

## BEYOND THE CITY.



WITH talking of subjects that were of mutual interest, and gazing contentedly at the lazy old Chelsea hills bedecked in delicate, stately beauty, the hours flew by until it was time to leave the song of the rapids, the wide, pleasant river, the russet and golden forest, and turn homeward. There on the crest of the little overhanging promontory peaking through the branches came beams of subdued light. And going quickly forward we caught here and there glimpses of the sparkling orb. Then in the east we stood facing the crimson disk. It was a scene of sublime beauty, this October sunset. And perhaps it is unjust, even cruel, to attempt to describe in words what the senses alone interpreted: a little broken cliff dropping below us to the beach, a sweeping bay to the left, a long narrow neck in the distance studded with sparse elms, whose tinted leaves fluttered timidly to earth like the first ventures forth of the robin's downy brood; another such peninsula but tinier; and, far over, just beyond the reach of the two eager arms, an island nestled in the luminary's path, strangely characteristic with its tall, frowning evergreens indignant to condemnation at the fickleness of their companions. Falling draperies and filmy curtains dimming the western hills gave to the far-reaching, picturesque slopes and the hazy horizon rather the semblance of a sweet dream of the unwritten past, than perchance the result of the fairies' mystic art on the vast autumnal woods.

The sun dipped slowly but joyfully down beneath a little mirthful cloud, and soon, too soon, his golden, mellowing arc had vanished behind the hills. The pretty shades faded from the canopy over head, the water's surface lost the portrayal of the gentle hues, the forest clothed itself in stern composure, a hallowed light settled on the trees and yellow sward; everywhere grave, silent spirits seemed to sit wrapt in their concave chests, each unmindful of his fellow, and all lost in deep meditation.

Amid the excessive grandeur of such surroundings we little mortals felt foolishly out of keeping, and strolled away from the solitude of the river and the forest toward the sounds of the noisesome town.

W. GRACE, '11.