

her white hand as the blood red sun strikes against them. She looks longingly across the waving sea of grass. She is clean and firm in her faith that he will come ; and we

too keep watch with her, and pray that some day the long looked for will come toward us across the dull, brown prairies of our lives.

*Catherine Frances Cavanagh.*



#### AN AUTUMN RIDE.

BALSAM and spice and myrrh—  
How the winds waste them !  
Flavors of pine and fir—  
How you can taste them !  
Sweetness the summer spent  
Autumn possesses,  
Holding the mellow scent  
In her warm tresses.

Mettlesome steed of mine,  
Daintily prancing,  
Satin smooth mane ashine,  
Merry eyes dancing,  
*You* feel the joy intense,  
Heedless of reason—  
All the sweet influence  
Born of the season.

Where does our pathway lead,  
Grassy and narrow,  
Bordered by tasselweed,  
Spearmint and yarrow ?  
Little we care today,  
Whither we wander ;  
Just to be off—away  
To the light yonder ;

Off to the golden gauze  
Lit with bright flashes ;  
Where the ripe sugar haws  
Flame in red splashes ;  
Off to the zephyr fanned  
Valleys enchanted,  
And the wide garden land  
God's hand has planted.

*Hattie Whitney.*

## MUNGER'S CAT.

NAN HAWTHORNE was swinging gently to and fro in the hammock, nestled among the pillows, and idly wondering why other people did not make their summer cottages as attractive as her mother had made this one. The sight of a young man coming across the tennis court caused her to sit up suddenly. By the time he had vaulted over the net, and crossed the lawn, the quick color had faded from her cheeks, and she nodded gaily to him as he waved his hat.

"Where on earth did you hail from?" she asked, astonished, as he came within hailing distance.

"From the Etruria, in New York, Monday," he answered eagerly. "How are you, and what are you doing with yourself just now?"

"I'm pretty well. Sit down on that camp stool and let me look at you, Tom Bradley," she said, as she shook hands. "I suppose you are more conceited than ever after a year abroad."

"Couldn't be possibly," the young man replied calmly. "If this camp stool goes down with me, and I get stains on these duck trousers, I'll sue you for damages."

"Your mother must be glad to have you back again," said Nan. "I should be if I were she."

"Thanks, so kind of you," murmured Tom. "Mother and father have taken the Bartlett cottage for the summer, so I came right out here to join them. I thought mother'd eat me up the day I got here."

"I suppose you've come back with a trunk full of photographs to enlighten us poor benighted heathen with," sighed Nan, who had ascribed another reason to his sudden appearance on the scene; "such as Westminster Abbey, the Poets' Corner, Parliament buildings, and all the cathedrals. I've had friends traveling in Europe, before. Did you climb the Matterhorn? Or slide down Mont Blanc? Or ride in a house boat?"

"Please be sensible, Nan," said Tom, flushing. "I won't tell you a word about Europe if you don't want me to. I thought you'd like to hear all about my trip."

"Perhaps I might, Tom, if Europe hadn't been done brown by all my friends, long

ago; and each one thinks he has done such a wonderful thing that he must exhibit his knowledge and his photographs to his ignorant acquaintances. I am so tired of it I never want to go, myself."

"You were very good to write to me, if you felt that way about it, Nan," said Tom humbly; "though, to be sure, you didn't write very often."

"Oh, I wrote to you because you were such an old friend of the family, and mother enjoyed your descriptions of scenery so—and all that, you know."

"Why, if I had known that," Tom replied, "I would have written to her instead. Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these —"

"Please, ma'am," piped up a shrill voice behind Tom, "will you look a here for a minute?"

Tom turned around suddenly and spied a very tiny girl standing in the tall grass, holding a very big yellow cat in her arms. She was thin and bony, and the cat was fat and heavy, so her task was by no means an easy one.

"Scuse me, Miss Nan," the child said, noticing Tom for the first time, "I didn't know you was engaged."

"We aren't yet, but hope to be soon," observed Tom calmly. "Who is this fair damsel, Nan?"

"She's a little girl in my Sunday school class," said Nan, frowning at him. "What is it, Milly, my dear?"

"Please, Miss Nan, you was a tellin' your class on Sunday of how fond you was of pets," began the girl, "and ma said for me to bring you over our cat to see if you wouldn't keep it for us while we goes to the city for a week."

"To be sure I will," cried Nan, gathering the cat into the hammock with her. "Isn't he a big one, though?"

"He's got a collar on, too," said the girl, pointing proudly to the leathern band about the animal's neck. "It says 'Munger's Cat' on it—that's ours, you know. He's got two names, himself. Jim calls him 'Tom,' which I don't think is very pretty, so I call him 'Jenny.'"

"He's nice and fat," said Tom soberly. "He must get lots to eat."