

follows
pheasants
fly flies,
utters in
ancient
bines of
a hedge-
ivy on
berries

wers on
ach, and
the sun
By the
meadow
the gate
quiet but
ole foot-
hat has
bleating
iven up
time to
begin-
roadside
ves and
kle, too,
as been
it be?
reach it

THE PAGEANT OF SUMMER 33

down ; the first, the sweetest, the dearest
rose of June. Not yet expected, for the
time is between the may and the roses,
least of all here in the hot and dusty
highway ; but it is found—the first rose
of June.

Straight go the white petals to the
heart ; straight the mind's glance goes
back to how many other pageants of
summer in old times! When perchance
the sunny days were even more sunny ;
when the stilly oaks were full of mystery,
lurking like the Druid's mistletoe in the
midst of their mighty branches. A
glamour in the heart came back to it
again from every flower ; as the sunshine
was reflected from them, so the feeling
in the heart returned tenfold. To the
dreamy summer haze, love gave a deep
enchantment, the colours were fairer, the
blue more lovely in the lucid sky.
Each leaf finer, and the gross earth
enamelled beneath the feet. A sweet
breath on the air, a soft warm hand in
the touch of the sunshine, a glance in
the gleam of the rippled waters, a
whisper in the dance of the shadows.
The ethereal haze lifted the heavy oaks
and they were buoyant on the mead,