



Just when the westering sun sinks 'neath the rim,  
 Sending slant rays, like benedictions, on the tired world;  
 Filling the little pools between the stones  
 With gifts of opals, pearls, and amethysts,  
 And hushing to its sleep each flower and bird—  
 A little maid comes to the boundary gate, and dreams,  
 And dreams, and dreams of things unkennd by world-worn mortals—  
 Of fays, and elves amid the rata blooms, and sprites amid  
 The shadows of the rocks that strew the river bed—  
 And living things—in ev'ry thing inanimate—  
 Till, feared by creatures of her own imaginings,  
 When shadows deepen into blackness,  
 She flies a-tremble to the cheery hearth.

*Illustrated by Margaret W. Feaver.*

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