## Waiting.

tiess holiday: the creaming spray Beats upward to the sky, And not a living dys eves the lifeless day.

and pant with all this summer to That takes from me my strength An unavailing length cars without one spoil.

And nothing have I garnered, nothing won: Nothing had come to me-Nothing that I can see-In all the work begun.

So pass the languid summers one by one, And one by one the days— A life of Junes and Mays— With all I would undone.

What the Baby is Thinking About.

"What is the baby thinking about ?" "Why, surely, of topics there seldom is dearth. To move the half animate jelly with doubt, With disgust, or with rage, from the hour of its birth Till its wants, with articulate voice, it expresses. While chafing with impotent zeal, to explain The muddle ma.e by our fatultous guesses, Its thoughts doubtless run in the following

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An Order for a Picture

n many as it ca adows, open wi

Listen closer. When you have

With woods and cornects and grands are A lady, the loveliest ever the sun cooked down upon, you must paint for me; h, if I only could make you see The clear bine eyes, the tender suile,

's soul, and the a

<text>