

But the air was soft, and the silence deep,  
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;  
 She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee;  
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie,  
 She waked on couch of the silk sae slim,  
 All striped wi' the bias of the rainbow's rim;  
 And lovely beings round were rife,  
 Who erst had travelled mortal life.  
 They clasped her waist and her hands fair,  
 They kissed her cheek, and they kamed her hair,  
 And round came many a blooming fere,  
 Saying 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!'

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day;  
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;  
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
 That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
 And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie  
 In the stream of life that wandered by;  
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,  
 She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,  
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.

'O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright,  
 A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;  
 And the moon that sneeks the sky sae dun,  
 Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,  
 Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,  
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.  
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
 When the sun and the world have eelyed away;  
 When the sinner has gane to his wasome doom,  
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!'

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
 The friends she had left in her own countrie,  
 To tell of the place where she had been,  
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen.  
 With distant music, soft and deep,  
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;  
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,  
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.  
 When seven lang years had come and fled,  
 When grief was calm and hope was dead,  
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,  
 Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!  
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,  
 But still and steadfast was her ee;  
 Such beauty hard may never decline,  
 For there was no pride nor passion there;  
 And the soft desire of maiden's een,  
 In that mild face could never be seen.  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,

And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
 And her voice like the distant melody,  
 That floats along the twilight sea;  
 When a month and a day had come and gane,  
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,  
 There laid her down on the leaves so green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!

## \* Burial Places \*

Of some of England's Poets.

\* THAT wonderful cemetery,  
 Westminster Abbey, seemingly so out of place amid the jostling throng, and never-ceasing noise of west-end London life, is the resting place of many of England's poets. "Outside the solemn corridors the guilty still pall happiness, and the tired still struggle on; inside, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Without, comes to every one the summons, 'to life!' and the turmoil and the strife rush on; within, the only democracy are in perfect quiet and peace, to whom no call will ever sound save the one 'to God.'

Here lies Chacer, the "Father of English Poetry," and Spenser, upon whose tomb are inscribed these words: "Heare lies, expecting the seconde cominge of our Saviour Christ Jesus, the bodye of Edmund Spenser, the prince of poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs noe other witesse than the works he left behinde him." Near by are Dryden, Cowley, Gay, Herrick, Sheridan and Ben Jonson, over whose grave only what Goldsmith said of him: "O, rare Ben Jonson" Upon Thomas Campbell's tomb is an epitaph written by himself:

"This spirit shall return to Him who gave its heavenly spark,  
 Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim when thou thyself art dark.  
 No! it shall live again to shine in bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
 By Him recalled to breath, who captive led captivity,  
 Who robbed the grave of victory, and took the sting from Death."

In the chancel of the quaint little churh at Stratford-on-Avon, in the town where he was born, where he was married and