

will kiss the Earth on the lips and a new honeymoon will begin.

So the wheel goes round, but we grow old—we who have loved the sunshine and the humid soil so passionately. Yet while the pitcher at the well is still unbroken we may continue to drink the elixir of life, that wonderful compound made up of the laughter of children, the singing of birds, the murmuring of young trees, the fragrance of flowers, the sparkle of pure water, and the joy of fresh air. And as we draw near to the soil perhaps the secret of reincarnation may be revealed to us.

As for myself, I know that some day I must bid good-by to Sharbot Lake and all its beloved associations; and when that time comes I hope that my soul will slumber lightly, and that I shall hear always through the eternities the swish of water, the rustle of leaves, the twitter of birds, the melodious hum of insects, and that my senses will play about me like fairies, delighting me with memories of Aspinwall Island.