

the God of day upon its merciful task for mankind. It would go, waiting to conduct him to his nightly couch at the other side of the world.

Kars drew a deep breath. The draught of morning air was nectar to his widely expanding lungs. Realization of happiness rarely comes till it is past. Kars was realizing it to the full.

His eyes turned from the splendid vision. The landing was crowded with craft. But it was not the craft of trade which usually gathered at the close of summer. It was his own outfit, largely augmented. And it was deeply laden.

He dwelt upon it for some moments. Its appeal held him fascinated. A week had been spent upon the lading, a week of unalloyed happiness and deeply sentimental care. These were canoes laden with the many household goods and treasures of the feminine hearts who were about to take their places in his life. Those slight, graceful vessels contained a hundred memories of happiness and pain carefully taken from the settings to which they had so long been bound. He knew that they represented the yielding up of long years of treasured life upon the altar of sacrifice his coming had set up. He had no other feeling than thankfulness and tenderness. It stirred every fibre of his manhood to its depths.

His happy contemplation was suddenly broken. A sound behind him caught his quick ears. In a moment he had turned, and, in that moment, the deep happiness of his communing became a living fire of delight.

Jessie was standing in the mouth of the avenue