

WHEN in summer the sun shines through the blinds, and the fragrance of the roses round the windows fills the room, nature invites one to leave his study and to attend service on a Sunday afternoon in the open air. Will you come with me? and we shall start and spend a few hours on the moor above the glen, and on a lower slope of the Grampians. Stoop, if you please, as you go out at the door, because of the roses that cover the porch and hang like a benediction above your head. They have a dainty, pleasant trick of sprinkling you with dew in the morning.

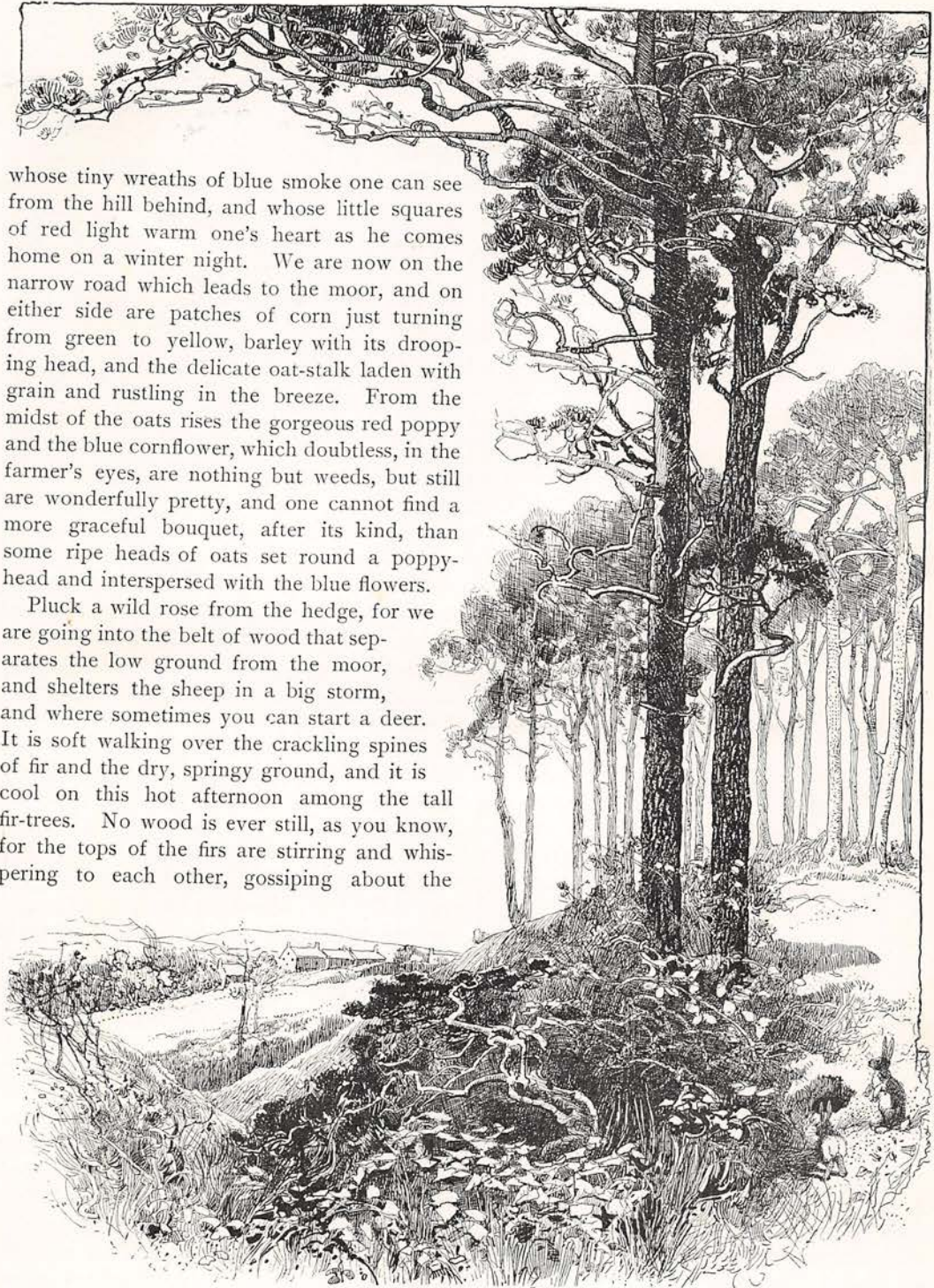
Where they cease the walls are covered with the small white flower of a creeping plant that will turn into bright red berries before winter-time, and show prettily against the foreground of snow. Everywhere else the walls are hidden behind the ivy, which runs in all directions, and keeps the manse warm and dry. It also gives a picturesque appearance to the plain little house, so that it looks like a bit of a castle, especially in the moonlight, and when the snow is hanging on the ivy. If you like a modern garden, with its regular rows of pyrethrum and lobelia and calceolarias and geraniums, you will be a little disappointed, and had better return to the borders of the town, for this old garden is like God's garden of nature: it is irregular and mixed and old-

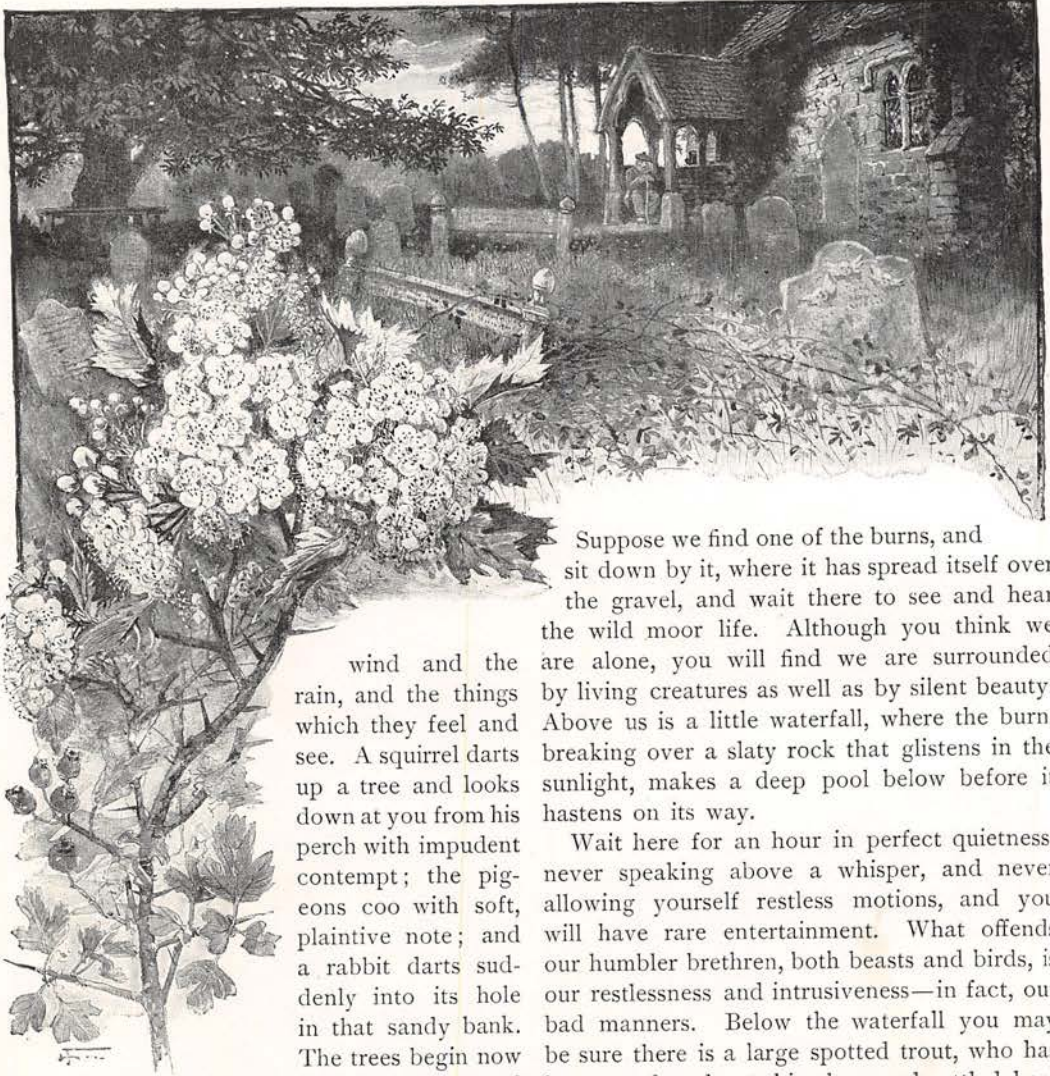
fashioned and luxuriant. We have the briar-bush with the bonny white roses, and the moss-rose with its sticky, sweet-smelling buds, and the yellow tea-rose with its delicate color, that looks so well on a lady's dress, set against white lace. There are pansies of all colors, and carnations white and pink, sweet-william also, and fragrant wallflower, auriculas and lilies, daisies and forget-me-nots, besides many others I have not time to name, with here and there a geranium and a stock—like townspeople visiting their country cousins. No trim beds, you see, cut out from smooth-shaven lawns in circles and in stars, but borders of all sizes, and walks and hedges and unexpected corners and shady nooks, and a summer-house where one could meditate at evening, and everywhere simplicity and sweetness. This is the gate where the path goes out from the manse garden to the little church. Were this early springtime, our coat had been well dusted with gold, for the laburnum that makes an arch over the gate had been all in bloom, as well as the hawthorn in the hedge.

Three fine old trees cover the walk in front of the church, and stretch their branches over the little door through which the people pass in when the bell rings on Sundays, and beneath this shade the fathers of our little commonwealth discuss affairs. If you stand by my side here and look through this gap, you can see seven miles of the glen, all covered in late August with ripening corn, and in the distance the high hills, behind which the sun sets in golden glory. We leave the little hamlet now,

whose tiny wreaths of blue smoke one can see from the hill behind, and whose little squares of red light warm one's heart as he comes home on a winter night. We are now on the narrow road which leads to the moor, and on either side are patches of corn just turning from green to yellow, barley with its drooping head, and the delicate oat-stalk laden with grain and rustling in the breeze. From the midst of the oats rises the gorgeous red poppy and the blue cornflower, which doubtless, in the farmer's eyes, are nothing but weeds, but still are wonderfully pretty, and one cannot find a more graceful bouquet, after its kind, than some ripe heads of oats set round a poppy-head and interspersed with the blue flowers.

Pluck a wild rose from the hedge, for we are going into the belt of wood that separates the low ground from the moor, and shelters the sheep in a big storm, and where sometimes you can start a deer. It is soft walking over the crackling spines of fir and the dry, springy ground, and it is cool on this hot afternoon among the tall fir-trees. No wood is ever still, as you know, for the tops of the firs are stirring and whispering to each other, gossiping about the





wind and the rain, and the things which they feel and see. A squirrel darts up a tree and looks down at you from his perch with impudent contempt; the pigeons coo with soft, plaintive note; and a rabbit darts suddenly into its hole in that sandy bank. The trees begin now

to stand apart and the sun to shine upon our track, and in a minute we come out on the other side and are upon the edge of the moor.

Imagine a sea of purple heather with patches of big green grass,—the green which can be found only in a country of abundant rain, and which is one compensation for the too frequent drip,—with an occasional boulder standing up white and rugged, and here and there a burn running in a channel cut through the peat, or coming bright and clean over a gravel-bed. Wave upon wave swells and falls this heather ocean, till it reaches the distant hills, and breaks itself upon the rocky summits.

Suppose we find one of the burns, and sit down by it, where it has spread itself over the gravel, and wait there to see and hear the wild moor life. Although you think we are alone, you will find we are surrounded by living creatures as well as by silent beauty. Above us is a little waterfall, where the burn, breaking over a slaty rock that glistens in the sunlight, makes a deep pool below before it hastens on its way.

Wait here for an hour in perfect quietness, never speaking above a whisper, and never allowing yourself restless motions, and you will have rare entertainment. What offends our humbler brethren, both beasts and birds, is our restlessness and intrusiveness—in fact, our bad manners. Below the waterfall you may be sure there is a large spotted trout, who has long ago found out this place and settled here for life. He came a little fellow, but has now grown big and stout, living upon what comes over the waterfall, a self-made and very prosperous trout, swelling himself, and boasting to lean, hungry fishes of the poor-relation type, as they come up the stream, as self-made persons will. He is safe from the dangerous fly of the sportsman, for no grown-up man ever expects to find such a trout in this little burn; but some day, unless he takes good care, a laddie from the village will catch him with his hand, and throw him out upon the bank, never again to swim round his cool, clear pool, or leap at the insects in the summer evening.

Do not move, and he will dart out from his hole and take a turn round his domain, and then he will lie in the current with his mouth up-stream, keeping himself in position with a gentle motion of the fins. After a little a covey of grouse suddenly settle down. They have come to drink, and afterward they play together like children, till suddenly—you simply moved a foot—they take alarm and rise with harsh, whirring sound. By and by a brown, shaggy head with a pair of huge horns appears just above that little hillock, and a Highland cow and her calf, a reduced image of herself, emerge from the heather and make for their drinking-place. You need not stir,

for there is no danger, unless you are so foolish as to meddle with the calf, in which case you will certainly have an unpleasant experience, for these horns of the mother's are excellently adapted to lift you from the ground and land you on the other side of the burn. Lie still and you are perfectly safe; for the Highland cattle are like the Scots people—dangerous if attacked, but kindly to those who are friendly to them.

It is pleasant to see the thirsty pair thrust their brown muzzles into the cold, clear, sweet water, and slowly drink, as only cattle can in hot weather, washing out their mouths and tasting the water delicately. By and by they



lift their heads and snuff the air with keen enjoyment. The calf flirts water in her mother's face, who pretends to charge her with her horns. The calf paws up the gravel with its fore leg, and is full of frivolity; but the mother prefers to stand knee-deep in the water, and meditates with half-closed eyes on the days when she was a calf and saw for the first time the wonders of the moor. After a while the cow turns lazily and climbs the bank, her calf running at her side, but now and again darting in this direction and in that, for no reason at all, but just at its own sweet pleasure, as young people also will do, and the mother and the calf disappear.

We may lie at ease now, watching a flock of wild ducks crossing overhead to a distant loch, and listening to the cry of the black game, while round you the bees from the village are gathering the heather honey, and through the midst of the forest of heather all

kinds of tiny animals are stirring and pursuing their daily work. How beautiful, how various, how perfect, is every flower and animal! and how the simplicity of nature puts to shame the works of men! As you rest here in the soft summer air, and share for a little the life of God's creatures, pride and ambition and evil temper and selfishness are laid to rest and pass away from your mind, and you enter into the gentleness of the Christ life and the love of the heavenly Father. You have been at church, one far larger and more curious than any built by the hands of man, and you have heard many preachers whom you can never meet in any church of stone; and the end of this church-going, and all this preaching, has been the peace of God, which you carry in your heart as you leave the mountain burn and go down through the fir woods and come in again beneath the roses into the little Highland manse.

QUOTH THE HOOD TO THE HAT.

By DORA READ GOODALE.

SAID the Hat to the Hood
 As they hung on the wall:
 "You poor, common thing!
 Not a bow to your string,
 And no pompons at all!
 I pity you greatly;
 And what are these *chores*
 Taking place out of doors
 That I hear about lately?
 They 're something plebeian, I 'm certain of
 that"—

Said the Hat.

"What, chores?" quoth the Hood.
 "Can it be you don't know
 That fowls must have food

Or their feathers won't grow?
 And the fires must have wood;
 So my mistress goes out
 Twice a day, with a shout,
 And frisks like a colt as she helps Mr. Joe.
 If she snowballs him, too,
 Why, the most that I do
 Is to keep off the cold till she gets in a glow;
 For there 's nothing like laughing to warm
 up the blood"—
 Quoth the Hood.

"Dear me!" cried the Hat.
 "I am glad of our chat—
 Why, when I 'm on her head she seems vain
 and all that!"