

passing. They belong to the dark ages when men governed themselves through their fears, when virtue lay in gloom, and when the fairest hours must always have some dismal thought to temper them, lest anyone by some mischance should be completely filled with joy.

How much better and finer is the thought in this old Latin motto: "Let the mind know no twilight." Or in this other, which furnishes a motto for right living, "I count the bright hours only." The same idea is in the charming couplet:

"The hours unless the hours are bright it is not mine to mark;
I am the prophet of the light, dumb when the sun is dark."

And how happy and sunny is "Amidst ye floweres I tell ye heures." What a sense of duty well and contentedly performed.

The location of a dial should be worthy of it as an "altar." Indeed the garden may well develop around it, or *to* it, as its crowning achievement. A delightful position for it is on the center of a curving seat, in place of the table suggested. This means that the seat will be in the sun, for of course the dial must be. But trees back of the seat may give it partial shelter, and a combination of a seat with the dial ought always to be made. Put another seat somewhere else, for shade; a seat by a sun-dial, to use in the moonlight, is worth sacrificing shade and a good many other things, to have.

Its setting is a thing to be determined by circumstances in a measure, though I do not feel that any really crude device for upholding it can ever be very effective. A thick tree trunk cut at the convenient height may not be unattractive when clothed with ivy, but a huge stone or boulder seems far better, if a natural pedestal is desired. The stone has a sort of Druid dignity which the rough wood lacks. It ought never to be low