

We carry ourselves as in a phial." Irrigation is described as "pouring the water down the throats of the thirsty fields." A trout stream has this effect, "when the heated and soiled and faded refugee from the city first sees one, he feels as if he would like to turn it into his bosom and let it flow through him a few hours, it suggests such healing freshness and newness." A trout cannot be caught unless "you put your heart upon your hock." So also, "if you have a bird in your heart you will see him in the bush." A wood path is "carpeted with silence." The delights of pedestrianism are expressed by saying, "I think it would be tantamount to a revival of religion if the people would all walk to church on Sunday and walk home again * * * let us walk by all means; but if we will ride get an ass" !! The sketch entitled 'Strawberries,' is from beginning to end a succession of intensely graphic descriptions. As one reads, the creeping vines are seen; the blossoms appear; the buds form; the fruit ripens; the snap is heard as the luscious berry is plucked from the stem; the fragrance tantalizes the nostrils; you "take a good smell and go mad." No one but John Burroughs could have begotten such a conception.

3. *Freshness*.—This quality belongs to the subject on which Mr. Burroughs writes. Nature is perennially fresh. Nature is never stale. Communion with Nature is the best of all antidotes for mental nausea and weariness of spirit. All the freshness that belongs to the subject appears in the writings of those who discourse upon Nature. Woods, McCook, Miller, are never dull; and Mr. Burroughs is a brilliant example of the rule. In the pages of his six small volumes the breezes blow delightfully, the birds sing cheerily, the flowers bloom gaily. The perusal of them is almost equal to a ramble in the woods. Especially is this the case with the papers on 'Mellow England,' 'English Characteristics,' and the volume well named 'Fresh Fields.' The highways so often trodden by tourists are avoided. The scenes so repeatedly described are not mentioned. One would never learn from them that such cities as London, Glasgow, Liverpool, existed. The Tower, Princess Street, Abbotsford, George Square are not even hinted at. Instead of these the reader is led down the by-paths and over the meadows; hears the lark, the starling and the thrush; sees the daisies, the buttercups and the hedges, and comes back refreshed from his imaginative journey.