

for any region, material or immaterial, the impulse in us is so moving and so fresh, so vital is the air. A lover of nature, which is the modern religion, is left here to her caresses. He feels the sky, the sea, the woods, the land.

"An island is an inspiration: it is the stimulant of genius. Shakspeare felt it in 'The Tempest,' Defoe in 'Crusoe,' Plato in 'Atlantis.' We are taken up into the elements, and regain our own.

"We cast adrift from dull continents, embarked for some ethereal sphere. The sea surrounding is like a new atmosphere. It stimulates adventure in our very blood and bones, and runs along the current of our souls and thoughts. We are one with the world, the land under us, and sea and air wrapping us about. The most elemental poet that ever was, Shelley, was inspired by islands, and embarked on his world-surrounding verse.

"Sanitarium of sanitariums, the drift will continue; and, like the birds, the people will come, driven out from the interior, to settle on the shore. Planted in the sea, it breathes its air untainted, and all the Atlantic and the breath of the Gulf Stream make it sweet."