

A City of Dream in the Fair Land of Erin.

In a far away land, where the ^{harmon} strife of life
the ~~world~~ has not entered, and peace
broods serenely, with snowy wings folded,
there is hidden a city of dream. It
is sheltered from storm by the hills
that surround it on all sides save one,
where an arm of the sea shuts it off from the world,
and on that side no violent winds
are to fear. There an arm of the sea
shuts it off from the world, and the
waves sing a ripple of rest as they
break on the shore. No storm-song
or passionate wail of the ocean it
hears, only a lulling croon from the
gentle waves, a sweet lull song in a
minor key. Far in the distance
across the sea, stretch the hills of
another land. Sometimes they rise
distinct and near, with a view of white
dwellings, and green fields agleam in
the sunlight; sometimes they stand
afar off, chilling and vague in the
azure distance, or wrap themselves sadly
in mist and cloud.

Though beautiful at all times,
perhaps in early summer my dreamland
city wears its crowning grace. It is
good to live when the chestnut
blossoms scent the air and the lime
trees deck themselves with drooping
flowers, ~~plumes~~, and from out the wealth
of foliage comes the hum of happy bees.

Then

Then the orchards are white with apple
blooms, and the pathways are covered with
snow of their dainty petals. The air
is sweet with the sent of flowers, and
a-quiver with rapturous bird-songs. The
drooping golden of laburnums gleams in the
sun, and farther off the hills are
afame with ~~golden~~ ^{golden} gorse. In quiet
nooks the shy, sweet violets grow and
the glens and woodlands are ~~brimmed~~
with bluebells. The hedges ^{thick & sown} are
decked with a glory of blossoming
hawthorn a white mist of perfume,
the ~~queenliest~~ ^{queenliest} ~~eastliest~~ incense of summer. In
every garden lilies and rhododendrons
~~blow~~ ^{blow}, and roses fill the air with
a breath of heaven. On everything
rests the fresh young joy of the
dawning summer, an intoxicating gladness
that seeks relief in song. Birds
and insects carol their praise to ^{God} ~~song~~
the streamlets ripple and sing over
shining pebbles, the winds chant a
tender song to the rustling leaves.
The summer days grow
longer, hotter, but there is ever a cooling
breeze where the green corn grows,
and the fairy fields of flax, all
gay with red and azure flowers.
An infinite peace descends with the
evening dews when the busy life of
the day is hushed, and the west, in
the sunset glory, seems an open door of
heaven.

heaven. It is nature's ^{hour} time of prayer
and peace when the last gold rays, days
parting benediction, ~~shine~~ ^{rest tenderly} ~~serenely~~ ~~dance~~ on
hill and meadow, ~~flashes~~ ^{deal softly} ~~gently~~ through
the foliage, and die at last amongst the
solemn shadows.

Summer glides into the ^{fruitful} ~~peaceful~~
autumn, with wealth of golden harvest
days, and splendid gleam of burnished leaves.
Even when the icy breath of winter has
killed the bloom and chilled the heart
of nature my dreamland city ~~keeps~~ ^{holds}
a ^{wondrous,} ~~sweet~~ ~~and~~ ~~slow~~ charm. The
leafless boughs reveal their lines of beauty,
and the absence of the foliage makes
the wide sky seem more near. The
sunset and the dawnlight show their
loveliness unhidden, and the ^{tender} ~~golden~~ moon
and trembling stars shine with a deeper
light.

Yet, beautiful and peaceful as it is,
this gentle land can be a ^{useless} ~~beautiful~~ ^{useless} home.
To the child, the dreamer, and the old
it is Paradise restored, but to the
young, aspiring soul its peace is but
the stillness of stagnation. In its
simple and confined existence is no
scope for ^{might effort} ~~great~~ ~~abilities~~, for wide and
lofty aims. In its calm and sheltered
loveliness are no inspiring elements, no
sublimity of mountain peak or grandeur
of unfettered storm. The monotonous
days succeed one another and glide into
years

years without one stirring event to ripple the waters of Time. An exile may wander afar for years, and, returning, find no alteration, save perhaps a grass-grown pathway, or another grave in the green churchyard by the sea. A youthful and ardent nature must chafe against such a lifeless existence. Such a one must escape to the wider world ere ~~the wings of his soul~~ ~~can expand~~ ~~on~~ his powers find sufficient field. To remain is to let his faculties rust, and his life's best years be squandered in slumbrous inaction.

When those who have lived in its bosom go forth to the world, this beautiful homeland of youth becomes to the heart and the fancy a haven of peace and a fount of refreshment. When the din of the world thunders loud in their ears, and the maelstrom of life surges fiercely around them, lo, memory opens her shining chambers and they dwell once more in the heart of the woodland peace. The weary brain and clouded brow feel about them again the play of the moorland breezes, and the breath of the sea with its constant whisper of hope. The wind in the trees sings the old, sad, ^{young} tender song, and the scent of the ~~flowers~~ is sweet as in days gone by.

The loving spell this dreamland city weaves about its children draws them back to it as by a magnet ^{should} when sickness or disaster ~~overwhelms~~ ^{overtake} them. In its quiet ^{perfect}

Had
peaceful shelter their ^{troubled} ~~wear~~ hearts can find
new strength and healing. To this
gentle ~~great~~ home too they would fain return
when life's battle has been fought and
strife is done, and the spirit longs to
spend its closing ^{earthly} ~~mortal~~ years in some
serene retreat. The Paradise of
childhood and the Paradise of age alike
are here, those two points of existence
that touch the eternal shores. A hope
and haven through the stormy years of
life, so ever sweet and fair, appears my
blossom-land of peace, as it shines from
out the distance through a silver mist
of dream.

Winifred Patton.