

"Keep on, keep on," sang the gurgling stream, "I'm going to find the great deep sea."

The trees with their birchen boughs stretched out long kind arms to me.

"Good-bye," I repeated in tears.

Each silver leaf trembled, and the breeze sighed deep and long.

"Why not follow the wind?" asked a thistle-down, floating by; but it suddenly came to a stop in the gossamer thread of a spider's web.

The bramble seized my skirt and held me tight. "Must you go? Why not stay and rest?"

"I cannot stay—there is work to do."

"Cheer up, cheer up," said the cricket.

I passed by the sumach, and the milk-white phlox, but the silver moth never moved.

"Could you wish for lovelier gold than ours?" the oriole questioned wistfully. But I thought of my work, and the many friends whose faces I love to remember. So good-bye, Summer."

