

From above, the Sun looked down upon the pair. He seemed proud and his face was radiant and smiling. He caressed the woman and now and then he caught the maiden in his arms and kissed her on the cheeks and stroked her jet black tresses.

In those days, my children, British Columbia was the home of the Sun. The woman on the sea shore was his wife and they called her the South Wind. The child was their daughter, whom the Sun loved dearly, and for whom he always took home from his regular marches out over the Pacific gifts from strange and far away lands.

Sometimes the South Wind made great journeys with her mighty husband, and the little daughter sometimes went with her parents. This day the Sun would go alone and the South Wind and her happy, loving offspring were to stay to make the apple orchards of the British Columbia of those days bloom, and to warm the hearts of the rosebuds and to tan the cheeks of the babies.

Bidding a tender good-bye to his wife and daughter, the Sun mounted on high and started off over the blue sea on his long journey. Out on the horizon, before passing to the other