

of Nimrod within him; but much to our chaperone's relief the birds are declared out of range, and we watch them skimming and circling—now just over the surface of the water, then higher and away until we lose sight of them in the direction of the mainland.

But here we are at the landing, and the lighthouse keeper, a stout, weather worn, kindly-faced man, who has been curiously watching our arrival, recognizes Mrs. B., our chaperone, and hastens forward with outstretched hand, and hearty words of welcome extended with equal heartiness to the rest of the party, while he assures us that his wife would be glad to see us all. A very cheery welcome we receive at her hands at the door of a strongly-built and comfortable if not very picturesque house, at the end of a long board walk connecting it to the lighthouse. She assures us that there is plenty of room for us all, and that the house is at our disposal. During the summer there are frequent visitors to the Island, and as at this end there is no other house, the quaint little parlor and one or two sleeping rooms are often allotted to holiday makers. Appetites which had threatened rebellion on board the boat now become clamorous, and we are not long in preparing and disposing of a nondescript combination of dinner and luncheon, whereafter Jack and the Parson sally forth with the gun. Mrs. B., stipulating that a certain very unseaworthy boat be left undisturbed, leaves the rest of us to our own devices, and we set out to explore as much as possible of the island.

The lighthouse we leave for later inspection. The dwelling-house stands midway between the beaches, and later we are told of two vessels wrecked in one night, one at each side of the house, and listen to stories told in simple language and with unconscious eloquence of the rescue of half the frozen crews.

About half a mile from the house we came upon a narrow pond, or lagoon, two or three miles in length and white

with water lilies. We follow the shore for some distance, then attracted by some curious blossoms make our way through the coarse marsh grass toward a clump of scrubby pines and hemlocks. Ascending a little rise of ground we come most unexpectedly upon a narrow grass-grown mound. Light words and laughter are silenced as we listen to our little guides'—the keeper's sons—story of a wrecked vessel and the unknown, unclaimed stranger laid here in the nameless grave. It was a woman they said, and no one knew anything about her except that one of the sailors said that she came on board the boat at Montreal. "An unknown woman, but she was our sister," was the wordless comment of the blades of marsh grass plucked by gentle fingers and laid carefully away.

Two or three hours' walking in the beach sand is wearisome recreation, and we women folk take appreciative possession of a cosy nook, sheltered with tall shrubs and canopied with pine boughs, while our brothers vote unanimously for a bath at the bay round the bend. Left to quiet enjoyment of books, botany and the arms of Morpheus, the time seems very short until a hungry trio descends upon our retreat, and we are hurried toward that loadstone (the lunch baskets), which our chaperone wisely keeps under personal jurisdiction at the house. Near the end of the lagoon we come upon the Parson, who frantically commands us to "drop down" behind our respective bushes or shadows, as the case may be, while he gets a shot at some coveted water birds. Our sportsman is wily, but the birds are sly, and anathemas of clerical intensity fall upon the irrepressible dog belonging to our little guides, while they, by the way, show a natural disposition to resent the Parson's ire as directed towards their canine friend. I am afraid our sympathy is quite as much with the birds as with our baffled sportsman. At any rate, we are glad to rise from our unwilling ambush and face once more our gastro-