

should forsake a spot so soothing to the spirit and so simple in its loveliness for the confusion of city life.

Grand Manan. Of all the water excursions that to Grand Manan is by far the most rich in reward. The best way is to take the steamer Flushing, which runs three times a week from Campobello to Grand Manan, and spend two nights and one day there,—longer, if you wish. There is little fear of sea-sickness on board the big steamer. The extraordinary cliffs and the sixteen-mile drive to Southern Head are scenes never to be forgotten, but which beggar words to describe. The sternness of nature stands here revealed, and the moans of the sea-gulls tell of even their need of sympathy.

The Friar. Beside these cliffs the noted one of the Friar at Campobello seems comparatively short; yet it is the prominent rock of the Island as one approaches it, and its importance is increased by the legendary lore that has gathered around it. Mr. Charles G. Leland tells the story in this wise:—

“Once there was a young Indian who had married a wife of great beauty, and they were attached to each other by a wonderful love. They lived together on the headland which rises so boldly and beautifully above the so-called Friar. Unfortunately her parents lived with the young married couple, and acted as though they were still entitled to all control over her. One summer the elder couple wished to go up the St. John River, while the young man was determined to remain on Passamaquoddy Bay. Then the parents bade the daughter to come with them, happen what might. She wished to obey her husband, yet greatly feared her father, and was in dire distress. Now the young man grew desperate. He foresaw that he must either yield to the parents—which all his Indian stubbornness and sense of dignity forbade—or else lose his wife. Now, he was *m'teulin*, and, thinking that magic could aid him, did all he could to increase his supernatural power. Then, feeling himself strong, he said to his wife one morning, ‘Sit here until I return.’ She said, ‘I will,’ and obeyed. But no sooner was she seated than the *m'teulin* spell began to work, and she, still as death, soon hardened into stone. Going to the