

powerful, steady in a "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" or tumultuous and defiant in a "Marseillaise." The slow serene rhythm of the free, open spaces where in the caress of sun and wind on his face man feels the presence of the Unseen, where the gently swaying grasses of the moors tinkle their silver music to the listening ear, such a rhythm is embodied here and there in George Borrow's prose, as for instance in "Lavengro" when the Romany Chal, that ardent lover of the out-of-doors who would fain live for ever, speaks in these words to his Gorgio brother: "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother, who would wish to die?"

The pervading languor of an Indian night, heavy with the "clinging scent of sandal incense and musk and withering jasmín flowers" steals through our limbs in the rhythm of Laurence Hope's poems. Again the inexorable, Asiatic calm of the inscrutable desert is brought home to us, as some age-long, inescapable rhythm on which, as on a background, all other rhythms, however light or heavy, are stamped out as lesser measures. Thus in his remarkable poem "Les Elephants" where he pictures the return march of the elephants across the desert to their natal haunts as with steaming bellies, upcurled trunks, and ears outcurved fan-wise they follow their patriarch leader, the author, Leconte de Lisle, sets the ponderous measure of the marching elephants against the inexorable, pulsating of the myriad sands of the blazing, changeless desert. Thus too, at times, does the rhythm of human life beat itself out against the changeless background of a relentless, ticking clock.

Rhythm is all pervading; there is nowhere where it is not though the ear of man may be deaf to it. "In the beginning was rhythm" and we might add, evermore shall be.

Westward and Other Poems

By Edwin Enoch Kinney

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Corner for Junior Readers

Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

[By Annie Margaret Pike]

CHAPTER XI.

The Farm

That Denny should lose his appetite was so unusual that, having unmistakably done so, he at once became the centre of interest in the family, and when on the Saturday evening Bridget made known to her mistress that Denny had positively refused the most tempting of "oven-testers," Mrs. Donnelly decided that something must be done.

On Monday she took him into town to see Dr. Mason.

"Is this the same young man I attended for measles last year?" asked he.

"Yes, Doctor, but he has grown much taller since then," said Denny's mother, as she watched the doctor and his stethoscope.

Denny took very little interest in the proceedings, listlessly obeying the instructions to take a deep breath, say "Ah", and so on.

"Well, Mrs. Donnelly," said the doctor at last, "your boy is as sound as a bell. The trouble is, he has been growing too fast. Send him into the country on a farm if possible. No, not to the sea. He would be overdoing his strength with boating or getting chilled after bathing. Country air and country diet on a farm will set him right in a very short time, do you observe?"

All of which explains the presence of Denis Donnelly as a summer lodger on the Widow O'Leary's small but prosperous farm in the county of Galway before the week was out.

It was within two miles of a railway station. On most days of the week produce of many kinds might be seen on the platform in readiness for the Midland Great Western goods trains.

Bunches of dead rabbits lay limply in piles; there were numbers of pheasants too, and crates of live chickens, all to be conveyed to the Dublin markets.

Denis noticed these things as he bestowed his new Gladstone bag on the clean straw in the donkey cart that was there to meet him, and took his place beside the widow, who handled the reins herself.

"Sure, to be beforehand wid the Widow O'Leary, it's risin' long before the lark you'd have to be," the neighbours used to say, and perhaps it was her promptitude and punctuality added to a fine endowment of common-sense, that made her the national resistance surges deep,

successful farmeress and road-contractor she was.

If you asked her what made her take up with road-contracting, she would tell you that O'Leary, rest his soul, when he was dying bid her thry for it.

She had the same section of road to keep in good repair that he had had for many years.

Across the low-lying bog country could be seen the farm and outbuildings, as white and clean as if the whitewash had only been put on that very day.

As the cart came to the gate, Denis jumped down and opened it. Already he was feeling the bracing effect of the country air.

On the following morning he went out with Andy, the widow's general factotum and right-hand man.

They took a gun and brought back a good supply of rabbits from the warren. Andy was a good shot and seldom missed.

Denis had the run of the farm, and from long experience at home, he knew how to establish his footing in the farm kitchen without getting in the way.

There was no stove of any sort or description in it. The fire was built of turf sods piled on a stone hearth under the wide chimney in which hams and sides of bacon were hung for home-curing.

The oven was a strong iron pan of sufficient depth, with a close fitting lid. It was circular and was placed amongst the glowing sods and covered with them.

Denny thought no bread he had ever tasted was so good as soda-bread baked in it. Chickens with strips of bacon on their breasts could be done to a turn in it too.

An immense three-legged pot, such as gypsies use, held the potatoes which were always cooked in their jackets, and a portly kettle hung on a swinging bracket above the flames.

Water was brought into the house by Andy from a well the length of a field away.

He had a wooden yoke with two buckets hung to it for the purpose. It had been sent to him from England by a brother who worked for a dairyman near London.

CHAPTER XII

Old Sarah

"An' there's Andy not back yet, an' I that promised a can of butter-milk to Mrs. Rafferty by three o'clock without fail," said Mrs. O'Leary ruefully one afternoon when