THE HEAVENLY ROAD

gladdness to seek those not far away where the air laden with the scent of box is inhaled and where Nature’s own tangles and laws are con- doned. In Salem the black cat walks ad libitum. The guide suggests, it seems appropriately, a visit to the witch house, turned now into a shop wherein are sold relics, antique furniture and various evidences of long ago. For Salem is still Salem, the offspring of a violent struggle which she neither disguises nor finds discreditable. From its ashes she has sprung and today, in softened mood, seems to have tempered the cruel facts of her history with much that is romantic and legendary.

THE HEAVENLY ROAD

THERE was no milky way of stars,
   But just a field of green
With daisies by the pasture bars
   All radiant and serene!

There were no angels in the air,
   Nor raptured seraphs wise,
But up the noontide’s sunlit stair
   Trooped gorgeous butterflies!

There was no river of pure gold,
   But dancing in the breeze
A laughing brook forever rolled
   Beneath the arching trees!

There were no shining jasper walls,
   Nor azure baldricked dome,
But just a house with friendly halls,
   And quiet peace of home!

Edward Wilbur Mason.