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A Country Road

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One day in the early spring, I was asked by a friend of mine to go for a drive out in the country

We started about ten o'clock, and as we were driving along I noticed many birds flying here and there, flowers just beginning to peep up from under the hedges and old brush.

Presently we came to a little road that led to where, we did not know.

It looked so quaint that we decided to drive to the end of the road.

We noticed that the fences were fallen, and here and there we could see an old post standing.

I noticed the flowers more, it seemed as though the sunshine was brighter, the birds were singing and every now and then we could hear a bob-o-link.

As we were driving along I noticed that there was a hill in the distance and that we would soon pass over it and could view the country around us.

When we came to the top of the hill, we looked down into a little valley and there stood a farm house and just below the hill was a small stream.

There were children in the yard for they had just returned from school for

their noon meal.

We drove on down the hill and stopped under a large maple tree that was just beginning to sprout.

As we ate our lunch under this tree and drank water from the little stream we noticed a chipmunk had its home in the tree that we were under and we scattered bits of bread and sweet meats about and if we would sit very quietly the birds would fly down and pick up a crumb then fly away, I took particular notice of a little black white bird that flew down and picked up a crumb and then flew away presently returning with another bird and they came nearer and nearer as long as we did not make a noise.

While we were sitting there a little girl about ten years of age came up and asked us if we would like to come into their house? We learned from her that her mother had sent her out to ask us in. We accepted her invitation and she led us on across the little stream; as we entered the house we were greeted by the little girl's mother.

When the children learned that we were from the city, they were anxious to talk to us and we visited with them until the school bell rang for them to re-