

apparently with D.'s very good will. The moral, moreover, has been mysteriously transformed, being now not a matter of parish politics, but an attack on the higher education.

Musa has an irritating trick of finding things so like current episodes of daily life that I am continually being called a snake in the grass by my best friends, who vow that I have betrayed the secrets of the smoking-room, and given their hidden romances to a jeering world. And the stories belonged no more to them than to the Mikado, being only outland treasures that Musa had brought down from the Shining Mountain.

Not only does she alter events at her own sweet will, but she alters diction as well. I prepare a fine peroration to address to my heroine, but while it is still on the tablets of my brain, Musa gives it a contemptuous look.

"Don't I know how to propose to a young lady?" I ask huffily. She simply takes the pen, scores out every fine phrase, and writes instead the same sort of blundering, two-edged, take-it-or-leave-it jumble that you and I, gentle reader,

actually drop into on such occasions.

"That's what he said," is her only remark.

She is a bit of a gipsy, too, as they say in Scotland. Time after time I remonstrate with her on her scorn of "les convenances."

"Musa, you'll have me cut by the county yet," I protest piteously. "How is it possible that a young lady like Emily, brought up by two maiden aunts and a Rector uncle, could go to a masked ball without so much as a skirted broomstick as chaperone?"

"She did it," said Musa, with a set of her short upper lip that spells utter finality.

I have shown you a little of the constant curbing, snaffling, and snubbing that my April lady inflicts upon me. And yet she is not always Musa the Despot; there are times when she is more patient than Griselda, more meek than the tamed shrew Katherine. But I have no mind to tell you about those pleasant seasons when we talk together of the Shining Mountain and other matters. All that lies a golden secret between my April lady and myself.

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## Romance.



ROMANCE came to our cradles—yours and mine,  
 Soft whispering "Yea,"  
 Then, with warm kiss upon our baby brows:—  
 "When far and wide adown the world ye stray,  
 No hand shall free you from my mystic vows.  
 While ye shall gather rue, who reach for pay,  
 Yet in your heart of hearts hold me divine,  
 Dreamers! who pluck at stars, as babes pluck may,  
 Your lives, your dreams, your loves about me twine."  
 Her vassals we, in blissful thrall alway  
 Uphold the honour of her ancient line.

ROSLYN.