

"I moved and did not feel my limbs,
I was so light — almost
I felt that I had died in sleep
And was a blessed ghost."

There was no feeling of responsibility about anything, and I could go to work in a care-free frame of mind. That made me realize how care-free all nature is, and how care-free life might be if we did not allow ourselves to become so much entangled with its affairs. Just because I had arranged to free myself from all other responsibilities while doing my task, I suddenly found myself free from responsibilities and in the only true holiday humor. It is true there was work to do, but I did not feel any responsibility. My first chore was to churn, but I was not responsible for the flavor and texture of the butter. It was my part to make the barrel churn revolve with a rhythmical "plop! plop! plop!" and when the butter came I had nothing more to do with it. By that time the heavy dew had dried from the sheaves, and the business of hauling in the