

distant clump of pine trees; and the little mother came back patiently to her duties, with the strained look deepened in her soft eyes, and her lips rather firmer set than was usual with her.

As she moved to and fro, setting out the tea things, her eyes fell on the solitary cabbage-tree, bending before the first breath of the nor'-west wind sweeping down from the hills, and a quaint little conceit grew in her mind. "We are both lonely, old cabbage-tree, you and I! We must be better friends in the days to come."

Then she poured out the tea for her father, cut thick bread and butter, and attended to the wants of the clamorous children as usual.

But though Annie chattered conceitedly of what the school-master had said to her that day, and Con, down under the table, was making the kitten squeal pitifully, the little mother only heard the light brushing hoof beats of a horse's quick canter over the springy tussocks, and the echoes of that sound never quite ceased to haunt the inmost recesses of her memory.



Green grows the grass where golden sun-
beams nestle

On earth's warm bosom, summer now
anigh;

The little birds are wooing one another

Along the shining love paths of the sky;

The trembling air enfolds the blushing rose-
bud,

And lovers' whisp'rings haunt me every-
where:

O God! That I alone must fade unquicken'd

And all thy world beside Love's garden
fair!

Till now I j'yed to give the morn' fair greeting,

And quaff'd its cup of promise to the full;

I sang the song of youth—the song eternal—

And shore from life its soft and whitest
wool;

But morning skies are clouded now for ever,

No more the wine of hope shall fire my
veins,

For he who taught me first the dawn's fair
meaning

My heart, my love, my very soul disdains.

Sweet was the presence of the restful noon-
tide—

The merry making mid the tossing sheaves,
The search for fancies in the winter fire,

The idle dreaming 'neath the green-
ing leaves,

The slumbrous basking in the summer sun-
shine,

We two together, all the morn' apart:

But oh! my love has gone, and chilling
shadows

Fall e'en at noon and creep into my heart.

Then come, sweet evening! Wrap me in thy
mantle;

Take me to the bosom of the night.

Repulse me not! Thou ever art my worship

Softly stealing down grim Abner's height.

And when the milking kine are driven field-
ward,

And every singing heart from care is free;

When the sounds of earth to God seem
nearest music,

May my burden be taken from me!

CARRIE TASS.