

thee-well!" in the deepest sense of the words, all my feathered friends, green slopes, and shady nooks! May the ruthless hand of the vandal or progressionist never be raised against you to divert your water-courses into hydraulic monsters, to break that granite heart of yours and to murder the exquisite stillness with buzz-saw and modern machinery. *A Dieu* I confide you Who has showered blessings so lavishly upon this lovely land, trusting that He will save you with your beauty undimmed for future generations of happy children and world-weary men and women, and that my "Adieu" may be changed to "Au revoir!"

The bay is a sheet of glass—the hills purple deepening to black. The moon came up from her bath in the sea with a rosy flush which changed to gold, transmuted by the great Alchemist into the quicksilver which trickles elusively over the bosom of the water, defying imprisonment. Lights twinkle in cottage windows, cattle are black patches in the fields, men and women dwindle into mere specks by the roadside. The shrill thin "Chicadee-dee-dee" grows faint, the laughter and voices die in the distance, the far-off perfume of wood-smoke vanishes in the cold, fresh saltness of the sea, and my little barque is out in the open, steeped in Moonshine and Memory.