

A WALK THROUGH THE BUSH IN SUMMER.

It was early in the afternoon, and as I wandered along a little whole of the bush seems to be sleeping in the sunshine. A gentle breeze blew and the flowers and grasses just nodded sleepily while the rustling of the trees suggested sleep and gentle breathing.

It was early in the afternoon and as I wandered along a little bush path through the trees, I could hear the tiny green parrots chattering noisily among the blossoming tree-tops. Farther on I came to a little creek, and as I peered into its cool running waters, I could see the pebbles at the bottom—so clear were the waters of the stream. On its surface were reflected the trees which grew along its banks. Wild violets grew among the reeds and on the banks, and the green moss almost reached the water's edge.

I sat on the moss-covered rocks and revelled in the loveliness of this sylvan scene.

The warmth of the evening, and the peace and beauty of the surroundings lulled my senses, and made me forgetful of the lapse of time. When I awoke from my reverie, I realised that the day was drawing to a close, and the changing lights of evening were casting shadows across the hills.

The mountain range in the south was a hazy blue, and the soft grey shadows told where valleys and streams ran. The hills in front of the mountains were grey, and dotted over the closer green hills, I could see sheep and cattle resting after the heat of the day.

As the sun was setting, its rays crowned the distant mountain tops with gold and crimson, and the clouds too, were decked in many tints of crimson and gold. As the sun sank lower and lower, the golden crowns of the mountain grew smaller and smaller, till the clouds were tipped only with soft orange.

A few birds flew back to their nests, and in an old ironbark tree nearby, I heard the kookaburras laugh. As the last faint ray of sunshine faded from the horizon, the blue mountains grew dim against the sky. The clouds slowly faded away, and as the sky darkened the stars began to shine.

The landscape, which only a few hours ago had been so bright with sunshine, faded into the dusk of evening, and I wandered slowly back to my home at the foot of the hills.

—B. BRAND.