

"Yes," she answered, quietly pleased, "No one has ever laid out my city, for each man has built where he will and can. We have just grown, and if our streets make little display we live inside our hedges. The gardens are my joy, and soon you will see the gentlemen returning early from business to have a cup of tea and dig in their flower-beds a little while before dinner. They take great pride in their roses, and as many do not go to their offices till ten, they have an hour's work in the morning, with very successful results."

A short week it was, spent with that quiet-voiced woman, and the days that followed were filled with a sweet content. June was queening it over them in her fairest, loveliest mood, and the gardens ran riot with roses, the country afire with broom. Outside the city, rolling farm land tempted us across to northern forests and a rocky western coast, and at night a long narrow gorge, running like a fresh water stream from the harbour, would lure me in a canoe along its dusky, wooded banks to watch the bright, silver moonlight dive behind a cloud, and appear in the salt water, a gleaming phosphorescent streak. Sometimes at sunset a strong sea-hunger would lead me through the warm, quiet, gardened streets to where on the eastern and southern shore the waves were lapping softly on the cool, gray stones. Far across the straits, the pearl spires would change to minarets of glowing opal, and the mountain portals opening to an ocean of unknown wonder, show the golden West joining hands with the brooding East. At such moments the Orient felt strangely, quiveringly near, and a sense of far off remoteness would turn me to an earthy country road, edged with yellow, ragged broom. There, by some homely brown house an unexpected whiff of honeysuckle or late blossoming thorn would startle my loneliness, and send me homeward pondering why we cross the haunting prairie plains, and marvel at the untold wonders of the Rockies only to have the glad tears come at the loved, familiar smell of flowers belonging to a land where we have never lived.