

Memory Pictures.

upon the other shore, mayhap from there carried up to the skies to mingle with other notes that come floating softly down from the celestial harps on high!

I was entranced, and I let myself be lost in the dream. Underneath our feet was the soft, thick velvet of brightest green, with sweet, fresh flowers here and there adorning the natural amphitheater. The delicious, caressing breeze that touched our cheeks and lips was like an intoxicant in its seductiveness, filling me with exhilaration, while I could not be satisfied. Over there where my eyes keep straying, far over across the lovely waters, are the hills of living verdure, and farther up and still beyond them rise the mountains—majestic, proud and solemn—whose fascination is all-conquering. The white-robed boats glide quietly up to the piers and embark again with the same pretty, easy grace. The beauty, the youth, the health and the strength of the noblest form of creation are near me and about me, and the air itself is laden with influences