

daisies turn their lovely dew-dipped faces to greet the light. Objects which looked grim and terrible in the darkness grow more and more defined, and gradually resolve themselves into familiar shapes. The haystacks, even the barns look picturesque, as the first sunbeams, leaping from one tree-top to another, fall aslant their moss-grown gables, and down their weather-beaten sides. Over on the hill yonder the little country church that nestles among the trees has not been forgotten, for these first beams look in at the odd, old-fashioned windows, and throw great golden bars of light into the pews below. Still, though these sunbeams love the little old steady-going church, with its ivy-covered walls and simple worshippers, they love far better to peep in through the churchyard gate, with its unsteady hinges, and look at the graves which lie thick in the shadow of its walls. These early beams never trouble the old hinges, for they come in right over the top of the gate, and stoop ever so gently to kiss the grass that is green on every mossy grave. They remember the one that has lain there forgotten for a century, and they have done so every morning during all these long years. They stoop in pity over the mound that was not there yesterday, and lift the drooping flowers that have been placed there last night. Soon, however, the new grave will be as green as the rest; soon it will miss the gathered flowers and the daily visit, but the gentle sunlight will come back again every morning just the same.