

Memory Pictures.

subdued green of the deep woods and the yellow sunlight of early morn greeting your eyes, is to almost be deceived into thinking that the old world has turned backward in its many cycles to the young days when the Creator called this beautiful work finished, and gave it to our first parents for a dwelling-place! So natural and sweet, so fresh and new, seems the loveliness of surrounding mountains, forests and seas; as though that marvellous Hand had but just lifted its finger from the finishing stroke of the matchless panorama it had been so lovingly working out for us, and the smile of satisfaction and love of the divine face had fallen over the canvas, lighting it with a never-fading glory. And if meantime, you have forgotten the existence of the city itself about you, you can easily imagine all the fresh, natural country around as still untrammelled and unspoiled by the tread of civilization, and that it is a portion of the old Arcadia or Eden life of pretty legendary. Even when you do go out and into the crowds, and realize that you are many