

the brook among the hills and the drowsy murmurings of the wild bumble bees. All these sing of freedom and not of tyranny. I fancy I can smell the perfume-laden breeze even now, as it comes sweeping up the old lane, fresh from across the sweet clover fields. The little, box-like backyards of the city, hemmed in by high board walls, they are cramping and fettering me, I want to roll over and over in the deep grass of the meadows again, without a fear of trespassing on someone else's property. I hate your trim, clipped parks and flower beds, laid out with mathematical accuracy, and looking for all the world like huge checkerboards, I hate your park policeman and their stupid signs "keep off the grass," as if God's own sod was not intended to be pressed by human feet. I never passed by one of those barbarous signs yet that I did not wish for an axe to smash it to atoms. You, a city-bred man, can scarcely understand such feelings, simply because you never had elbow room. All your life you have been hedged in by by-laws and ordinances and this and that rule, till you have come to regard all these as natural. The Prisoner of Chillon came at last, after years of captivity, to regard the spiders in his cell as close friends and even the chains, that bound him fast, were objects of affection.

"My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are : — even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh."

So it is with you Mr. Anderson. You are surprised to find no doubt, that the things you admired all your lifetime inspired quite different feelings in me. Here is the difference, my early teacher was nature itself, yours was conventional art."

"But talking of teachers, surely you do not mean that the country has superior facilities to the city in this respect," Mr. Anderson interrupted rather impatiently.

"It has and it has not. It has not of course the magnificent seats of learning of the city, the colleges, the universities and great technical schools where scholars congregate. I do not despise them by any means, to do so would be foolish in the extreme. They have a wide-reaching and on the whole a healthful influence, despite some minor faults which will slowly remedy themselves. I look for them to become grander instruments of good than they are even now. But ah, the country is the place for the young mind to expand in. We learn the aggregated wisdom of books at the colleges, in the country we