

## A Day's Ramble.



ALL day long the busy city was the scene of unceasing traffic. Smiling cabbies, with their dark hansoms and well-groomed horses, went rattling by. Electric cars dashed down the crowded streets. In anxious expectation newsboys called out the latest sensations of the day. It was a revelation to watch those ragged urchins intermingling with the surging mass of humanity, darting here and there, with a dexterity known only to the city waif. Fine ladies in automobiles sped through the parks and over the costly driveways. Far above me rose the lofty buildings of modern Gotham. The continual rattle from the elevated railroad, combined with the faint, hollow, rumble of the subway, gradually grew monotonous. Everything, in fact, made up an ideal picture of life in New York City.

I was tired and dispirited, as, late into the afternoon, I wandered aimlessly to its outskirts. As I went on, the houses became less elegant and lofty. The scenes of life changed. From the rich man's domain I had entered that of the poor. Now and then, when an automobile, conveying some pleasure party, dashed recklessly up the narrow streets, the inhabitants would gaze with astonishment at its fast receding figure. Yet, for all their outward simplicity, they were happy, far happier, indeed, than those poor mortals whose misfortune it was to become the slaves of gold. Sadly I turned away from that simple scene, and bent my weary steps towards the country of the farmer. At first the noise and tumult kept ringing in my ears, but, gradually, as I left the city far behind, it died away in the distance.

At last I reached a place where nature ruled, a monarch in her glory. Everything was beautiful. Far to the right the famous Catskill Mountains rose to a mighty height, their giant shadow seeming to give an unfathomable depth to the Hudson River far below. Across the undulating fields of new-grown hay, I saw the laborer reaping in silence. I heard the birds singing gaily in the tree-tops, their beautiful music marred only by the cackling of the geese, and the noises in the farmyards. Pastured colts galloped in wild delight within the meadows. The air was filled with the sweet smell of roses, and the fragrant odor of the summer flowers. Eagerly