well as others; it has the yearning solicitude of a father for his children; it represents him as indeed the Father of his people. The painter Leslie is quoted as having said that it was fortunate that an artist existed in the time of Washington who could hand him down to posterity looking like a gentleman; and, while the remark seems at first sound a trifle flippant, there is much in it, after all. For it is indeed the gentle qualities, those evidences in word and deed of high breeding and elevated mind, the prevailing graciousness and lofty seriousness of the true gentleman, — that rara avis among the indiscriminate flock of so-called gentlemen — that must have been preëminently distinguishable in Washington. One feels that, I think, so sensibly in visiting Mount Vernon to-day.

Set upon that fine bluff overlooking the Potomac, it has the dignity of elevation; a certain aloofness above the level, self-centred within its own appanage of outbuildings, gardens and grounds, and yet such a modest dignity, suggesting the sweet amenities, the little graces and quiet refinement of cultured country life. Certainly it is the most completely interesting memorial home of a great man anywhere to be seen, inasmuch as it is pervaded by the flavour of the old times and by the spirit of its former occu-