

she guessed right? But she met his glance calmly. No one in the world should ever know that. Her next remark came with an easy smile:

"So, though it wasn't a play, I counted for something in it."

Was it pride in the woman or plain mischief? He looked at her gravely.

"Yes, you counted for much!"

"And those weeks at the Mount," she persisted daringly.

"And those other weeks that followed? They were even more wonderful, perhaps."

She pondered this for a time with lowered eyes, then resumed buoyantly.

"Well, I can't help feeling proud of you—you see—my instinct was right."

"Yes, in all things."

She shrank from him and turned away her startled eyes. . . .

Mrs. Marquis, looking down her table where the other guests peeped furtively at the lion, repented that she had given him to Mrs. Puvis, who still had the habit of appropriation. But at that moment Mr. Marquis, a fat little gentleman of broker antecedents, who indulged his wife's intellectual tastes without understanding them, leaned forward from his remote end of the table and, raising his glass of wine to the young author, said:

"Let us drink to the 'Dream of Life' which Mr. Stearns has made so real!"

In the flutter of laughter that greeted the little man's long meditated effort, the distinguished lawyer blinked recognition across the table to the new celebrity. At last they had come into the same sphere and met as equals. But Mrs. Puvis merely touched her glass with dry lips.

A CUCKOO'S CALL

(In Clonmel Parish Churchyard, Queenstown, Ireland)

By Sarah Piatt

YES, I remember you, my bird.
 (How far back last year's flower-time is!)
 "Where is the child?"—have you not heard?
 The grave in that deep grass is his.

Yes, yes. The child who followed me.
 Who called, "What is your name?" to you;
 And you made answer, from some tree
 Out of the world: "Cuckoo, cuckoo." . . .

The wild one merrily shook its wing,
 And lightly from the graveyard flew:
 "Now, listen," said the joyous thing;
 "Now, listen, when I say—cuckoo."

Then—as I have a soul to save,
 I tell you what I say is true—
 The child we thought still in the grave
 Laughed from the air: "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"



A Habitant farm in winter.

THE HABITANT IN WINTER

By Birge Harrison

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



HERE was a wreck on the line in front of us. The time was 10 P. M., the season midwinter, and the locality somewhere in the wilds of Kamouraska, one hundred miles northeast of Quebec. Word was passed that we should be held up for at least twelve hours. This delay was particularly exasperating to me, for I was due to start at daybreak from St. Pacome—still fifteen miles distant—on a drive of two hundred miles through the greatest spruce forest of Lower Canada. I was invited to join Mr. Power, manager of the timber “limits” of a great Quebec lumber baron, on a tour of inspection of the various

“camps” included in the concession under his charge. I had long desired to study the Habitant in his winter quarters; and here was my much-wished-for opportunity slipping away from me.

It must be explained that when the days shorten and the snow begins to fly, the French Habitants all quit their valley farms and journey to the nearest lumber camps, there to live for six long months in the brooding silence and the spectral whiteness of the great Canadian forest. Not a man who can swing an axe or drive a team would miss his winter season in the big timber. By instinct and by training they love the woods; they love the work, and, above all, they love the joyous, gregarious