

Memory Pictures.

serene as the overarching sky; its color only a deeper, more mysterious blue.

We could see across the two or three intervening miles to the other side, and then follow its regular shore line for a great way as it bent about the low-lying hills of green and woodland—just how far we did not know, but for miles and miles, till the walls of the mountains swallowed it up.

The cool, caressing winds blew into our faces up here from off the surface of the lake, but itself was not troubled by the tiniest wave. Peace personified might have been written upon its brow! Encircling us were the everlasting hills—mountains as old as time—to which we turned our eyes as oft as to the water.

Towering monuments of infinite power—lofty fortresses of retreat from care! They lure us onward to higher pursuits and grander victories. They stand, untiring witnesses of the majesty of Nature, and there are lessons of beauty and inspiration to be gathered from their form.