

summer, but November held a something—a quietness—a tang in the air, a mystery; nature preparing her re-creation for the coming new life of spring.

She was busy in her inner consciousness and we felt the glory of it all. At the end of the hunting season, we were all richer in friendship; richer in our ability to love and appreciate nature, for Mr. Wm. McLaren was a scholarly nature student, and our tramps were added to with easy botanical talks about the luxuriant flora and plant life of our North Lands.

A huge rotting log would be covered with a veritable wealth of moss and fungi specimens, dear to the heart of the botanist.

Often "The Fenns" would give their call and all would rush to exclaim or hold their breath to see a wondrous bundle of colored clouds over "Old Walt," or on the opposite horizon and one day an extraordinary orange atmosphere bathed all things in liquid gold, and much speculation as to its cause showed at least, a superficial knowledge of astronomy distributed among our little group.

The day the McLarenzes (as Mary called them) left, we all stood around the old stage driver who had come himself for Willie and his Missus, and Mary sang "God Save the King" in Mohawk, and the Bon Echo "come again" was said with all our heart.

We had mused and our fancy had woven many stories about William MacCausland and the Hon. Senator McLaren, both sturdy old warriors of pioneer days. Employer and employed, for over half a century, brothers in endeavor and achievement and friends always. It speaks well for both and their names should be writ large among the makers of Canada.

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I am the acme of things accomplished, and I am the  
encloser of things to be.—Whitman.

## A Tribute

By Anne Gilchrist

Happy America that Whitman should be her Son. Only a young Giant of a nation could produce that kind of greatness, so full of the ardor, the elasticity, the inexhaustible vigor and freshness, the joyousness, the audacity of youth. But I for one cannot grudge anything to America. For after all the young giant is only the old English giant—the great English race renewing its youth in that magnificent land "Mexican-breathed, Arctic-braced" and girding up its loins to start on a new career that shall match the greatness of the new home.