

ocean spray. It was their one great day in the year—the anniversary of their wedding. They had never missed its celebration in their eight happy years of married life. And there would be six altogether in the party to-morrow, besides Martin. How a man's family did grow, to be sure! The smiling content in John McIntyre's eyes deepened. He turned toward the white house on the face of the rising slope, half hidden in a nest of orchard trees. A woman's figure swayed to and fro beneath the vines of the veranda. The sunlight glanced on her fair hair and her light gown, as she swung from the green shadows into its golden pathway in time to the sweet notes of his baby's lullaby. The words came faintly across the hay-field:

*"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide;  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"*

Down the dim lane that led to a farther pasture-field a boy was driving a slow-moving line of cows. Around them a frisky terrier darted here and there, barking encouragingly. The boy was whistling gaily. He, too, knew that to-morrow promised to be fair.