



HALCYON HOURS.

DELIGHTFUL task—to sift the sand
So fine and clean through idle hand,
To watch the ripples foam and glide,
To hear the shingle crunch and slide.

No hint of hustle, loss or gain
To irritate the idle brain,
Merely to mark, with passive eye,
A brown-sailed boat go dipping by.

Sun spangles deck the jade-blue seas,
A tang of salt is in the breeze,
And, to complete this fair estate
And crown tranquillity—a mate.

JESSIE POPE.