

Through the weather-beaten palings of the old fence the great heads of clover look in awe at their more patrician neighbors the roses. But the roses too must die with the clover. On down the road we pass, till in the meadow we cross the bridge with its noisy stream. The well-worn planks show that many have passed before us, on up perhaps to the churchyard on the hill, or to the wicked city many a long mile past it. As we stand gazing into the stream the maples glance over our shoulder at their images reflected in the water, and their leaves tremble as they fancy that perhaps some day they may stoop too far and fall headlong into the water. Out on the meadow the sheep are grazing as if the sun had been up for hours. Right down in front, a little bird rising from his nest amid the long grass, flies straight up—up as if he would reach the very sky. His song is so glad, so pure, so joyous, that you cannot help envying him the voice that sends forth such a hymn of praise. Farther on from the top of the hill we see fields on fields of waving grain, backed in the distance by the green woods, that look so mysterious with their cold blue mist. Here and there a pine, outstripping his fellows, tosses up in the air his sturdy arms. The sky is now full of the morning's glory. We can hardly fancy, as we look round on the smiling earth, that lust, and vice and wickedness, could ever come to mar such loveliness as this.