

lie still, and, when disturbed, dash off excitedly, as if suddenly awakened. This afternoon was a splendid one, and, no doubt, a good many siestas were in languid progress. The spruce forest kept off any breeze that may have been stirring, and the sun poured down ardently. My canoe-man had rudely disturbed one sleeper by jabbing at him with his paddle, when somewhere overhead came a high-pitched "he-he-he," like an unsuccessful attempt at mirth. It took a moment for the eye, roving across the sky, to define anything in so immense a space, but at last it seized upon a black speck sailing ever so high above the tree-tops. Like a tiny black satellite, obedient to some invisible cosmic force, it described slow, wide circles. The circles gradually carried it down the river; our eyes, following the wheeling speck, descried another smaller one farther away. Presently the two were together, swinging in great curves, their paths crossing, approaching and retreating, rising and sinking, as if at the will of creatures as buoyant as the atmosphere. I was not aware then that these airy circlings were a feature of domestic economy—the daily patrol duty. Yet, at their incredible height, the two hawks were beating up and down their fishing ground, scrutinizing the water away below for prey. No doubt from that elevation the river looked very shallow, and shadows, reeds or fishes appeared as if covered by a glass plate. Such, at least, is the impression given the human eye on looking from a height into water well illuminated by the sun.

The two were again separating, one growing faint in the distance. The other was coming our way, growing larger with every great circle. It was descending, too. The motionless wings and spread tail grew distinct. It would soon pass overhead. But at the end of a long, silent glide the great wings fluttered rapidly, as if in distress, and the body poised, stationary, for a moment. Then the wings half closed into a flattened crescent, and, like some heavy, inanimate object, came shooting downward, gaining terrific velocity. Against the dark forest background the eye lost track of its meteor-like fall, but almost instantaneously a splash of white spray rose high above the reeds. A great flapping of powerful wings succeeded, and the fish-hawk, no longer buoyant, struggled upward, holding in his claws something that glinted in the sun.

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OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

I have been more or less on the tramp for the last few weeks, Teignmouth being a very good center from which to reach the many places of interest to be found in this lovely County of Devonshire. Wherever possible, I have tried to obtain for our Home Magazine pictures of the spots I have visited, in the hope that space may be found for them. I will begin my story by telling you of my trip to Sidmouth, which it actually took me two hours to reach, having to take cross lines and change at junctions, although its coast, as well as the white cliffs of historical Lyme Regis, a little farther on, can be plainly seen from my window at Teignmouth. In the summer, when special trains, coaches and steamers are provided, all these places are brought closely into touch with one another, and are easy enough of access; but, after all, I think I prefer the more quiet, even though more circuitous route which an early-spring visit invokes.

SIDMOUTH.

Sidmouth lies in a lovely nook, surrounded by hills and facing the sea, or, to be more accurate, the wide bay, bound by Lyme Regis on the one side, and Tor Bay on the other. It is fast becoming a fa-

mous seaside resort, and except in the parts of Old Sidmouth which retain old-time features, it has a family likeness to similar places all over this sea-girt isle.

There is now a fine promenade, extending from one end to the other, and a sea-wall to protect the houses facing it from the ravages of the sea, the calamity which once overtook it, as long ago as 1824, not having been forgotten. The story goes that it was in one of the cottages afterwards washed away in which lived the famous Mrs. Partington, who was credited with trying to keep out the Atlantic with a mop. She was excellent at a slop or a

pily, no serious harm was done, although the incident caused much comment at the time, and is recorded as an incident in the early history of Victorian days. The residence in Sidmouth of the Duke and Duchess of Kent brought many royal and notable visitors to the then pretty little village, whose advent has not been forgotten. Probably in those long-ago days royal ears heard the voice of the town crier, arrayed in his crimson coat, white waistcoat and cocked hat, prefixing his announcements with the "Oyez! Oyez!" of his office. I heard the town crier during my little visit to Sidmouth, but he was in the everyday, unpic-



The Royal Glen, Sidmouth.

puddle, but should never have meddled with a tempest.

The exact age of the fine old parish church is not known, but there are records which prove it must have been in existence before 1259. It has been restored from time to time, and, as in so many of the churches of Great Britain, the various styles of architecture introduced in pillars, windows, rood-screens, etc., mark various stages in its history.

The sextoness, who showed me over the church, pointed with pride to a very fine window which the late Queen had placed over the chancel in memory of her father, the Duke of Kent, who had died at Sidmouth on

turesque garments of 1907, and I must freely confess I could not understand one word he uttered after he had stopped ringing his most unmusical bell.

The corner of the Sidmouth Esplanade in the picture is a bit of the old village, and close to the Royal Glen. The road behind the house leads over the cliff to some lovely places which I longed to visit, had time permitted, and had my purse limits not vetoed my desires. I had already treated myself to one delightful drive round Sidford and across the bridge which arched over the silvery little river "Sid," and through lanes, the banks of which



Esplanade, Sidmouth.

the 22nd of January, 1820, at "The Royal Glen," a picture of which I send. It is a very simple, unpretentious house, and is but little altered, except that the larger grounds surrounding it are public thoroughfares, since the infant Princess Victoria spent her first Christmas day there.

The story goes that some school-boys, shooting birds in an adjoining field, thoughtlessly fired in the direction of the house, and that one of the shots went through the window of the nursery in which was sleeping the future Queen of England. Hap-

were covered with verdure, and with that to crown my holiday, I had to be, and indeed was, quite content.

First College Graduate.—I hear you have a job. What doing?

Second College Graduate.—Oh, running errands and cleaning inkwells and so forth.

"Like it?"

"First rate; that is, until my employer had the nerve to ask me out to his house to dinner. It's pretty tough to have to associate with our social inferiors out of business hours."—[Life.

The Quiet Hour.

BE COURTEOUS.

—1 St. Peter iii.: 8.

Courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace; it need not be such.—"Bending before men," is a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our Brother something Divine.—[Carlyle.

In the R. V., the words I have chosen as the text are translated, "Be . . . humbleminded." So, also, where it is stated—in Acts xxvii—that a Roman centurion "courteously entreated Paul," the revised translation is "treated Paul kindly." It would seem, then, that true courtesy includes humility and kindness, and it is a grace well worth cultivating. The Roman soldier's unexpected courtesy and kindness to one of the prisoners in his charge is still remembered in his honor, long centuries after his acts of bold daring have been forgotten by the world. And other acts of courteous kindness still stand out in bold relief, though performed many centuries before Rome was even thought of. Look at that tableau in Genesis xxiv. An elderly, travel-stained man, hot and tired and thirsty, goes up to a fair young girl and says: "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher."

How graceful and kind is her ready response as she quickly lets down her pitcher upon her hand, saying "Drink, my lord;" and, as if that were not enough to satisfy her desire to show hospitality, she adds, "I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking." And this was not a mere Oriental parade of grand and meaningless words, for "she hastened, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels." Though that little scene was acted about 4,000 years ago, it is not, nor ever will be, out of date or old-fashioned. Example is always more influential than precept, and Rebekah little thought that her sweet courtesy to a dusty stranger by the well would inspire other maidens to do likewise until the end of time. If she had not been humbleminded, thinking of the needs of another rather than of the beauty of her own action, her courtesy would have been only superficial, and would have had no "salt" to preserve its freshness during all these long centuries.

In the second chapter of Exodus, we find another picture of graceful courtesy. Seven shepherdesses fill the troughs to water their flocks, and some rude, uncourteous shepherds interfere and drive them away. Then Moses proves himself to be a gentleman, keeping his courtly manners even in the wild wilderness, for he instantly stands up in defence of the weak. He delivers them out of the hand of the shepherds, draws water for them and helps them to water their flocks. Now it is not for nothing that these and similar pictures of courtesy are given a place in God's Great Book. Courtesy is not only a matter of birth, breeding or education; and it should always be more than "skin deep." Real courtesy—including humility and kindness—is a very important part of Christian character. It springs naturally from the "recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our Brother something Divine."

We sometimes see men and women who are good and honorable, and who yet bring discredit on their Christian profession by the roughness and rudeness of their manners—especially in the home circle. They seem to think that courtesy of word or act is out of place in the easy familiarity of the home atmosphere. They speak rudely or shortly to those they love best, though probably any stranger will be treated with courtesy and attention.

To cure this sin of discourtesy by outside means might result in a superficial polish, which would be little better than the former rudeness. But real Christian courtesy springs from within, being the direct result of having the eyes open to see Him Who is always with us. Those who have learned to recognize Christ in everyone will find discourtesy almost impossible. Think of the little children or the troublesome, noisy boys and girls who so often hear rough words addressed to them by those who love them best.