

almost stationary and again waving, tripping, dancing, leaping in rapid measures—the embroidered curtains moved by celestial airs in delicate folds of entrancing grace, shedding or dropping a rain of heavenly light so beautiful that one could but gaze in silence and wonder and admire the great bows which spanned the heavens, having one end, it was felt, on the western mountains, and the other on the Atlantic Ocean—these are for the denizens of a large city, like the dreams of youth to the mature man, fond memories of vanished rapture.