

mustard, white, pink, and purple clover, golden mallow, white bean flower and a strange species of thistle, blue as the Virgin's robe.

Such simple sights and delights make up the programme of the day in this Sleepy Hollow and remind me that the time draws near when I must leave them all. I want to go before the flowers fall to the sickle, and the birds forget their song, and the hum of insects is hushed.

The summer cottages are full now. Merry laughter and shrill voices echo from balconies and beaches. Tennis courts are gay with flannelled men and rainbow-frocked girls, while matronly women rock to and fro in habitant rockers, their knitting-pins and embroidery-needles keeping pace with their tongues. Angel-faced children abound in this happy playground, where the dirt is all "clean dirt" and they can play to their heart's content.

Bonfires on the beach put the darkness to flight and remind us of the days when there was no telegraphic communication with the mainland. On the Shore, and once a year—St. John's Day—great bonfires were lighted in front of houses where death had claimed a victim, to flash the news to friends and relatives. A very large fire denoted an adult; a small one, a child. The same fire extinguished and relighted, signified two or three deaths in the same family. So this, that is a joy