

ermen, with many a legend of haunting ghost and buried treasure, and many a tale of storm and shipwreck to tell. A strange spot this, it would seem, to bring young, joyous children, the baby girl Celia, grown to womanhood, thus describes it: "Swept by every wind and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak and bare. At first sight nothing can be more rough and inhospitable. The incessant influence of the winds and sun and rain, snow frost and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks that they look hoary with age, though in the summer time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks here and there the stern outlines and softens somewhat their rugged aspect; yet so forbidding are these shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them, mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea, when all the smiling sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land lies ready to win the voyager back, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sights and sounds and scents, that the wild wastes of the water never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that *will* see and ears that *will* hear, nature appeals with such a novel charm that the luxurious beauty of the land is half-forgotten before one is aware. Its sweet gardens full of colour and perfume, its rich woods and softly swelling hills, its placid streams and fields and meadows are no longer dear and desirable; for the wonderful sound of the sea dulls the memory of all past impressions and seems to fulfil and satisfy all present needs. Landing for the first time, the stranger is struck only by the sadness of the place, the vast loneliness, for there are not even trees to whisper with familiar voices—nothing but sky, sea and rocks. But the very wildness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. Let him wait till evening comes

"With sunset purple soothing all the waste,"

and he will find himself slowly yielding to the subtle charm of that sea atmosphere. He sleeps with all the waves of the Atlantic murmuring in his ears, and wakes to the freshness of a summer morning, and it seems as if morning was made for the first time, for the world is like a new-blown rose and in the heart of it he stands, with only the caressing music of the water to break the utter silence, unless, perhaps a song sparrow pours out its bliss-