

the upper windows of houses winked lazily at me through branches of trees, over ivied walls or hedges of privet and holly. Before one of these high privet hedges I alighted and opening a little iron gate, entered the grounds of a square frame house of light gray with long purple blossoms of wisteria, now nearly drooping, falling over the porch.

There, bending over a bush of red Jacqueminot roses in a carelessly luxuriant garden, I found her whom I had come so far to see, the very spirit of her fair city, who in truth she is. Holding in her arms the sweet crimson roses, and with a bunch of red ripe strawberries in her hand, she rose to greet me, her quaint air and composure making her seem older than she really was. Little and loveable she looked, but her head was held with too much dignity to warrant any misplaced enthusiasm, and her reserve made me wait till with a low English voice she spoke. "You are very welcome," she said, "as are all who come to me from friends in the old East, only you will find me very quiet after my neighbour Vancouver. You like that better? Ah, that is very sweet of you, my dear, for though I naturally love my life, the spirit of each place must be different and even in my own domain many changes have come to pass. And now, as you are to be here but for one short week, which will you prefer to do—visit the few sights the tourists see or stay in my garden and live the time with me?"

"O," I said impulsively, "let me stay here with you and the clambering roses, and eat strawberries in yonder shady nook of lilac bushes. Let me pick the wee white English daisies peeping through the green grass under those spreading oaks, or watch the birds tasting the unripe cherries on the other side the shiny ivy creeper. Then may I wander up and down this irregular winding road, for through the gate I see a stately house and garden, and next an old wooden fence which only half hides a low roofed, tumbled cottage and green tangle of bushes. It is all so old, and happy, and unplanned."