

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

A few happy hours.

With laughter the bushes are joyously rocking;
The small birds and beasts to the river are flocking;
The bright sun looks down with a smile, broad and mocking
On meadows and bowers.

The world has awakened and welcomed the summer
And the sun up above.
The birds give a concert with chorus and drummer,
Swallow and dove.
O'er valleys and meadows, and high in the mountains,
The elves of the woods and sprites of the fountains,
Sing "Welcome bright summer; clothe pine trees and plantains
In laughter and love."

—B. ROWLAND.

MY DREAM.

"Goodnight, Harry."

"Goodnight, mother," I replied, and after blowing out the candle mother left me.

That day had been most enjoyable, for it had been my birthday. As I lay thinking in my little bed, a beautiful spirit flew past my window, and the next moment I was following her.

"See, here is the Thames, and that is the Tower Bridge," she said.

I looked out and sure enough there was the bridge, of which I had seen so many pictures, and under flowed the Thames.

"See that grim old building, that is the Tower of London." All this time we were flying swiftly through the air.

"This is Scotland," said my friend, "look at the heather."

"Let us go to Italy," I cried.

"Here we are," she laughed.

"Aren't these gardens beautiful?"

I looked below me, and there was a sea of beautiful flowers, of the most brilliant colours. These flowers grew near a pretty lake.

"That is Lake Como," explained the spirit. "The folk who live by this lake grow the flowers for perfume making."

"Now here is Venice."

I gazed in amazement at the beautiful buildings and the streets of water. The gondolas were moving to and fro.

Florence and Milan were no less beautiful. We found Naples very beautiful, and we went to see Pompeii. The buildings were beautiful, and all the streets were paved with stones; these had been worn into deep rills by the chariots. After Naples we went to Rome, and saw the Colliseum, and the spot where Mark Antony held his oration; and Nero's Palace and, above all, Saint Peter's. It is