

Thither languidly turn the steps either to be "by whispering winds soon lulled asleep"; or to peruse the contents of some good books. Or very often a ramble in the woods or along the shore, lapped gently by the inrolling waves would please better the restless minds of those who are ever fond of roving, for

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore."

The afternoon is come. How the cool dark blue waters makes the overheated body long for it! From every direction men and maidens are seen skipping lightly over the burning sand arrayed in bathing apparel. Heads are seen bobbing now up now down on the gently rising and falling waves, and borne like the ocean's bubbles, onward.

The cool of the evening is at last beginning to be felt. Now for a lively canter on the pony or to indulge in many kinds of "sport that wrinkled care derides." The air is laden with the perfume of flowers on which the refreshing dew is just beginning to hang its silver drops. The birds are sending forth their evening hymn. Everything seems to rejoice in one great melody as if giving thanks for all the mercies of the day before retiring. Added to all these joys and above all these charms is the glory of the setting sun. It burnishes all things far and near with a deep, rich splendour of its own.

"The glassy ocean, hush'd forgets to roar,  
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:  
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!  
Glow in the west a sea of living gold!  
While all above a thousand liveries gay  
The skies with pomp ineffable array."

The moon now claims its sovereignty in the heavens. Now "blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." This is an excellent time for a row or a sail. Presently these are drawn up. And soon many white sails are sprinkled over the surface of the water. The music of human voices floats on the evening breeze. Late in the night the keels again grind the shore.

Homeward the steps are bent. Soon with heavy eyelids the drowsy head is laid on the pillow; and quickly is enticed "the dewy-feathered sleep."

The next morning one rises early to follow much the same occupations as the day preceeding. Thus with its many joys and few sorrows the summer passes swiftly away. As its days shade gradually into those of autumn, though with many regrets at its departure, one cannot help saying:

"Brightly, sweet summer brightly  
Thine hours have floated by,  
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,  
The rangers of the sky."

G. E. H., '01.