

rolled high, and anon were possessed of a coy quietness in nooks below the trees, where red and white tangles of rootlets swayed in the current and had their fill as a reward of adventurous growth. The sun was just over a far hill, and low, so that all the long broad reach was aglow with many colors, to which the sky above and the stones below lent variety of help, that none might hope to explain or paint it, and that only the pure joy of it should be left in the heart of man.

And for it all this young fellow in the canoe was open enough, glad to get from the sensual tropic zone to the cool wholesomeness of that he saw. Now and then he caught sight of the red shelter on the point, and tingled, for this love had been fed with mere memories these many months, and now he had won the sweet courage which is a thing native to the wild woods, and wilts in the hordes of men.

Across the waters a mighty wreckage of vast rocks lay, where untold years since they fell in some elemental strife from the granite fortress which still towered high in air. Along its battlements a few grim warder pines kept their centuried watches.

On the beach opposite To-Day sat, and mocked with colors the massive ruin, untroubled by its mystery. To-Day was a maid in a pink gown, for prettiness—standing, sketch in hand, to see, with head on one side, if her sketch had got the vigor of these fallen rocks.

Nature, liking love-affairs, had decoyed the maid into a moment of statuesque repose, and, knowing well her business, had set back of her a bold gray rock, deep sunk in ferns. Against its sternness the