

Memory Pictures.

And so we dreamed and prayed, Diana and I, in the heavenly quiet and unbroken joy of the scene.

"Of what are you thinking, *ma chère*?"

"Of the beautiful hills, Diana," she replies.

"And into what are your dark eyes peering, my friend?"

"Into the deep blue of the lake's unfathomed mysteries," I answer.

Days of heaven-born bliss and rest—building up hopes as high as the stars, lest otherwise we build too low! Speaking to one another of the humanity outside whom we wanted to bless; gaining strength to meet again the battles that life is always leading to; breathing in purity and worship!

And the saw-mill over in the wood, is the only disturbing sound; while even its song grows to be music to us.