

Leafy June.

THE trees are all swathed and wrapt in lovely green. In every direction the eye can turn, long vistas of rolling green and myriads of leaves of every tint and hue of verdure are to be seen, with the peaceful spears of the "multitudinous grass" all underneath. Everywhere and everything green, green, green. The meadows are rich and deep and unsullied emerald. Clover grass, and violets, and shining coltsfoot, and dandelions, ankle-deep, and swaying in the slightest breath of air, fringed every morning with drops of dew.

