

Memory Pictures.

Nature's own domain! Here her big warm heart holds sway. The very air must bend to her sweet will and breathe with soft, caressing breath upon our uncovered heads while we look up in adoration. Rapturous melodies from feathered creatures that can only voice their joy in song, are borne upon the breeze to our ears from all the lofty crags and high tree-tops around. The wealth of color and brightness is spread out upon the ground at our feet. Beyond, upon the rising slopes as far as our vision will take us, the same beauty of flower is seen till the snowdrop hides her pretty head beneath the white cover; and up from all these velvet petals and the cool, waving grasses floats the incense breathed out by these tender worshipers as well. And light, which came at God's own voice, fills and glorifies all this life!

I love to be thus borne away, e'en though against my strong, sound sense, from the troublous world to scenes like this in Nature's home, which I can live through ever and again with all the keen exhilaration that first