



We'll have a bite and a cup of tea—
Hear that robin sing in the tall pine tree.
Aha! The trout are already awake,
See their widening circles all over the lake,
We must get afloat, let the dishes lie,
We'll attend to their washing bye and bye.

Look there! Was ever more charming sight!
A doe and fawn in the dawning light
Come boldly down to the water's brink
And lower their heads for a long, cool drink.
Like golden bell in Cathedral hush,
Comes the mellow note of the hermit-thrush.
Silly red-squirrel, why do you chatter,
A scene like this is no scolding matter.

What a perfect morning, and how they rise,
And strike at the lightly skimming flies;
There's nothing so purges a soul of doubt
As playing a three-pound speckled trout.
Now the dragon-flies join in foolish chase
As the rising sun shows a genial face,
The kingfishers clatter and fuss around,
And like pneumatic drills the woodpeckers pound.

We've caught enough, let's go ashore;
What a time and place to kneel, and adore;
An ineffable Presence seems coming near,
And a subtle Something, is prompting to prayer;
Who planned all this loves the thing He planned,
And must want His creatures to understand;
Near the heart of Nature 'tis sweet to dwell,
For Nature's heart, is His heart, as well.

Oh dear, deep woods, How I dream of you!
And when, oh, when shall my dreams come true?
There are parks, and gardens, not far to seek,
And a thousand wonders of which men speak;
All due regard for the works of man,
And his genius shown in the city's plan,
But I long for the lake with its wooded shores,
And the things in God's great Out-of-Doors.