

A WOMAN'S LOVE DREAM.

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We all have waking visions—I have mine,
 And being young, and fanciful, and
 counted fair,
 I sometimes dream of love.
 And sitting all alone, and musing still,
 While yet the firelight flickers dim,
 I ask myself if I should learn to love,
 If my still heart could wake to life,
 How would I love, and how would I be
 loved?
 I would be loved in calmness—
 Trusted and not feared.

I do not ask that he be proud and cold,
 But calm, and grave, and very strong—
 A king, like Saul, among the sons of
 men,
 And kinglier o'er himself.
 He must not tremble at my slightest
 frown,
 Nor shudder if another meets my eye;
 I would not rule, nor yet would I be
 ruled;
 I scorn the tyrant as I scorn the slave.
 There is a love of sweet equality,
 The love God gave and smiled upon,—
 For it was very good.

He whom I love must be my king,
 But I must be his queen;
 And he should yield me, as my tribute
 due,
 The reverence I had earned.
 Not only by my womanhood, but by my
 gentleness,
 Long-suffering, the patient sweetness,
 Only love can teach;
 For looking on me he should feel and
 know
 That peace and rest which follow after
 toil.
 I do not ask for him the world's ap-
 plause,
 His deeds the annals of a nation's pride,
 His name upon the lips of men;
 But I must feel his power—

Must know he could be what earth's he-
 roes are—
 I could not love him were he not thus
 great.

His hand must be both safe and strong;
 A hand to shield, to trust, to lay mine
 own within,
 To stake my life upon;
 A hand that might have fought with
 Hercules,
 Yet would not harm the worm before his
 path;
 For though the heart of woman loveth
 oft
 A thing she doth unwillingly despise,
 It is a pitiful, imperfect love that hath
 not
 For the corner-stone the rock of Faith.

His heart must be most tender and most
 true—
 A heart that loves, and pities, and be-
 friends
 Earth's suffering children, whether high,
 Or yet among the lowly and the poor,
 And he must love me perfectly.
 If I should ever meet this man,
 While he bent down to kiss my shining
 hair,
 Or smooth its clusters from their clinging
 rest,
 A sweet, unspoken language in his touch,
 Would lift my bright eyes to the light of
 his;
 And, as in fair Judea, when the world
 was young,
 Sarah with reverence said to Abraham,
 My lips should call him "Lord!"

Athletic Branch of A. M. C. A.

A few words in regard to this feature
 of the Y. M. C. A., may not at this
 time be out of place. Its history is
 brief. Some two years ago it was
 thought that the interests and influ-
 ences of the association might be con-
 siderably advanced by the addition of