paths are box-edged, and within the beds that they enclose, flowers, generous and fragrant, bloom season after season.

A specimen tree about the house is a Spanish chestnut, a seedling from one which George Washington planted for Judge Peters at Belmont, in Fairmount Park. These trees were then rare in this country, and the pleasure that was taken with so skilful a propagation can readily be imagined.

Altogether a visit to Wyck House is fruitful of the very elements of charm and romance that are so much to be desired in modern country houses.

In looking at the illustrations that are herein presented of this old house, it is impossible not to be impressed by its absolute lack of ornamentation, and the beauty to which it attains through a perfection of proportions. It makes the ornate quality of much that is modern in architecture seem not only unnecessary but jarring to the sensitive nature. Most forcibly it directs the mind to purity of line and dimension as the one thing necessary in structures of natural beauty and permanence.

IN THE DAISY FIELD

IF all the daisies whispering
Had voices and could really sing,
What purring little silver words
Their songs would have, like songs of birds!
I think their whiteness would belong
In such a very shining song,
No other one could be as bright
Unless what stars all sing at night.
The dearest daisies that I see
I am inviting home with me;
But will they miss the meadow wind
And all the daisies left behind?
What if I get them home, and then
They beg me for their field again?
I thought of asking one or two
Whether our garden wouldn’t do,
And whether homesick daisies can
Grow little wings like Peter Pan!

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.