

being shoved into the dumb waiter and landing in the pantry above with the dishes.

I'm going home.

Will we take our picnic baskets, calling at the Library for Victoria Scott, have a little visit with Judge Morrison then climb to the High Rock. After feasting our eyes on that incomparable Harbor and the waterways that lead out into the great world, to the Christian Islands to Wiarton, Meaford, Collingwood, to the Upper Lakes, turn to find the camp stove merrily burning and grouped around it, *our family*, the Eatons, the Armstrongs, the Buchans, the Moores, the Wilcox's and the Lang's? Will we fry our bacon, make our salad, boil our corn, then eat our supper as the sun goes down with the sting of the air blown from Lake Superior in our faces? Will we linger on till the stars come into the sky, then winding our way down the rocks to our quiet homes under their shadowing peace, sing "Good night Ladies," and then "O God our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, our shelter from the stormy blast and our eternal home"?

I'm going home.