



AN AUGUST DAY.

THROUGH green winged boughs which bend before the breeze
I see a distant farmhouse glimmer white,
As though a snowy cloud grown tired from flight
Had settled down among those shady trees;
Nearby me hum the honey-laden bees,
And, where the new rail fence draws o'er yon height
A long and jagged line of dazzling light,
The clovered hills lift high like foamy seas.
But, ah! now strikes the fiery noontide heat
On burning field, while over all the land
A sudden silence falls. With joy I gaze
Across the winding strip of ripened wheat
That seems a broad and glaring, golden band,
To streams beyond and pleasant woodland ways.

HERBERT BASHFORD.



TEACHING BETTY HOW TO ROW.

Betty's learning how to row!
When she shyly looks at me
With her eyes' soft witchery,
I must clasp her fingers—so—
Just to show her how to row!

When I steer I hold her, so—
Lined with that old pine, you see,
Till so bright her glances grow
I forget about the tree!

Watch the oars uncertain go,
Betty's catching crabs, you see!
I must show her—well, you know
What the forfeit ought to be.
I could stay a year or so
Teaching Betty how to row!

FLORENCE E. PRATT.