

The sea alone is unchanged—yet ever changing. Every shifting cloud throws shadows—now purple, now green. A puff of wind crimps the water into Marcel waves; a breeze tosses up "white caps," and a squall buffets it about in great angry rollers that dash on the shore and eat into the very heart of the rocks.

Ink-black crows fly lazily among the tree-tops, their great wings flapping in the branches and scattering down dry twigs and soft white cotton pods. Baby birds flit by, darting after insects in the underbush, but the rossignol and throistle are not so full-throated as in June, and their note is a little plaintive.

While walking through a field yesterday a bird suddenly flew up, almost in my face, and looking down I saw a small round hole among the grasses—a meadow-lark's nest with two tiny birds in it. I shuddered to think of the horrible murder I might have committed had I taken another step. I walked warily, and soon came upon another with five nestlings tucked in tightly and fast asleep. God's loving protecting care has taught these wee creatures to build in hidden places and clothed them with earth-brown plumage. The same Providence which turns the ptarmigan and hare white in winter, to save them from the snare of the fowler.

The time has come to say good-bye—"fare-