



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. C. F. FLOCTON, NEAR ABEL'S CAPE.

accentuated as they were by the kaleidoscopic rays of the evening sun, bursting upon them across acres of placid, reflecting water, broken here and there by the jumping trout. All the mysteries of the domestic economy of crab and lobster were clearly revealed, the only sounds breaking the superb silence being the bark of the stork and the plaintive, excited cry of the graceful harbor gull. Slowly wandering along, I gave no attention to where I was moving and cleared the point by a mile before I was aware that the tide was returning rapidly and would bar my way back.

The sun had set, leaving the atmosphere one glowing cauldron of roseate splendor. At the extreme point I found it was impossible to pass without getting wet up to the elbows. There was nothing to do but climb the cliff and work my way along its broken surface. The task was easy at first, but it took time, and long before I cleared the point it was evident I should have to stay where I was or climb the perpendicular to the top. The tide was now rushing over the rocks below, the spray making my foothold slippery and uncertain; but I struggled on and gradually