

Memory Pictures.

the glorious sunset, be conscious of the sweetness, the dewy air, the quiet and bliss in all the earth. Then, standing out in the moonlight on the clean-washed deck, watching the stars come out in the blue o'erhead, with the lighthouse lamps flashing back their signals and beckoning you on in the unmarked course through the waters deep, and the soft wind kissing your cheek with fresh coolness—Ah, it is something never to fade from memory.

Such beauty there is in Puget Sound. Lying securely locked within these mountain-fortresses, spreading its waters out in many a queer-shaped arm, crowding into the bays and toward the hills as far as it may, as though trying to escape its bondage by some unseen outlet into its ocean-home the other side the Olympics; wearied of the serenity of its sheltered haven, impatient to know the struggle and storm of the ocean's life; and to which at last it does find way through the Straits of San Juan de Fuca.

How I have learned to love that inland sea.