road itself can be held responsible for that weary farmer's oath, when the plough-handles poke him in the ribs in turning the corner of that triangular field ? Mark, too, how audacious it is when it dares to pass boldly right between his house and barn ; though it is but just to remark that it makes some compensation for its serious misdeeds by preventing the waste of two good acres of land for the farmer's lane.

Here it rises proudly to some high hilltop, and seems to say "Thank me for showing you so fair a scene" ; there it drops meekly down, and creeps along between overhanging woods where the evening shades gather earliest and the chipmunk rustles the fallen leaves that cluster by the rotten rails. Here, hurriedly, as if it had forgotten its boldness and shrank from so public a place, it crosses a concession line where the white frame school house stands. What stories the old road here could tell ! Stories of little schoolboy plans, of little loves and little hates, of little fears from tasks unlearned, of little triumphs over prizes won ; stories, too, alas ! of little lives that pass up to the world's great battle clad in the glittering tinsel armor of

"dates" and meanings of "capes and bays," of "fractions" and "recurring decimals," while the same innocent hearts, through many an idle fence-corner tale, have already received the deadly enemy within. But the Welburn Road, like all else, preserves a decorous silence, and passes on.

It passes on, over sandy hills and swampy bottoms, till, there, in the distance, you descry a bright light gleaming, seemingly poised in mid air. It is only afterwards that you notice the small brick church beside it. On drawing nearer, along the road (the Welburn Road, remember), you perceive that it is the reflection of the sun upon a granite monument. To the farmer folk in the neighboring fields what a tale of haughtiness and pride of sin and succeeding shame that sparkling light recalls ! Let us leave the road (the Welburn Road), that runs we know not whither, and approach the grave. 'Tis the only one we see at first ; but, no, there, at a distance, is a little mound with a wooden slab above it. Two graves, no more. Yet the stories of their lives are unconnected. The costly monument recalls the devotion of a U. E. Loyalist family (the Welburns they were named), the reward of that devotion by great grants of land, then the pride that wealth and social position give, the death of the grandson who settled here, the shame and disgrace of his own wayward boys, and the deepening sorrow of the widow, who still lives in the gloomy old homestead down there a mile away. And the wooden slab ? That takes us to the slums of London, where kind hands snatched a young girl from the dangers around her and brought her to the quiet life of a Canadian farm. In a month or so she died of a fever, and now lies buried behind the Welburn Memorial Church, hard by the monument to the proud but honest old militia captain, James Wolfe Welburn, of Welburn Road.

However, I have no doubt stout hearts can pass on without a great many tears and see what more the road has to tell us. Well, it passes bye and bye between two Indian reserves, where there is a store and a blacksmith shop ; for the aborigines, chiefly. There, in the dusty dingy store the two tribes mingle and jabber in English to each other. Over there on the hill, they say, in the early days, a battle was fought, and now the plough turns up anon heads and tomahawks to decorate the centre-tables of whitemen's parlors.

Now these are points of interest on Welburn Road. Perhaps you don't think them very interesting, but, believe me, I always found them so, and so let this be my excuse for directing your attention to them. '94.

"Papa," asked Johnny Withers of his father, who was a graduate of Boomtown University in '58, "what is the meaning of 'Semper fidelis?'" "Always fiddling, my son. It was a term applied to the Emperor Nero, who swam the Hellespont while Rome was burning," replied the old man.

"Mr. —," cried an irate professor in Jurisprudence, exasperated at the seeming stolidity of a member of the class, "are you following my remarks?"

"I am, sir," laconically answered the student, and added in a wearied undertone to the man beside him, "following, but a long way off."