

life of eastern Canada the most normal and healthful and happy in the wide world. In summer it's boat-sailing and sculling and canoeing and golf and tennis, and unlimited steam yacht picnics to the islands in the Strait outside. And what picnics they are! At midnight you'll see the boats come boiling home, racing all the way up in the moonlight. Only a week ago at full moon we were outside with the three boats, MacMichael's and Wilson's—the old *Scoter*—and mine. I can see them now, the three of them abreast, throbbing in toward Caribou Light, swishing through the warm, glittering, phosphorescent water, and swinging on the low, long, calm-surfaced swells, the same swells that had silently washed up against the cliffs at Cape North or thundered down on the long beach at the Race as they swung in from the North Atlantic a little while before. The boats looked for all the world like three destroyers making in for a hostile port, though the crews of destroyers on duty don't send songs rolling across the water the way they rolled that night. In winter it's ski and snowshoeing and skating and informal parties afterward, and the result of it all is that the young people of this part of the world are healthy, and never morbid or blasé, which is a good deal in itself in adding the final charm to living.

About Wilson it is useless for me to say anything more at present. His later scientific work is too