

beats. Inside are flowers and brooding hedges, the sheen of close-cropped grasses and sun-lacquered tree-trunks—rest, peace, and sweet seclusion.

Everywhere the observer will find the home spirit exemplified both by faith and works. Everywhere the little homes on the side streets peep up like daisies from some sunny len, each with its bit of colour, each with its carefully kept lawn and hedges.

But to pass from these quiet side streets to some avenue reaching seaward is much like coming from a secluded meadow-nook into a splendidly arranged conservatory. Since in a few of these luxurious and old-time homes the beauty is haunting indeed. Something poignant, and beyond words in the intensity of flashing colours and broad-spreading greenery, overhung with blue canopies of sky-line, and lulled by the far-away muffled beat of the sea's pulse. Something of almost too much beauty, like the heart of a blown rose, or the sad purity of a carved lily. Something of a weighing-down of sweetness, as the perfume of a tuberose, or the honeyed breath of alyssum or hyacinths held close to one's face.

For the rarest of these Victorian homes are akin to moods in painting and poetry. And the recollection of them is like the memory of a picture sprung from the brain of one of the Old Masters—as a Corot, steeped in mists of shimmering loveliness. Or a lyric, born of some moment of wonder and inspiration—as "The Skylark," straight from the heart of Shelley, bare-headed and listening under English skies.

Victoria's parks are another angle of her exquisite belongings. Neither Beacon Hill Park nor Gorge Park is at all comparable with any other places of this sort the world over. From the hills at Beacon Park one can see far and wide, and always with the haunting effect of beauty. "Space liberates the soul," and to look over the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the carved Titans of the Olympian Range, domed beneath a canopy of turquoise infinitude, is to find that saying true.

In the summer the broom breaks into gorgeous drifts of bright yellow, outshining the wealth of Croesus or the fabled treasures of El Dorado. It vies with the blue of sea and sky, and strikes bold across the entire colour scheme of lavish nature in a panoramic splendour of its own. It grows luxuriously along Beacon Park Hill, skirting the green downs that roll in turfy undulations to the seashore.

Gorge Park, just as nature left it, is alive with nature's aristocratic beauty. Here the tides ebb and flow, the rocky defile at one time being alive with rushing waters, and, again, calm with the lull and ripples of the resting ocean. Here the forest primeval still lingers, and the untarnished nobility of pristine woodlands is found in all its charm.

And thus with a past memorable for the deeds of its hardy pioneers; with a present which is filled to the brim with enthusiasm and resolution; with a future as bright as the dawns that paint its eastern horizons, Victoria the Beautiful, Victoria the Commercial, rises citadelled like a Gibraltar, the glory of the last and greatest West.