

attired woodpecker and blue bird, and halting occasionally to slake our thirst in the cooling meadow stream, which flowed gently along until it widened into the well-known "causeway," at the foot of the hill. I often imagine myself resting on the beautiful green slope of the hill, near the old "school-house," where the tall and vigorous trees whispered the sweet music of nature, and the sunshine gladdened our young hearts, reading the same starry heavens above, the birds singing sweet songs, who were "fain to greet the sun with all that bird could sing"—

"Or think, or *dream* within their tiny brain,
 Anon their throats overflow with awful might,
 And straight upon the poplar's topmost height they fly,
 And lo! the air is *throbbing* with their song."

The innocent sheep, too, unattended by a shepherd, browsed and reclined on the soft, green bed that God intended for them, enjoying their liberty and roaming where *they* pleased. They, too, had access to this overflowing natural fountain—the "causeway"—to sip the pure water as it rippled along.

There nature ruled alone. "The beauty of the hill and valley were her own, significant of thought." 'Lovely ferns and mosses flourished beneath the beech and yellow poplar. Handsome magnolias breathed beauty and fragrance around, and the long-beaked little hummingbird flew from flower to flower, occasionally poising over an old-time, single-leaf rose, which crept up to the open window of the old school-house, that still stands, with its ancient surroundings. Oh! the joy of our childhood!

There was sweet music in the wild woods of this happy, peaceful home.

"Could I but be a girl as I was then,
 And all the past be blotted out forever,
 But vain is all regret, the future is mine yet,
 And in it I can make some last 'endeavor.'"