

Students' Quarter.

AN IDEAL HOME.

"Home is the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Montgomery.

The home of the Palmers stands just where the winding Arno river crowds the Elton turnpike against the southern spur of Wildwood mountain, about a mile from the city of Barton, in the Province of Ontario. The plain, square-built, stone house looks through the park-like clump of shapely elms and maples down over the valley toward the eastern sun. Away to the south on both sides of the river, as far as the eye can reach, field follows field like the blocks of an immense chess-board. Toward the north, rising in easy slopes and levels, the mountain wears her primal dress still unmarred by human hand. Behind the house the valley gradually rises higher and higher till it ends in a sheltered glen in the bosom of the mountain, where nature in wondering pause before her own handiwork had let fall the grace of Eden's bowers.

The immediate surroundings of the house were beautiful from the absence of that prim mathematical regularity and exactness which is, for some inconceivable reason, called artistic and beautiful. Everywhere nature had been the master artist, and man her willing and teachable co-worker. In some places her too bountiful hand had been stayed, her wanton luxuriance checked; in others her more feeble efforts had been encouraged, and her fainting offspring cherished.

The wild ivy and the grape were not divorced from the elms to which nature had wed them. The hepatica and the trillium still loved the sun-kissed knoll, and the fragrance of the violet and the dog-rose still breathed from the margin of the rippling brook which washed the same channel as when its waters mirrored the thirsty deer. The painted orchids too and eglantine had forgotten to flee to the wilds at man's approach. Side by side with these children of the forest, grew the choicest products of the florist's art. The commonalty and the nobility