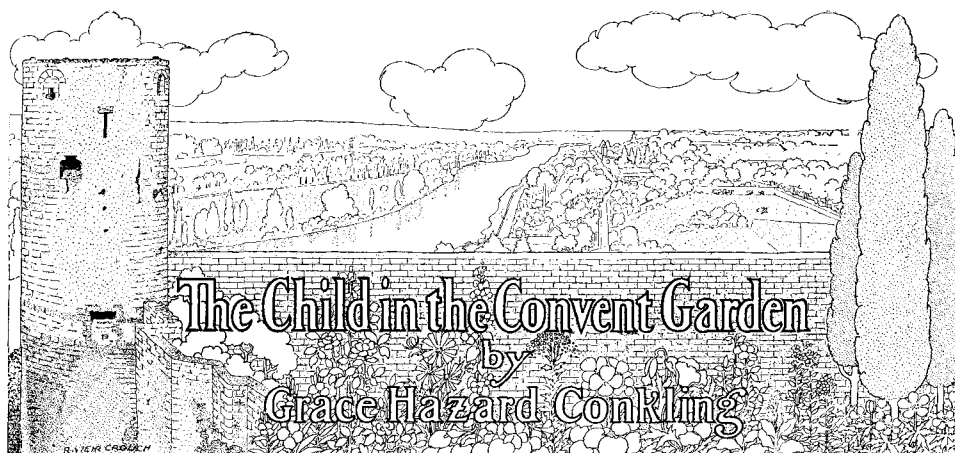




Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

IN NORMANDY. FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN
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(TO M. E. H.)

TOURAINÉ

QUITE near the sky and far above
A river I shall tell you of,
Upon the hilltop edge, there clings
My garden full of lovely things.

I think it grew upon this hill
Because it was so high and still:
And convent-gardens like to lie
As close as may be to the sky.

Where the hillside goes greenly down
It changes to a steepled town,
That climbs again, all brown and red,
To meet a castle overhead.

But these—outside the garden—seem
The town and castle of a dream;
For walls enfolding it about
Shut all the world completely out.

Only one wall climbs down instead
Of towering up above my head,

And helps the garden not to go
Splash in the river far below.

On this broad wall I like to lie
To watch the river slipping by,
And its green brim, where poplars grow
Like pointed church-spires in a row.

But it was long before I knew
The river—and my garden, too—
The gray-green trees and velvet plain
And hills together, made Touraine.

There 's more of it beyond, I know,
For Sœur Matthias told me so;
And how much wider it must be
Than just this country I can see.

Sœur Matthias could not explain
One thing *I* thought about Touraine:
It 's just a garden that has grown
A bigger garden than my own.

SCEUR MATTHIAS

OF all the sisterhood that go
With noiseless footstep to and fro,
Each one like all the others dressed,
I love Sœur Matthias the best.

The other sisters look so pale,
And they are still and tired and frail;
But Sœur Matthias seems to be
Made round and rosy—more like me.

The white and black she dresses in—
The snowy band beneath her chin
And one across her forehead bound—
These make her rosier and more round.

It is a mystery to me,
No matter what she does, that she
Can keep quite spotless: so much more
Than I in my white pinafore.