

UPLAND MEADOWS

"Upland Meadows lay bright in the sun." Raised by that picture a host of images surge back from the past, memories of joys and sorrows, of summer blossoms, and of winter winds, which I have enjoyed or endured upon the far extending fields and pastures.

Here, ever I rejoiced in my freedom; flung my arms up against the wind; saw the flowers breaking out among the grass in the springtime, and felt the rhythm of the scarlet maple in the fall. A different aspect comes to the hills and the meadows in every season, but always there comes that sense of freedom, an impulse that leaves the world of men far below, and creates a longing to rise, to ascend to the higher fields, where the wind may rush unhindered and only the stars are between the earth and the sky.

I remember one evening late in August. The work of the day had not yet been finished, and we still labored in the fields. There was not a breath of wind, and the sun, almost to the horizon, bathed all that mile-long northern slope with gold, and streaked the shadows far across the level fields. Below me lay the Annapolis Valley, silent in the hazy afternoon, and beyond it, shutting out the winds and the sight of the ocean, stretched the long line of the mountain. Even at that moment I rejoiced in the scene. Hushed by the beauty of the sunset, content with a day's work almost finished, I formed in my heart an image that I can never forget, a picture which as time passes grows still more vivid and dearer to my memory.

Again I have roamed the fields in the autumn; skirted the edge of the orchard for partridge, or searched in the pastures for rabbits. And more than once up above the river, and still within sound of its roaring, I have seen deer standing upon some rise. Motionless they would eye me, and then, as I drew nearer, suddenly, in long low bounds so suggestive of power and strength, they would leap across the clearing, over