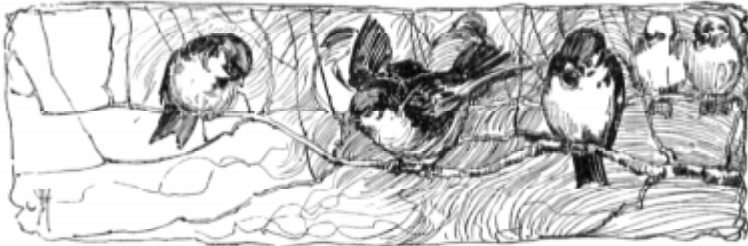


and most unusual night-dreams when a low *yodel* sounds in my ear, and its owner asks: "Have you had enough of tobogganing? Then come into the Zereba and sign your name."

Ye gods! The "Zereba"! and I had called it a "wing" or a "kitchen." Meekly I cross the threshold of the literally and laterally half-open, old-time door, wondering what a "Zereba" may be like, when I find myself back in the days, not of my grandmother, but of my great-great-great-grandmother. The low ceiling has beams of black oak, the stone floor is covered with rugs of rag-carpet. Great logs burn in a fireplace as big as the heart of my host. Chairs and tables and chests of drawers, nay, candlesticks and pictures and fire-dogs, and the china high up in a little cupboard in the wall, if they did not come over in that heavily freighted ship, the *Mayflower*, are still anywhere from a hundred to two hundred and fifty years old. A date carved in the high black mantel announces that the "Zereba" was built in 1735. Pitchers of cider, and plates of doughnuts and apples, complete the pleasant picture.

And now Madame, who only indulges in tobogganing at odd hours, when there are no guests to enjoy the treat, comes sailing in in her sables, for, with the upper half of the door constantly open, it is chilly notwithstanding the roaring blaze. She is as graceful in her indoor hospitalities as is her husband out-of-doors. I murmur thanks for all this kindness to a stranger, and am pressed to write my name and residence—California, I legally cling to—in "Ye Log Booke."

As I turn over its pages I find that tobogganing is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, for I see the names of great statesmen, clergymen, actors, and artists (these last embellished with clever little sketches), poets and bankers, cheek by jowl with a little straggling hand that has taken two wide lines to write all across the page, "JORG," which I translate "George," or with that of a schoolgirl, who writes in an unformed hand, "Margery Brown," and under the space headed "Remarks," "Good, 'cept the boys," from which sentiment I put her age at not more than ten years.



SUB DEO.

WHO loves the out-door life may always hear
Strange melodies in sounds from everywhere.

His heart vibrates at purple dawn or even
While birds sing carols at the gate of Heaven.
He listens rapt, as strains from out the trees
Come varying with the temper of the breeze—
Even exults in Winter's swelling blast
O'er frozen wolds and through the forests vast.
To sleep, and pleasant dreams he's gently sent
By thousand voices of the rain besprent

On roof or casement; has no dread, nor sighs,
Though thunders crash athwart 'the darkened
skies,

With awe he hears the ocean's mighty roar
Of waves resounding on the tide-swept shore
And, sweet delight, his soul is still attune
To the rippling tinkle of the brook in June.
Such transports come! The impulse in his
breast

For glad and artless song has been impressed
By these attempts of Nature to rehearse
The wondrous music of the Universe.

ELLIOTT BROWN.