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chafers swarm, and the fern-owls at dusk,
and the blackbirds and jays by day, can-
not reduce their legions while they last.
Yellow butterflies, and white, broad red
admirals, and sweet blues ; think of the
kingdom of flowers which is theirs !
Heavy moths burring at the edge of the
copse ; green, and red, and gold flies :
gnats, like smoke, around the tree-tops ;
midges so thick over the brook, as if you
could haul a netful ; tiny leaping creatures
in the grass ; bronze beetles across the
path ; blue dragonflies pondering on
cool leaves of water-plantain. Blue jays
flitting, a magpie drooping across from
elm to elm : young rooks that have
escaped the hostile shot blundering up
into the branches ; missel thrushes
leading their fledglings, already strong
on the wing, from field to field. An
egg here on the sward dropped by a
starling ; a red ladybird creeping,
tortoise-like, up a green fern frond.
Finches undulating through the air,
shooting themselves with closed wings,
and linnets happy with their young.

Golden dandelion discs—gold and
orange—of a hue more beautiful, I think,
than the higher and more visible butter-