

MORNING

knoll, or in the hollow of the creek, the subtle scents, still undiffused, hung above their magic source. When passing through these invisible strata of the Morning air, one had a sense of walking in a fairy garden where rarest flowers grew in countless numbers, each redolent of the ambrosial attar of the gods.

Now far on the southern horizon a single shaft of light showed in contrast to the sombre mist-clouds all about. Above the woods a great round cloud caught the rising sun's rays and glowed with light, reflecting it downward through the lattice of the trees, strangely illuminating the forest floor and awakening new choristers to song. The sun came peeping quickly, casting level rays across the fields, and faintly touching the eastern sides of the trees with ruddy warmth.

The pale mists came creeping down the hills and stole along the hollows in phantom companies. They lifted shadowy forms that rose and fell and slowly waved their trailing veils. They