

CHAPTER XV

THE last day has come, and I must leave this lovely place. But first I must say "good-bye" to all my favourite haunts. The forge, with its ringing anvil and bright flame, the chickens hurrying through the grass, the sofa on the rocks where the salt spray kisses my face, and the rushing stream, ceaselessly racing over the boulders and fallen tree trunks. I must sit again on the fairy carpet of green velvet moss under the silver birch and mountain ash with its down-drooping clusters of scarlet berries, and look up to the snow-white drift of daisies; and beyond the daisies to the fringe of spruce and cedar; and beyond the cedars to the cerulean blue of heaven, where "cotton-wool" clouds float idly by on the wings of the summer wind.

"The clear, dear breath of God that loveth us,
Where small birds reel and winds take their delight."

Bright patches of clover empurple the meadow, dimming the brightness of the daisies which are seeding and storing up their sweetness till the harvest, when they will be transmuted, and