

THE CABIN

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THE MEADOW

IN JUNE a Sierra elevation of 6,500 feet is very interesting. The leaves are out on the alders; the dogwoods are in full bloom; the azalea buds are swelling; the spruce trees are tipped with fresh green; thousands of birds fill the aisles of the great forests with ecstatic song. Yet here and there beneath day-long shade lie patches of snow from whose edges trickle little streamlets. The pine needles lie pressed as sleek as a boy's Sundayed hair. Exotic-looking red snowplants raise their wax-like columns. Water flows where ordinarily water is not. And across swards where late a horse can walk dry shod, now he plunges mired to the knees. Withal the sky is intense blue; the air warm to the skin, but cool to the nostril; all the world is vibrant as a ringing crystal with the joy and life of the Morning of the Year.

On such a time Billy, old California John, and I