

the shore, pale blue and pink forget-me-nots; but above all my heart went out to the fresh, salt wind and gray, rocky, moss-crowned cliffs. The rapturous joy that had been hurled to me from the land on the first day now changed to lingering regret as I turned to bid the gracious spirit farewell. "Come soon again," she said, "and you will find me then as now sitting on these cliffs and gazing over sea-weed and rocks like those on which as a child I wandered barefoot on the far Atlantic coast."

And it is there that I now love best to think of her. All the sweet, luring hope which those shimmering islands had promised me a week before had been fulfilled, and my haven of rest was found. In a few hours the steamer was bearing me back to the rushing West, but passing again that shore where the new gods of a new Olympus look down on her from their glistening thrones I breathed to them a prayer: "Keep her in quiet and growing beauty; guard her from commercial progress and swift wealth, that house by house, and garden by garden she may extend her borders, and with a broader charity and stronger culture retain her romance and old-world peace." North and South have met beside her, East and West join hands before her, and every westering sun brings weary men to kiss her hand in re-awakened homage. Canada in her heart of hearts is glad. Two at least of her guardians are nobly born, one a stately French Madame at her Eastern River's gate, and the other an English gentlewoman off the shores of the farthest West.

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