

Memory Pictures.

docks are crowded with busy life—the queer sailing vessels, palace steamers, fishermen's yawls and Indian rowboats mingling in interesting contrast all along the water front.

Out here on the Heights we knew nothing of it, unless we cared to remember that back there lay the city, built on terrace after terrace; from our lofty outlook descending down and down, past handsome residences and spacious grounds—down through the great business blocks, the manufactories, the mills, the canneries and the laden shipping wharves. It all seemed very far away, and we, as in a dream somewhere—on a height above it all!

We kept our backs to the city and remembered only our surroundings.

Looking straight out of the windows or lying in a hammock, gazing off, we saw nothing but the eternal blue of the sky, or the dusky forests of the mountain sides; but far below our feet, with a ragged slope of trees, rocks and flowers lying between, we looked into the waters of a wondrous lake. Its waters were as still and