

The next day being Sunday, he slept late, and was awakened by the chimes of the new Canadian Church.

On Monday, upon inquiry, he found that the steamer was to leave Wallace on the coming Wednesday, so he resolved to crowd into those two days all that he could. Early in the morning while walking along the beach, he noticed a pretty little village opposite the town and hearing it was North Wallace he hired a car at the garage and drove across the Livingstone bridge. Just as he turned into Livingstone Street which led to the bridge he passed a large automobile factory which was situated on the south side of Main Street.

He drove across the bridge and thru the little country village, past prosperous farms and pretty dwellings, past the new two-story schoolhouse and the new church, thinking he had found a little bit of heaven on earth, if beauty stood for anything.

When he returned after having dinner, he found his way to the cemetery, hoping to find at least the grave of his grandfather. Over in one corner, where rose bushes grew abundantly, he found a stone, on which he, with difficulty, read the names of his grand-parents. After placing flowers on the graves, he returned to the main part of the town, and spent the remainder of the day visiting the different public buildings. Among other places he visited the County Academy, one of the things for which Wallace was noted.

The next day he went for a walk in the eastern part of the town, and found on the shore the ruins of an old lobster factory, and remembered his grandfather telling him, that lobster fishing had been a great industry of the place and had had much to do with its building up.

When the Professor of Physics in Boston University landed in the Boston pier the following Friday, he looked changed to his friends. Certain hard lines around his mouth and eyes had vanished, and softer ones took their place, for had he not visited the home and graves of his ancestors?