

to us, because it was larger than the little Methodist Church), decorated now with sheaves of wheat and beautiful flowers, and filled with the old friends from far and near. I remember walking up the aisle with my brother Will, while Miss Hopkins at the organ played the wedding march—and I remember the solemn words of the marriage ceremony A sea of faces, everyone friendly—good wishes, and a great confusion of voices—and a feeling of haste. Again the high windy whistle of the train, as it came down the grade beyond the river, heard in a lull in the storm, and a lot of rice, and laughter—and mother, waving her hand, and the whole scene moving away from us, as we stood on the back platform.

The trees were bending in the gale which seemed to grow in fury and the rain which had held up until we were up again on the plain, lashed the windows and rattled like hail against the ventilators over our heads.

The pleasant harvest scene of the day before was blotted out; cattle huddled in the shelter of the barns; as we passed Ashdown and Hilton, the fields were deserted; the wheat and oats were bending and shelling.

Sudden the rain stopped and the wind too, grew less. I think we had reached Baldur where my dear old teacher lived, when we went out to the back platform holding the railing, just as I had done six years before, leaving home for the first time, fearful, although the sun was shining. Now I was leaving again, and there was no sun; nothing but dark and thunderous clouds covering all the sky, but I was not afraid.

Fear of the future did not cross either of our minds. We were sitting on the top of the world. Not that we had any money to give us assurance. We had the four little rooms above the store to go to and the rent was paid for one month in advance. We had enough furniture to begin housekeeping, bought on the instalment plan, and we had agreed to pay interest at the rate of 2% a month. Wes. had an insurance policy for \$2,000. I cannot remember what we talked about, but I know we