

You may think it was an out-of-the-world place, and a dull life; but my happiest years were spent in that forest home. I see it still in my dreams, as it looked in the bright spring days, when the frosts and storms of winter were fairly gone, and leaf and blossom, bird and bee, were coming forth to the brilliant sunshine, and the soft, sweet breeze—the long, low house, covered with flowering creepers; the garden, where, among many more useful plants, my mother cultivated the blue-bells of Scotland, and my father a patch of heather; the green fields lying round, and the carefully fenced one through which a path led to the church door, with two or three grassy mounds and rudely-sculptured

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