home gate, is bounded, too, by beautiful trees which speak encouraging words to the welcome visitor. These luxuriant trees have been spared the axe for many, many years and have grown to full development and beauty. This is a lovely drive, when the last notes of the many happy birds have died away with the setting sun.

"And down the lane is cool and sweet,
The sparrows sing adown the lane,
Above, the arching branches meet,
And in the grass beneath your feet,
Their shadows stir and wave again.

And through the grateful, bracing air,
Come faint, half fancied sounds that tell
Of 'pleasure' brooding every where,
The call of quail and here and there,
The distant clinking of a bell."

During windy weather, when the "White Caps" are dancing and frolicking over the river, in their own fashion unrestrained, and at liberty to do as they please, the smaller wavelets sparkling and glistening in the sunshine, the view from the brightly polished windows of this well-kept home is grand and inspiring. The "Blakeford" shores are often a refuge for shipwrecked sailors, who are unable to battle against the restless waves, and vessels have been tossed about and stranded on its coast.

"The prow of the ship rides high and free that baffles the savage gales,
And the wind and the rain are a requiem for the wreck of the ship that fails."

Here the "sea gulls" fly gracefully over the troubled waters and the swan and wild geese take refuge on shore, 'neath the overhanging shrubbery. In summer—

"When gentle winds and waters near,
Bring music to the listening ear"—

boats of every size and shape may be seen sporting on the waves, from the unsteady little craft to the huge Baltimore steamers. The pure white geese disporting in this quiet stream, forming a long line, one ahead of the other, add life and variety to the scene, particularly at the close of day, when the rays of the sun shed