

THERE'S a white sky blown clear of all mists and darkness, as I have sometimes dreamed our eyes would be blown clear of all mystery and shadow—of all obliterating clouds of trouble, by the winds of Heaven, could we but reach that land!

O, the hope that springs up in the heart on such a morning—like the buoyancy of youth with hopes and ambitions all aglow, though still unformed and young—like the day of life! The early morn gives you but a dim, uncertain light. Round about you sleep the realities of life, while the earth is wrapped in dreams. Now up above the peaks the sky grows white with a silver light, as behind the barrier of mountain range the sun creeps up with steady march, and there's a pale-gold fringe about each