to the worth-while things he learned in his youth. When a man remembers the fragrant pine he rested under at the edge of the furrow, and the one at the entrance of the grove as he broke trail through the deep snow in search of the firewood stored in the summer against this very season's need, he recalls also how he guided the old horse round a fallen tree, in and out through the ranks of them, dodging a sapling that it be not crushed, and the wordless whispered council that the pine gave him as he rested the panting old horse stayed with him through life, for some way it conveyed to him the secret of individuality, of greatness; it baptized him into an understanding of all that goes to make up a worth-while life. The pine grows from within outward; looking neither here nor there for inspiration, expecting neither admiration nor praise, and some way a boy catches these illusive teachings of a tree and holds fast to them.

LURES

SCENT o' the grass!
Needeth no challenging from any lass
To stir the heart, when in the breeze you pass!

Scent o' the fern!
Once breathed,—from out the trodden ways I turn
And follow,—cool green mysteries to learn.

Call o' the thrush!
Ere twilight veils the last faint sunset blush,
What silvern ripple haunts the hillside? Hush!

Scent o' the pine!
Far up, where swaying branches roof your shrine,
Surf-whispers voice a harmony divine.

Scent o' dry clover!
In sun-drawn fragrance o'er the field you hover,
And mowing's here, and summer dreams are over!

ALDIS DUNBAR.