

Memory Pictures.

morning after days of mist and shadow—(for even here dark days do come as dark days will); then the mountains step forth from their grey shrouds and shake from off their lofty brows the clouds that have encircled them, and they seem to be resurrected into newness of life, while every lineament appears so clearly discerned it is like the revelation to one's eyes of some old, loved thing that has been lost awhile; and as the last trace of shadow is flung away, you can read the very expression of each noble face as you look, from this one to that, and it comes upon you like the sudden, unexpected smile of some rugged, human face you have known—surprising you in its rare beauty and leaving something in your heart that brightens it for long.

I remember one fair day that I never shall forget. 'Twas a morning close to Spring, a day of clear sunshine, but with none of the whiteness melted away from the mountains that circle about the wide horizon as yet.

As I opened my eyes in the morning, threw