

# THE FREE LANCE.

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## NUTTING SONG

With sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow  
On the wings of the wind to the woods we'll hie,  
Where the opening burrs in profusion lie,  
And the withered leaves drift to and fro.

With happy hearts and laughter gay,  
We will strip the ground of its harvest store,  
To fill our baskets and sacks galore,  
Ere the sinking sun shall end the day.

Then, at the joyous Christmas-tide,  
As the flames leap merrily on the hearth,  
Unfettered shall be the spirit of mirth,  
While we roast the nuts at the fireside.

R. T. S.

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## DISILLUSION

It was Hawthorne, I believe, who discovered, or at least first commented upon, the curious fact that the best way to enjoy a region over which hangs the halo of romance is to keep as far from it as possible. Were we to take his advice we would never long to see the Alhambra; we would rather sit quietly in our chimney corners and let Irving lead us about the dreamy old Moorish pile whose very air would seem to us to be heavy with romance; we would not ask to see Kenilworth, Melrose or Loch Katrine; we would take down the well-thumbed Scott and live again in a land all our own illumined by

“The light that never was on sea or land.”

This running to see the very spot described by the poet is a modern notion. No one during all the Greek age, I dare say,