

minute. Father insisted upon it when I was a child; and I have kept it up ever since."

"I wish I did," said Jessie, gravely, "it would be safer."

"We shall be just as safe as on shore!" exclaimed Marie with a silvery laugh that sounded far out over the still water, for her paddle was almost noiseless. "See, I am steering for our little cove at the east end of the island. We can land and then run over to the lake side, for I want to gather a few more of those little white shells."

"If we have time."

"Yes, if we have time. Oh, yonder is the *Transit* away beyond the gap!"

Jessie turned and looked. "It's a long way off, must be two miles at least."

"It's heading in this direction," said Marie, "but scarcely moving."

"How still the bay is! I don't see a row-boat anywhere, nor a single canoe but ours."

"It is enchanting. Our paddle makes a little breeze; and the bay is so smooth that you can see the bottom."

"And the fish, is that a pickerel?"

"Yes, and there goes a bass. Oh, look at the little shoal of perch!"

Jessie languidly trailed her hand through the water, as Marie, with head thrown back and the grace of an accomplished canoeist, dipped her paddle. Then she hummed a low refrain in musical rhythm to the swing.

"Sing it out," said Jessie, "you haven't forgotten it."

"How could I? Association and memory