

IF I could picture to you the scene as I have known and felt it—upon a morning, at the noonday, or in the evening hour, 'twould be a joy to me. But words are all so futile, so lacking in interpretation when one needs them most, 'tis almost vain to try. For there's no mortal tongue can tell the wonder, no pictured beauty reveal the loveliness, nor pen of man that could trace in truthful lines the story of its revelations!

Here on the Sound one finds the ideal beauty and grandeur of Nature's self, whichever way you turn. Again and again I have known days here, that were simply grand, unfolded pages from God's book of wonders.

Sometimes the glory bursts upon you of a