

turned chilly pink over a high-piled, brooding, dusky-purple city. Just at the point of dawn, what looked like the Sultan Harun-al-Raschid's own private shallop, all spangled with coloured lights, stole across the iron-gray water, and disappeared into the darkness of a slip. She came out again in three minutes, but the full day had come too; so she snapped off her masthead steering and cabin electrics, and turned into a dingy white ferry-boat, full of cold passengers. I spoke to a Canadian about her. "Why, she's the old So-and-So, to Port Levis," he answered, wondering as the Cockney wonders when a stranger stares at an Inner Circle train. This was his Inner Circle—the Zion where he was all at ease. He drew my attention to stately city and stately river with the same tranquil pride that we each feel when the visitor steps across our threshold, whether that be Southampton Water on a gray, wavy morning; Sydney Harbour with a regatta in full swing; or Table Mountain, radiant and new-washed after the Christmas rains. He had, quite rightly, felt personally responsible for the weather, and every flaming stretch of maple since we had entered the river. (The Northwester in these parts is equivalent to the Southeaster elsewhere, and may impress a guest unfavourably.)

Then the autumn sun rose, and the man smiled. Personally and politically he said he loathed the city—but it was his.

"Well," he asked at last, "what do you think? Not so bad?"

"Oh, no. Not at all so bad," I answered; and it wasn't till much later that I realized that we had exchanged the countersign which runs clear round the Empire.