

Summer In The Country.

"Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,
Longing to escape from study,

Is the refrain that rings out from many a heart now as the school year wanes slowly to a close. Some will be heard through the college corridors : "One more examination and then we shall have freedom, joy, heart's-ease and comfort ; then away to the country with all its mirths and jollities.

Summer is hastening to finish the work which spring has so nobly begun. It decks all nature in a brighter bloom, and everything seems to smile at its approach. "The earth and every common sight" doth appear "Apparelled in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream."

How happy one feels to escape from the rush and turmoil of school life, into a vacation of ease and quiet, in this season of brightness, beauty and glee-

Who can resist "the cock's shrill clarion" which summons one early to view the loveliness of a summer's morning ? The sun is just rolling its dazzling rays above the horizon, and careering in glory and might in the deep blue sky and through the fleecy clouds. The fields sparkle and glitter with dew. "All things that breathe from earth's great altar send up silent praise to the creator." Rich notes fill the air, warbled by the happy birds welcoming the birth of another day each with a song of its own, yet, blending in perfect harmony. The flower perfumed air breathes welcome from the land of dreams. All nature seems to admonish us with the words :

"There is joy in the heaven
And gladness on earth,
So, come, the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth."

By chance, while standing admiring the wonders of creation, one's eye falls on the lawn. Then some one comes tripping up to him with a challenge for a game of tennis. Nature's animation is by this time thoroughly instilled. The excitement is usually waxing warmest when the clang of the bell, summoning to the morning meal, not classes, is greeted with a welcoming shout. Then, with an appetite strengthened by the invigorating morning air, all enjoy the breakfast which "crowns the simple board, the halesome parritch" and "The soupe their" "hawkie does afford."

As the sun rises higher in the heavens, the milder sports, such as croquet engage the attention.

When the sun nears the zenith motion seems to have left all things. Deep silence holds everything, except for the lazy droning of some insects. Then the hammock, moved gently by the zephyrs under the shade of some huge tree, presents a most tempting sight.