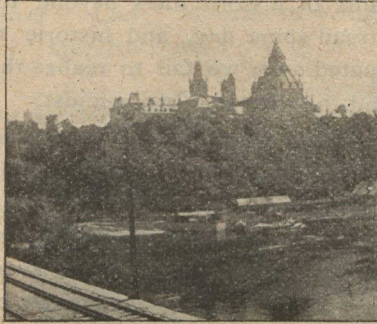
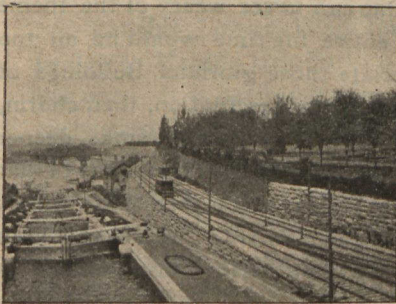


glow had turned to royal purple and then to softest violet; the golden light had faded to a shimmering silver on tower and arch and spire before the spell was broken. It was the youngest



member of the party who spoke and her tones were most emphatic. "Well, I say," she exclaimed, "the people of Ottawa have something to think of besides their troubles. Don't you think so?"

The subdued radiance of the afterglow lay as lightly as a benediction on our fairy palace as we reluctantly turned from the scene, smiling as we did so, at our philosopher of seventeen unclouded summers, who, happily, knew not how effectually the fairest picture earth can offer may lose its charm for the care laden-soul. Beauty is omnipresent, yet there is a required state of heart for the one who would understand its intimate relations, and one would need to cross the threshold of "Nature's vast Cathedral" with reverent feet to obtain the choicest blessings the divinity within has to offer. But given the fitting mood, the people of Ottawa have indeed something to think of besides their troubles,—their imaginary ones at least,—if only they could realize it. For though the sun sets in the same golden glory everywhere, and none may be denied the rapture of viewing the daily miracle, where does the splendor of its parting rays rest on a scene of fairer beauty, or on buildings so majestic as they



do in Canada's Capital? What an immense amount of joy and pleasure we should fail to miss in life, if only it were not such an intensely human characteristic to "look before and after and pine for what is not?" Because "the past will always win a glory from its being far," and the pleasure that is ahead seems so enticing, we too often ignore the blessings