

There is a nook in the woods near the Hermitage where we love to go of a summer day and sit in cool, deep shadows and read or sing, or talk, or pray to some special saint in our calendar. We call it our cathedral, and it is very old. Before houses were made with hands or ever a man was born of a woman it was there, and unnumbered dead are in its crypt and every age has added something to its grandeur. Gray, tapered columns rise to green arches far above our heads. Dim aisles, carpeted with mosses, green and gray, hush our footsteps so they disturb not the low hymning of the pines. Rugs of linen and robin's wheat invite us, and here and there ferns and branches shake out their incense as our feet touch them. On either side is a great, memorial window when the sun is low, and you would say that between the tree columns there were long, golden panes, all thickly wrought with sprays and branches, to check and soften the glow.

There one day I sat with Gabriel Horton, whose bones now lie in a corner of the garden that he loved, and told him the full story as it is here set down.

"Now where, think you, is my young