

pleasant and easy in the sweet, balmy and pure air. All the ground is starred with the tiny blossoms of the pink and white Mayflower. Here and there a bit of scarlet flashes forth from that fungus one sees in Alpine pictures, cup-shaped, and white outside. Painted until the sun went down, seeming to set the grey trunks flaming in the floods of golden glowing, ruddy blaze that streamed in horizontal rays from the west over the hills. Descended in full view of most strangely magnificent sunset.

