

with the sights we have just seen. In a huge glass case they are exhibited—crowns, coronets, sceptres, and the Koh-i-noor diamond, all glittering and magnificent.

But the hour is getting late; we must be gone. As we pass out into the sunlight the din of London breaks once more upon our ears. We are back in the matter-of-fact world of to-day, but, yes, let us take one more look as she stands there. Moat, keep, towers and sunlit battlements all are enveloped with an air of romance and mystery. Enchanting, Bewitching Tower!

—DOROTHY STORY.

TO A FIELD FLOWER.

Frail frequenter of fragrant meads,
'Tis thee I'm courting now,
Who wear a slender-petalled crown
Upon your golden brow.

Your petals speak of purity,
Your golden brow of grace,
While innocence and beauty rare
Are imaged in your face.

Teach me the love lilt that you croon
To the music of the wind,
That I may sing it to my love
And soothe my troubled mind.

Teach me to seek for purity,
Simplicity and Grace,
That I may be content as you
To fill my lowly place. —DORIS PIERPOINT.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE CREEK.

I was sitting on a rock at the side of the creek.

The creek was a dry sandy bed, with a small rivulet of water trickling through it. All around the grass was brown and the trees drooped their leaves wearily. The poor cattle and horses stood or lay in the few shady places. A hot wind rustled the dry, dusty leaves of the trees.

An air of desolation hung over the whole scene.

A week later I visited the same spot.

The creek was a rushing torrent, sticks and other debris