

thistles, thorny brambles, and royal golden rod seem to have won new beauties since my last stroll, and lured on by the woodland shadows, I make my way to the nook at the foot of my favorite elm.

The western wind sweeping across the meadowland could scarcely be called the gentle zephyr of the poets; but safely sheltered by my rugged friend, the patriarch elm, I listen dreamily to nature's melody, while my eyes follow some bits of thistle down idly wondering whence they have come and whither bound, until imagination takes up the theme and traces the summer day wanderings of these fairy bohemians.

A little t-oup of airy skirmishers resting so lightly amid the bristling bayonets of their fortress home reflect from a thousand dew drops shields the first golden arrows that pierce the softening gray of the eastern horizon; but 'King Sol' whose rising is heralded by breaking clouds and the lurid glow of advancing artillery, flushing fire red with rage at being thus trifled with, calls Boreas to his aid, and together they send forth a volley that shatters the dew drops armour, and scatters the airy waifs to the four winds. It is for just such a bohemian existence that they are fitted, these fairy fugitives, and right merrily they flit about borne by the slightest breath of wind; now coquetting with the butter-flies; now frolicing with the daisies; now skimming along the meadow, now sailing higher, and still higher until they seem lost amid the ceruus clouds; now floating gently downward to rest for a moment in the snowy chalice of a stately lily; then wafted on, stopping here to peep in at a farm house window, then making their way through the cool forest shadows, and then whirled on to mingle with the hurry and bustle and rush of the noisy city. But I would follow the wanderers more closely, I would know all that they see and hear during one bright summer's day, I would see all the pictures that they see, and hear all the stories as they might hear them.

First a little cottage half hidden with ivy and honey suckle, and the wandering bits of thistle down wafted through an open lattice, lightly touch the dimpled hands, dream parted lips and sunny curls of what might be the sleeping embodiment of one of Raphaels angels. "Life's rosy dawning" the poets say and is it not a fitting simile? for it would seem that in the snowy brow, the soft round slumber tinted checks, and golden ringlets, nature had reproduced the fleecy, rose-flushed, gold-tipped clouds, and now the white lids tremble - through the rising clouds a glimpse of heaven's own blue, and baby hands reach out to catch the floating summer snow flakes, but the very motion of the little hands sends them from him, and next moment they are whirled through the open door, and far out over the summer-scented fields. How often, little hands, during the long and weary day before you, will the adverse wind that bears away the object of your longing, be created by your own undisciplined struggles.

Then, perchance, an embryonic statesman, with *bare, brown* feet, berry-stained hands and torn straw hat, makes his way in head-long haste to the weather beaten school-house at the foot of the hill, and thistle down stops a moment to peep curiously in at a window. The large desk at one end of the room faces rows of smaller ones with many busy heads bent over them; some deep in the mysteries of that perplexing multiplication table, other small brains are trying to comprehend why CAT doesn't spell dog. First steps in the never ending ladder! Looking on we smile, forgetting our own struggles--forgetting that the first rounds of the ladder are just as far apart as the rest when we are close to them, and that climbing is hard, wearisome work for tender little hands and feet, and as yet 'tis but sunrise with these awakening minds, with many weary hours to come ere they reach the golden noontide. But a sudden gust