

Slowly we slid over the calm water, past "Old Walt" which looked joyous and bright, though still in shadow, as the sun had not yet left the Eastern sky.

This Great Gibraltar is to me and to Wid, a symbol and a prophecy, a monument to the Democratic Ideal suggested, hinted at or expressed in full vibrant notes in that wondrous book called "Leaves of Grass."

Even touches or fragments in dim half tones will often awaken visions and dreams that are the vital urge to be.

Wid, defining my mood as I drew my paddle out of the water to still the ripple it made, noiselessly moved his without taking it out of the water and the delight of Olympus, the Inspiration of Helicon or the rapture of Parnassus was ours, when Floppit burred, "Isn't it perfectly lovely," and Wid plunged his stern paddle into the water with a strong and jerky stroke, sending the canoe away from the Mighty Rock, while I hustled with the bow paddle, and we were soon across the lake to the low shore which Floppit declared "was just perfectly lovely."

Once away from the spell of Old Walt, Wid and I remembered that Floppit was just a beautiful young girl and that she was our guest, so we entered into bantering repartee and harmless gossip.

I could see that she thought Wid was only a grown up boy while I knew him to be ages old.

We had intended being back to the Inn for lunch, but the lure of the shore with its many attractive bends and bays, rocky points and snuggled-in little white sand beaches, kept us going on and on, and at noon we were at the upper bridge which spans the mouth of the MacIvoy River. Here camps each summer, an old man who is Lincolnesque in appearance, who has lasted over eighty years, because he has the good sense to live in the great out-of-doors.

He made us welcome, and the women folks gave us delicious home made bread, good butter, refreshing tea and freshly picked berries.

Floppit smiled sweetly, thanked him most graciously and said everything was "perfectly lovely."

The old man smiled and said he did not blame Wid a bit, he was young once himself.

The shadows were falling towards the east in long lines