

A Day in June.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it, that reaches and towers

And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

Out of Doors.

BY REV. WM. A. QUAYLE, D.D.

IN a little book entitled "Books and Life," by Rev. Dr. Quayle, we find the following exquisite chapter on Life out of doors:

"Everybody owes it to oneself to get freckled, and to be freckled you must be out of doors. Let girls think as they may, they are never so lovely as when they mix a few freckles with their dainty dimples, and a boy who is only pink and white makes a body think of a hot-house plant. The men who had first sight of the Christ were people who lived out of doors, and the dwellers in stately Jerusalem hard by saw him not till years afterwards. To go sightseeing out of doors is an invitation youth ought to accept gaily.

It is good to walk on the ground, anyway. To feel the spongy earth yield to the foot gives a feeling of self-respect as if we were really weighty members of society, and to sit down on a bank of fern and moss is to make costliest furniture seem a crude invention. Have you never tried it? Pity you for a tenderfoot. Pray you, read the unapproachable John Ruskin's story of the moss, and be enamored of it for ever after: "Creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin; laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none are perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the bosses of furred and beaming green, the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed as if the Rock Spirits wore porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered like the flowers for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild-bird will make its nest and the wearied child its pillow."

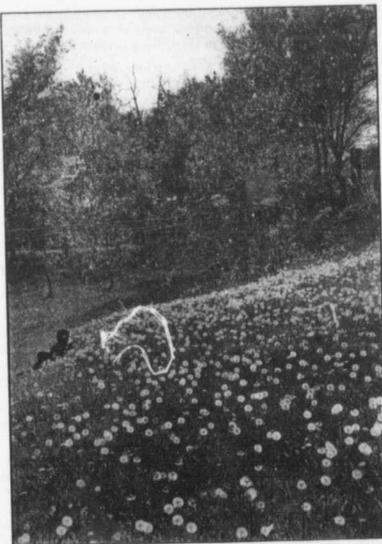
And did you ever go birds'-nesting? Not, to be sure, as the small boy does, to take eggs or little chicks away, or be unmannerly with the birdie's home; but for the joy of finding

where and how the birds keep house, and seeing how sedate the little mother is and how important (as all mothers are), and how the bird man of the house struts and acts consequential and scolds, and runs away (for shame!). To have bird neighbors, to chatter with the wrens, to match the saucy blue-jay's call as he plays pirate in the sky, to venture a good-natured "howdy" to the impudent crow, to go down the gully and hear the modest little chickadee call in vigorous and important phrase and manner, "Chic-a-de-dee, Chic-a-de-dee," as if he had some throat trouble and could hardly wheeze above his breath. They would not do for preachers. They could not be heard while giving out the hymns. Have you been hail-comrade with the hedge-sparrows when they are jolly as Christmas and care not a fig for the coming of clouds nor the falling of snow, no more than a boy does or a girl when skating? Or have you listened to the modest phoebe calling "Phoebe, Phoebe," like a mother calling her daughter who is plainly off-a-sparking with a boy—"Phoebe!" Or watched the wicked strike, born to murder "as sparks to fly upward?" Or seen the cuckoo, lazy as a boy in spring when the plowing is to be done and the fishing is good—better, withal, than the plowing!

Last summer, in shady and enchanting June, I took a journey to see some sprawling thrushes in a nest in a hedgerow. Their mother was gadding about somewhere (I suppose she belonged to a club, though this is, you will understand, mere surmise), and there in the cosy nest four little bunts of birds flung back their heads, opened their cavernous mouths like box lids, and shouted to me at the top of their funny treble, "Dinner! din-ner! din-di-din-ner!" and their box-lid mouths staring wide open, as if impotent to shut, made me feel ashamed I had brought no Ralston baled hay bread nor any canned roast beef. Honestly, I felt ashamed. They were such

hungry little codgers, and so vociferous, and I so shamefully unprepared to act as a Christian ought! Nobody should go where a baby is without a cookie in his pocket, or where a birdie is without some double-X diet of some sort to give the wee laddie. Presumably these birds were too young to notice I was a preacher or they would have known I was without means of support for them, or myself either. It is no use asking a preacher for victuals. He is too poor ever to have any left over. That green hedgerow—with leaves as glossy as laurel, those little blind beggars, that gadabout mother, that scolding pa, that high and warm blue arch of sky, that wind fresh from fields where hay was being raked into fragrant rows, the neglectful clouds pattering along the sky like truant—can I forget the day and the nest and the joy of all of it? When winter days have been crowded with folks and labor, I have forgotten folks and job and big city cloaked with smoke, and have only heard the hungry birds, and have looked at all the pastoral scene and smelled the hayfields—and have been rested.

And did you never climb trees? I care not who you are, nor what gender; you ought to climb trees. There is action in it, and frequently accelerated action. I have myself not infrequently gone at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. This, of course, was not when I was going up. I am no squirrel. I take my time for ascent, but in coming down, on occasion when a limb broke, I have scouted like an avalanche. This act should not be given when there are spectators. They giggle, and you cannot climb well when silly gigglers are present. No, going down a tree at an express-train rate is essentially an extemporaneous effort. Preparation does no



A FIELD OF DANDELIONS.