

the fleece-like clouds that dotted the horizon, and how in all her splendor, she swept as the queen of the night across the sky, the stars doing homage for, methinks, they bowed their heads as she drew near since their faces showed no more; but after she had passed, they sparkled yet brighter, and twinkled yet more merrily, as they sped along in the path, their queen so latey trod.

Then after showing me all this beauty, Nix showed me the mountain, bulky and black, standing guard over the valley, and filling me with awe because of their majestic appearance. He showed me the rolling landscape dotted here and there with a home, and the little village resting snugly at the foot of the hill on which my home was built. He told me to listen to the clatter of the voices in the town below, as the youths calling to each other, as the men in earnest argument, and as the merry laughter of a party of gay, young folks, all joined to swell the sound which reached my ears. He told me to listen to the tramp of people wending their way homeward after an evening spent in converse with co-workers; to the rumble upon the pike of the conveyances, as they bore their burdens to a merry, or to a sad destination; to the faint strains of music wafted across the fields from a ball room at the further end of the town; to the distant yell of some college men, out for a lark; to the sighing of the wind among the trees; and at last to the sound that is dear to us all, and that none will ever forget,—the soft crooning of a mother to her babe in a house near by.

He showed me not only this alone; but more. He taught me to see the beauties of nature as God has so bountifully bestowed them about us. He showed me that it was my own blindness that kept me from seeing things as they really are; and that this vast picture is for our enjoyment, a cure for all sadness and sorrow.

Tired out with his instruction, Nix fell asleep on the window seat; and I went to rest on my downy couch, to dream of Nix and the beauties of nature. W. '00.